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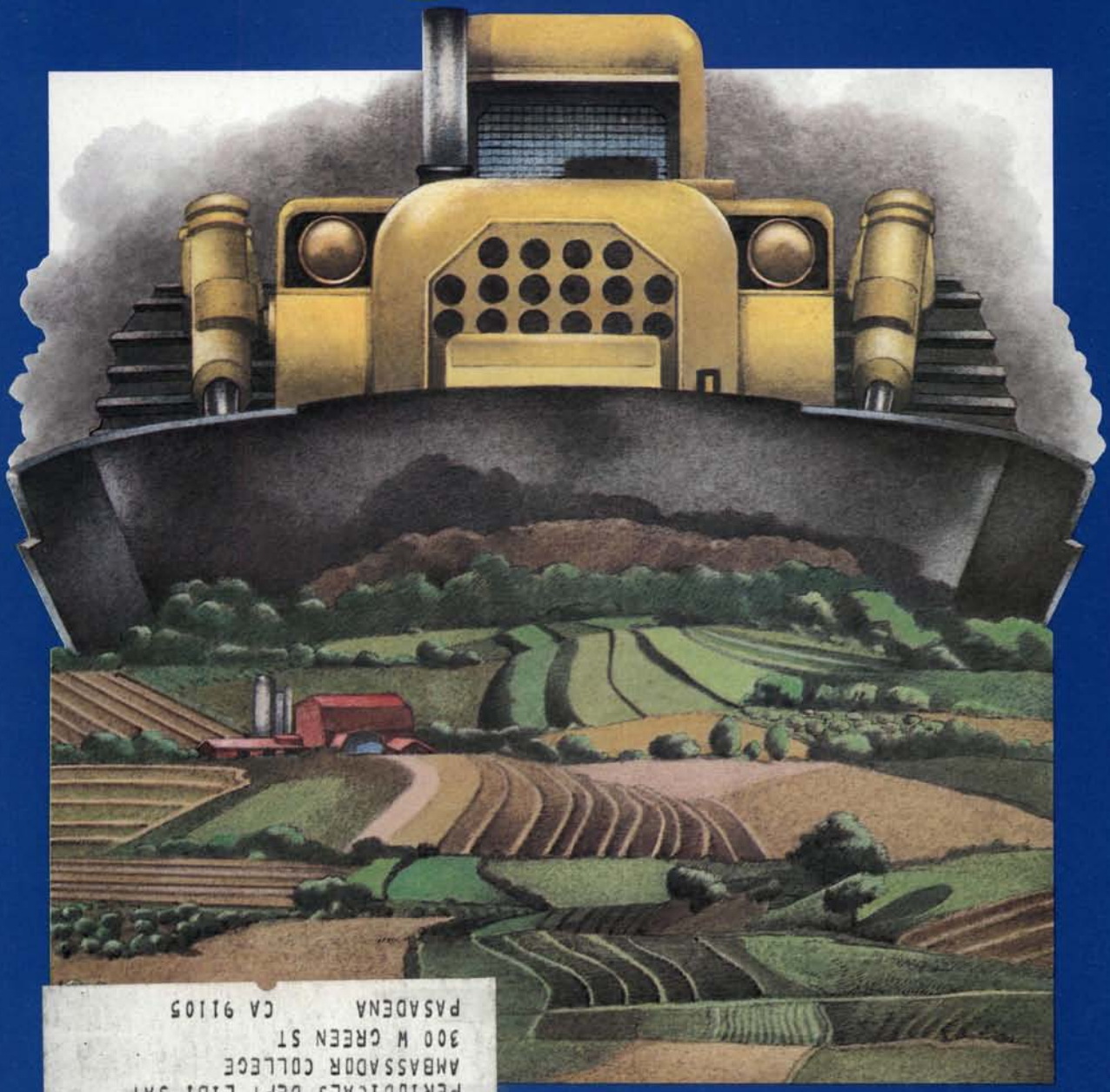

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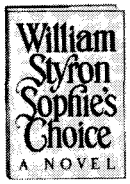

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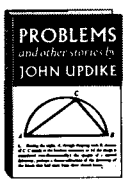

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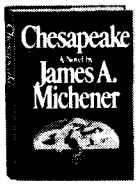

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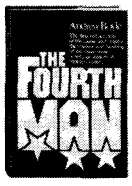

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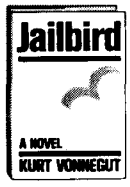

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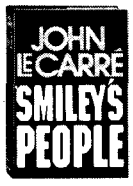

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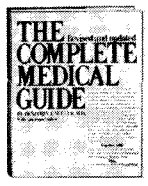

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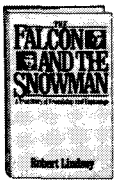

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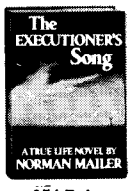

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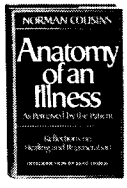

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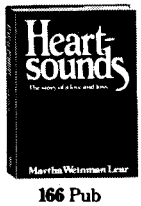

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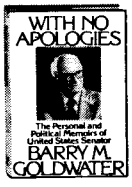

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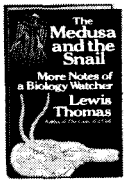

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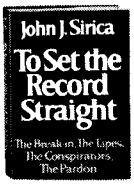

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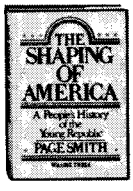

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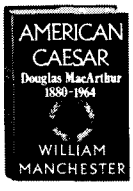

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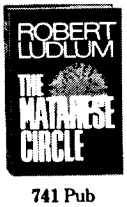

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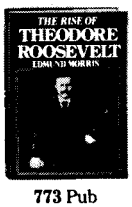

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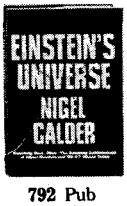

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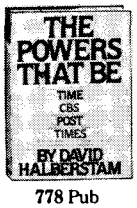

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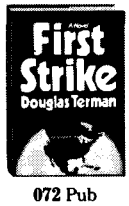

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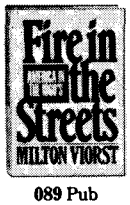

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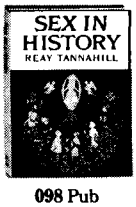

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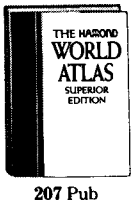

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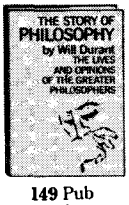

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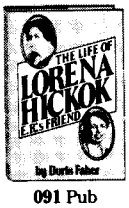

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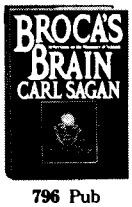

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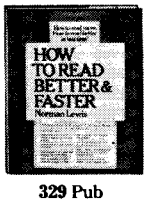

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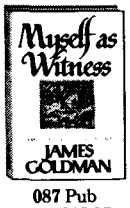

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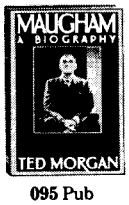

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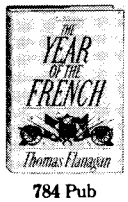

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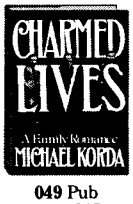

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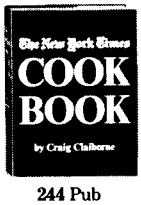

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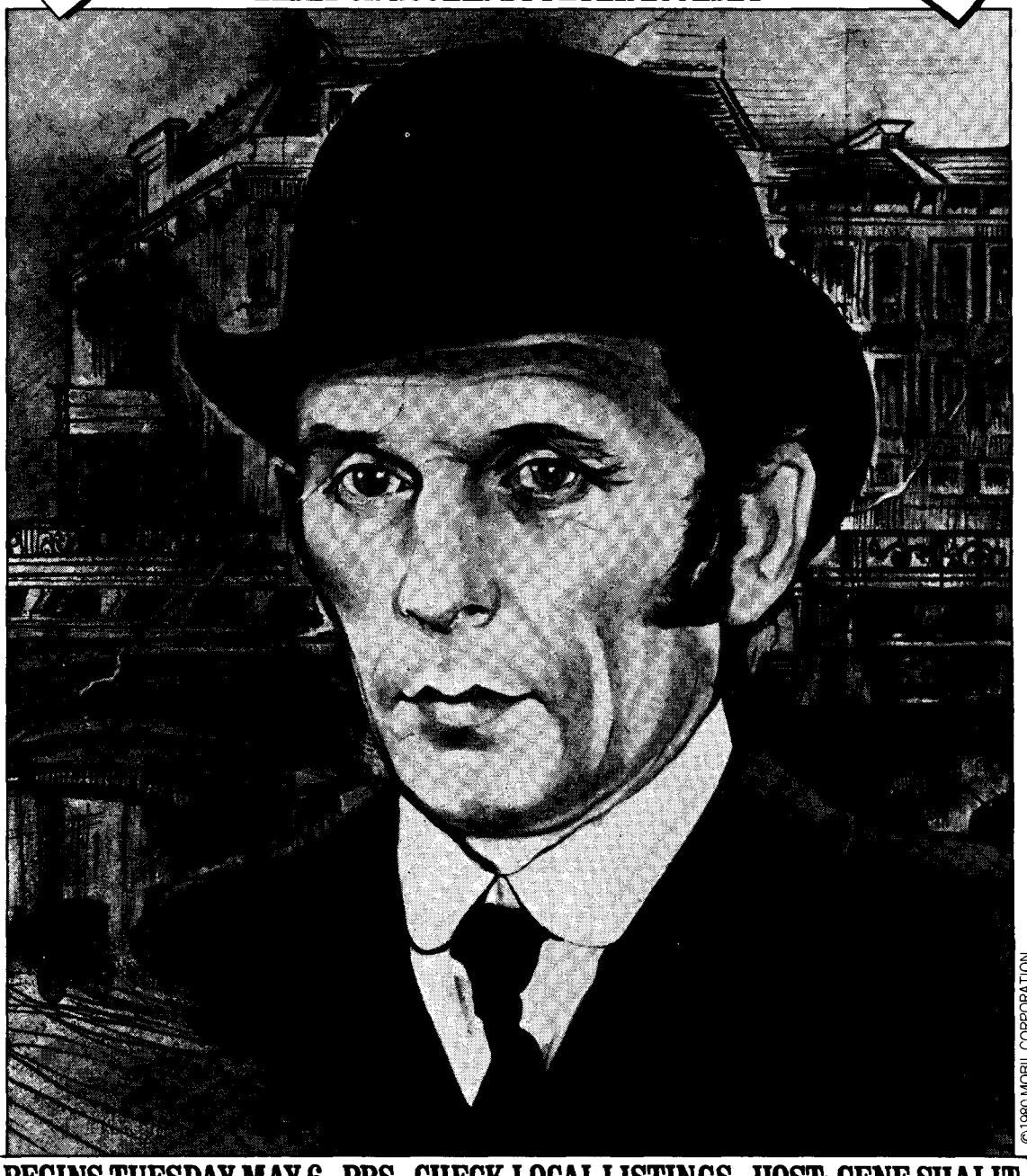

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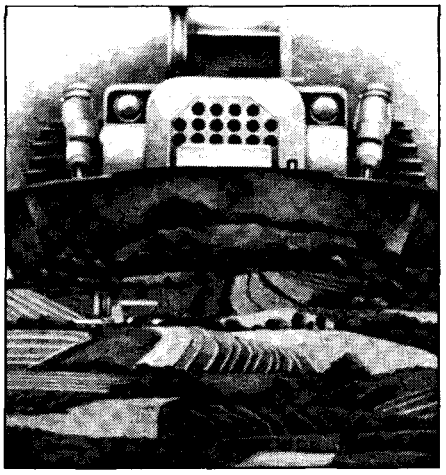

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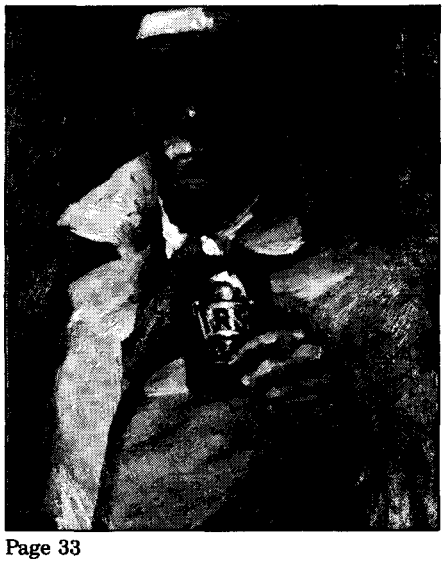

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To our subscribers

Robert I. Weingarten, Publisher *Alfred H. Kingon, Editor-in-Chief*

Some ambitious and promising plans have delayed the publication of this edition of *Saturday Review*, for which we apologize. Two major events in the life of *Saturday Review* have occurred. Both are cause for celebration.

Effective with this issue, *Saturday Review* becomes a subsidiary of Macro Communications, Inc. Robert I. Weingarten, Macro's Chairman and President, becomes publisher of *Saturday Review*, and Alfred H. Kingon, Executive Vice President and Vice Chairman, becomes Editor-in-Chief. Bob and Al share much besides professional interests. Both are natives of New York City. Both are passionate about classical music. Both are voracious readers with wide-ranging interests, and, most importantly, longtime readers of *Saturday Review*.

For the last eight years Bob and Al have been Publisher and Editor-in-Chief, respectively, of FINANCIAL WORLD, a magazine for investors. During these years FINANCIAL WORLD has more than doubled its circulation, has increased its advertising revenues many times over and has established itself as a major force in the world of finance.

The undersigned will continue to serve as Editor of *Saturday Review* and Norman Cousins, longtime Editor of *Saturday Review* and currently author of the best-selling *Anatomy of an Illness*, becomes Editor Emeritus. The strength of this new alliance should assure *Saturday Review*'s prosperity and excellence in the decades to come.

The second major event is a change in Saturday Review's publishing frequency from twice-monthly to monthly. This change will enable the editors to produce a more complete and satisfying magazine. Soon, every issue will include reviews of *all* the arts, many more books reviews, and enough feature stories to engage a reader for hours. Although the per-issue subscription cost for the monthly will be double the current price, present subscribers naturally will receive the full value for which they have contracted.

One final note: Last month, *Saturday Review* received the highest tribute in our industry, the National Magazine Award for Service to the Individual, given by the American Society of Magazine Editors. The piece for which we were honored was "Children and Cancer: New Hope for Survival" by senior editor Susan Schiefelbein. That award not only gives us pride in our past, it sets before the editors a standard of excellence to strive toward in the future.

We trust that you, our readers, will assist us with your encouragement, criticism and advice. It is our readers who have given life to *Saturday Review* for more than half a century. In partnership with our readers, we will continue to build a great magazine in the years to come.

Carll Tucker

Editor

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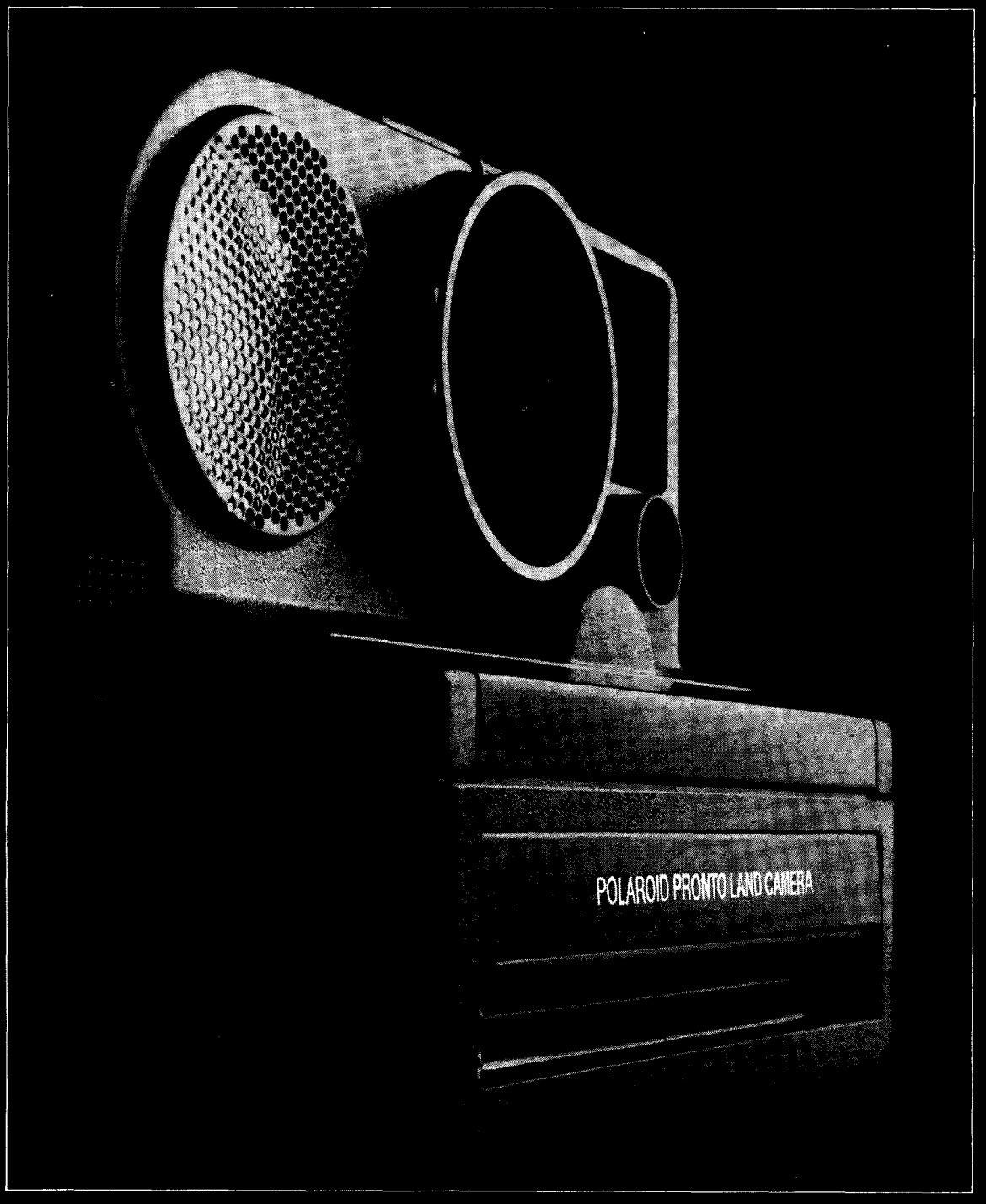

This could have been the finest instant camera in the world.

Polaroid's Pronto Sonar Land camera is built around one of the most ingenious advances in photography since the invention of the camera. Sonar automatic focusing. You push a button.

Sound waves from the camera bounce off the subject. A built-in computer calculates the distance and automatically focuses the lens.

Simultaneously an electric eye sets the correct exposure. In turn, the camera hands you a precisely focused, properly exposed, colorful picture. The user is free from concern over focusing, light exposure, or any manual adjustments. It's hard to imagine a better instant camera.

But there is one. Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar. It has everything Pronto Sonar has and more. Single-lens reflex viewing, closeup capability to 10.4 inches. And it folds down to a slender, compact 1 by 4 by 9 inches handsomely covered in genuine leather and brushed chrome. And naturally, it's more expensive.

So when you consider the fact that you can own a Pronto Sonar for about half as much as an SX-70, it could make you think twice about which one to buy.

But the only way you might go wrong is not buying either one.

Polaroid's Pronto Sonar

1980 Polaroid Corp. Polaroid, SX-70 and Pronto

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This is what lasers cut best.

Costs – manufacturing costs.

Western Electric has many lasers at work.

And all are focused on one objective: helping the Bell System bring you the best possible telecommunications service at the lowest possible cost.

Lighting the way

Western Electric gave the laser its first application in industry. In 1965, scientists at our Engineering Research Center designed a laser operation that vaporized holes through the diamonds used as dies for drawing copper wire. It turned a five-day drilling job into a 90-second flash.

It may sound simple, but it wasn't. There's much more to working a laser than "ready... aim... fire". Years of exhaustive research preceded that first laser-drilled diamond.

Every kind of laser reacts differently with different materials. A material that's transparent to natural light may be opaque to laser light, and vice versa. A laser that burns through one substance may have absolutely no effect on another.

Making *any* laser an industrial tool requires a host of experiments to determine not only which laser is best for the job, but how best to adapt it to the production process.

Spectrum of questions

Complex questions of physics, chemistry, metallurgy, electronics and mechanical engineering must be answered and coordinated.

That's why there's a full-time laser studies group at our Engineering Research Center. It's the reason that Western Electric now uses lasers not only in drilling, but also in many other operations.

And these lasers are paying off – with better products manufactured for the Bell System at lower costs.

Light of the future

Even with these uses, Western Electric has only begun to tap the laser's potential for telecommunications.

More applications are on the way. And they will bring more savings, more and better products made with laser technology.

Using lasers to cut costs is just one innovation from the Engineering Research Center. The Center's research in manufacturing techniques is an important part of Western Electric's total commitment to using the latest and the best in technology to keep the cost of your phone service down.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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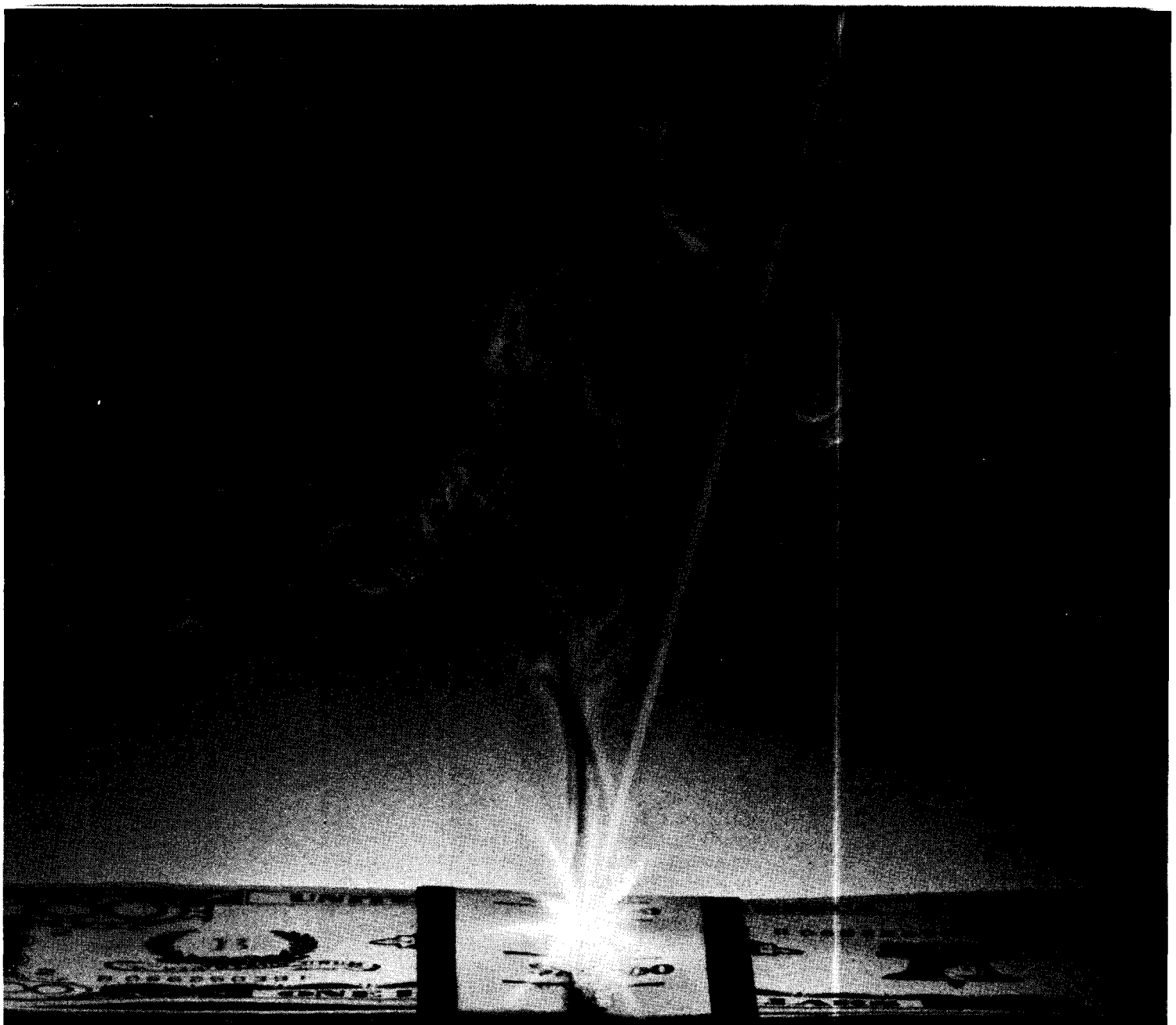

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LETTERS

BU Blues

Stephen Arons's piece on John Silber was received with enormous gratitude by faculty, staff, and students at Boston University. For too long we have felt ourselves to be in the grip of a banana-republic dictator instead of a university administrator, and our main hope for the restoration of our university is through the kind of careful and insightful public examination that his article presented.

Silber is now engaging in new efforts to suppress criticism. In recent weeks his administration has been informing department chairpersons that faculty members who have been publicly critical of the administration will receive "disservice" ratings, a device through which credits earned for research, publications, and teaching will be canceled in the consideration of merit salary increases. Entire departments with vocal critics are being punished by the removal of job slots, the rejection of tenure recommendations, and the refusal of leave requests.

Our concern, however, is not mainly for the personal penalties visited upon some of us. Our concern is rather that the atmosphere of intimidation and vindictiveness created by John Silber is destroying a university to which we are deeply devoted, and that we intend to continue to defend.

Frances Fox Piven
The Committee to Save BU
Boston, Massachusetts

Stephen Arons told us that his focus was not to be administration-faculty discord, but substantive changes in Boston University's fiscal and academic position. As his article makes clear, he lied, and deceived us through six hours of interviews in order to get one distorted paragraph. His unrelievedly negative portrait is based on charges that he did not bring to us for comment, as an honest journalist would have done.

For example, he reported vague and unverified criticism of John Silber's financial management made by 10 deans in 1976. He did not say that BU's financial position has improved every year since 1972. Nor did he report that recently *all* the deans supported Silber against calls for dismissal. Arons refers to Silber's "anti-tenure position." Silber has no such position and Arons never discussed the matter with him.

Arons is flagrantly dishonest in his use of his interview with Silber. Arons says that the president was "quick to call the police ... to break up peaceful demonstrations." Silber had explained how the demonstrators had blocked access to buildings. While he supported their right to picket, he could not allow them to interfere with other people's movement. During this time, Silber was nearly alone among college presidents in his efforts to reason with demonstrators and thus avoid the police.

Samuel McCracken
Office of the President
Boston University
Boston, Massachusetts

Stephen Arons replies: I stand by the story. Its main flaw, in retrospect, may be that it makes Dr. Silber's presidency look more coherent and responsible than many people perceive it to have been.

When I requested the interview with Silber, I said the central theme of the piece would be the "substantive changes" that have taken place at BU over the past 10 years, not the attempt to fire the BU-5. In fact, the major substantive change turned out to be Dr. Silber's treatment and alienation of the faculty prior to the threatened firings.

Mr. McCracken's anger seems based mostly on the general tendency of the BU administration to mistake journalists for public relations agents.

Libertarian Lament

As one of the founders of the Libertarian Party, and a current member of its National Committee, I was somewhat disturbed by Michael Nelson's article, "The New Libertarians: Stripping Government of Its Powers" [March 1]. While I was pleased to see that *Saturday Review* now recognizes us as a significant presence on the political scene, I think that the thrust of the article was misplaced. For the record:

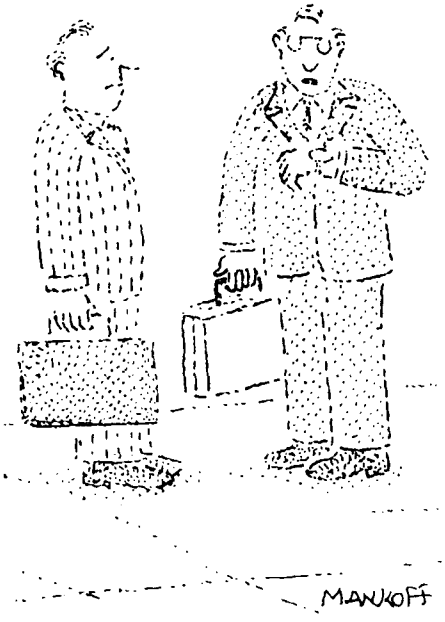
Ed Crane is not the party's chairman, and has not been since mid-1977. The current chairman is David P. Bergland. Nor is Crane singly responsible for the party's growth and success. Equal credit belongs to Bergland, national vice-chairman Mary-Louise Hanson, executive director Chris Hocker, and many others not mentioned by Nelson.

David F. Nolan
Denver, Colorado

A Time for Exertion

My compliments to Carll Tucker for "Our Sorry State" [March 1]. I, too, was astounded by the naiveté and gullibility of the four clergymen interviewed on that *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*. Messrs. MacNeil and Lehrer did make a valiant effort to steer those babes-in the woods to a more realistic and rational point of view. Their attempts, however, were futile, leaving the four free to spread their false gospel about the latest Islamic prophet, Khomeini.

Arthur Kramer
El Paso, Texas



"No, I'm sorry I can't. The time function seems to be broken. But you might be interested to know that November 2, 2006 falls on a Tuesday."

CORRECTIONS In Stanley Kauffmann's review of *Betrayal*, "Pinter & Friends" [March 1], the name of set, costume, and lighting designer John Bury was incorrectly spelled.

The March 29 cover illustration was painted by Dennis Luzak.

Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor, Saturday Review, *1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. We are unable to acknowledge or return unused letters.*

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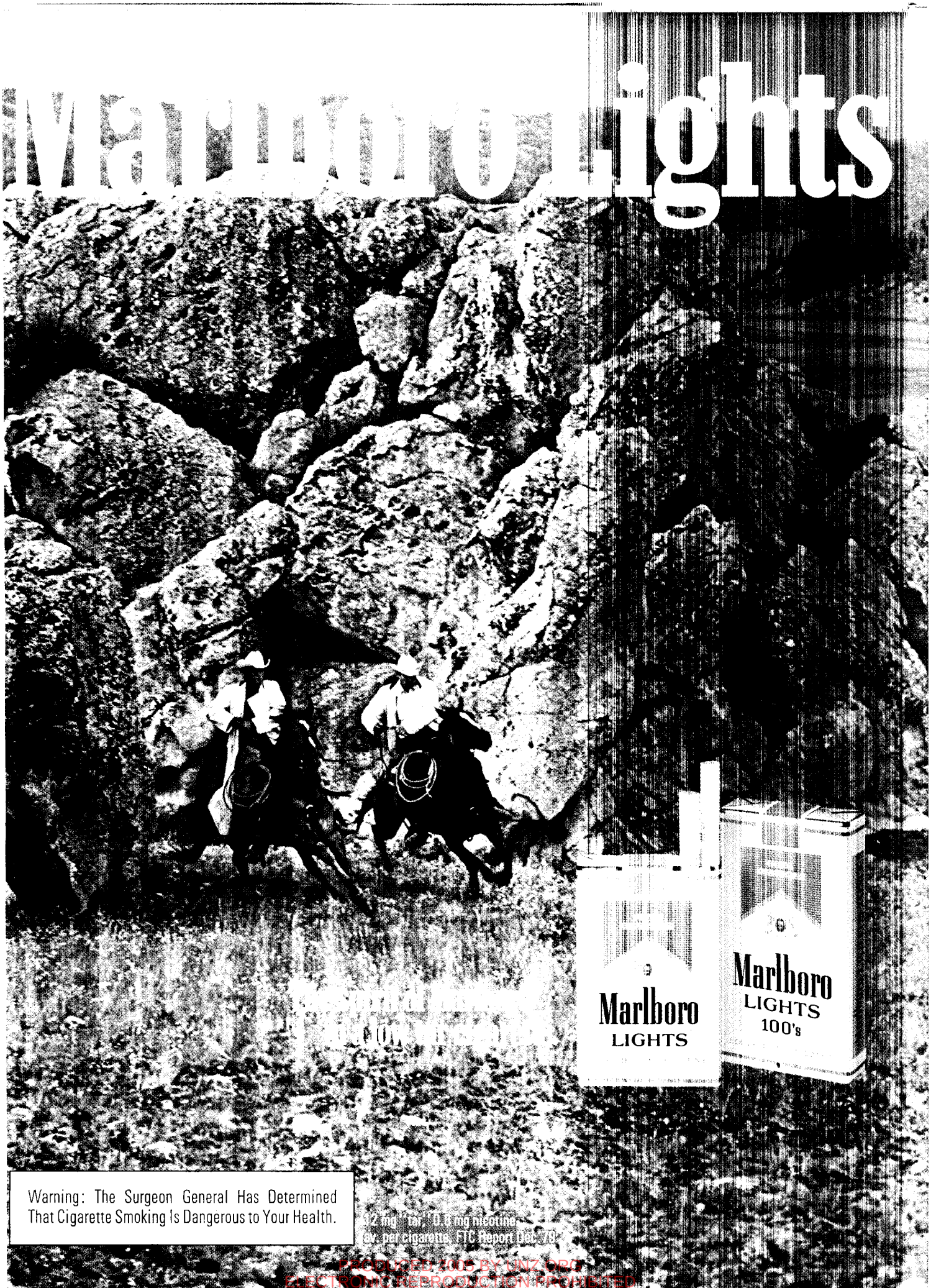

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '78

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"Engines run on a mixture of air and fuel. Fortunately air is free. But unfortunately natural atmospheric pressure limits its supply," states top Audi engineer Franz Hauk. "This poses a natural limit to the amount of power that can be extracted from a given displacement before an engine simply runs out of air. Making an engine larger will increase power but this will necessarily compound the inefficiency inherent to any naturally aspirated engine design."
Enter the impeller-turbine wheel – key component of the new Audi 5000 Turbo's turbocharger.

This simple device makes horsepower out of thin air for the new Audi 5000 Turbo.

"The turbine wheel fixed to the left of this shaft is spun by an unusual power source – exhaust gases, a combustion engine's waste product. It spins the impeller wheel on the right which is actually a fresh air compressor." Under peak engine load and rpm the impeller will deliver air to the engine under pressure of up to one-and-a-half times the atmosphere's. The result is a greater volume of air and a near 30% increase in power on demand.

Thus, this simple device, spinning at up to 100,000 rpm, increases the output of the Audi 5000 Turbo's engine in a way that is far more efficient than adding an extra cylinder – the Turbo's extra power is

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Franz Hauk,
Engine Designer,
holding the
impeller-turbine
wheel.

there only when you want it. But there is more to the Audi 5000 Turbo. "We set out to build a thoroughly refined high performance luxury sedan. This involved developments on all fronts. From the dynamic safety and handling built into its front-wheel drive layout to the thoughtful luxury and convenience of its interior, my colleagues and I feel we have succeeded. But we would like you to see for yourself."

Porsche+Audi: Nothing even comes close. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

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FRONT RUNNERS

Hello to Arms

Are you missing that certain existential something, that necessary human touch, when you're talking on the phone? Well, cheer up, for the answer to your distress may be on the market before long. The "Feel-a-Phone" is an otherwise plain old telephone with a robot-like artificial hand attached to it. On the one hand—yours, let's say—you can play out a variety of gestures—pointing, feeling, waving. On the other hand—the party being called—your gestures are copied out exactly. For a mere $5,000, the estimated price of a 60-position limb, mothers will be able to pat their children long-distance, bosses will be able to stick a threatening finger in their employees' faces, and couples will be able to bid each other a fond adieu. What technology taketh away, it giveth back. Amen.

The How-to Book to End All How-Tos

Now for the modern person with everything but happiness comes the suicide handbook. Published by a British organization called Exit, which has been crusading for the "right to die with dignity," the book details a variety of methods for permanently ending all problems. Most methods, Exit claims, are relatively painless and foolproof, and are possible even for invalids. Although a spokesperson for the group has declined to make public any of the recommended farewells—apparently one has to join to get the book—he does say that the society avoids suggesting violent demises—like shooting oneself or jumping off a building. Such methods are criticized as being uncertain and hard on the survivors. Exit wants you to take the easy way out.

The Culprits Up in the Sky

American legal annals are full of eccentric defenses, but none perhaps weirder than Mark Denton's. The 23-year-old Miami man is being charged with robbery, assault, and rape. His plea: Not guilty by reason of astrology. Attorney Jack Nagley will argue that his client belongs in a mental hospital—not a prison—because the position of the stars at the time of his birth ineluctably led him to a life of crime; if his astrological charts were different, Denton would be too.

Three leading astrologers are being called as defense witnesses. One of them, Zoltan Mason, says that if Denton was in fact born during a "disharmonious alignment of the planets, he cannot cope in a constructive way." Or in the words of Nagley, who has stars in his eyes: "It was the law of Karma. He was predestined to spend his life in a hospital or jail." Did anybody check the guy's palms?

Yearning for a Good Yawn

The world is too much with us, and so a group in San Francisco has formed a club for men who are vapid, wearisome, dull, and have nothing to say about anything. Called, naturally, the Dull Men's Club, its motto is, "We're out of it, and proud of it." The organization, founded by a fellow named Joe Troise—"I can't be interesting," he says modestly and perhaps truthfully—so far has 50 members, each of whom has paid $3.50 to join this uninspired troupe. Let's hope membership doesn't grow.

Submissions

SR *will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. We regret that we cannot return submissions without a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

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"I AM BEETHOVEN!"

the madman roared.

Could this wild-eyed figure be the world's greatest musical genius? Hear the answer in the inspired "madness" of the most magnificent music ever composed.

If you saw this grotesque figure, you'd have thought he was mad. In truth, he was struggling with the desperation and fury of being too deaf to hear the orchestra play his music or the audience applaud it.

But Ludwig van Beethoven broke through the awful silence with tumultuous music that makes the listener's soul expand and the skin chill—as you will discover in the first album of the BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION from TIME-LIFE RECORDS.

Hear von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic play the first six symphonies—free for 10 days.

Experience for yourself the surging force of composer Ludwig van Beethoven combined with the methodical force of conductor Herbert von Karajan in what **has** to be one of the most electrifying musical "collaborations" ever.

In five 12-inch LP stereo disks, recorded by the famous Deutsche Grammophon, you will hear the stirring Leonore Overture No. 3, as well as six complete symphonies, among them:

SYMPHONY NO. 3 ("Eroica") Described by one critic as "the greatest single step by an individual composer in the history of music."

SYMPHONY NO. 5 From brooding drum taps and weeping violins to a jubilant electrifying conclusion.

SYMPHONY NO. 6 ("Pastoral") A trip to the country—complete with nightingale (flute), cuckoo (clarinet) and quail (oboe).

The Ultimate Beethoven Collection:

All 9 Symphonies. 7 Overtures. 8 Concertos. 23 String Quartets. 50 Violin, Piano and Cello Sonatas. 52 Lieder. And much, much more. Performed by today's foremost virtuosos. Menuhin, Nilsson, Kempff, Fischer-Dieskau, Fournier, The Amadeus Quartet, Richter

No risk or obligation

If you are delighted with Volume I, you may keep it for only $24.95 plus shipping and handling. You will then enjoy free auditions of additional volumes in the Collection...symphonies, Nos. 7-9 (von Karajan)...the celebrated piano sonatas...and so much more. Otherwise just return it within 10 days and your subscription will be canceled. Mail the attached card today. Or write: TIME-LIFE RECORDS, Time & Life Building, Chicago, IL 60611.

BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION

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POLL RESULTS

On the Job

IF YOU ARE a typical worker, more than a third of your waking hours are spent on the job. And much of your leisure time is doubtless spent thinking about your present, or future, place of employment. Given the importance of work, it is unsettling that so many people are dissatisfied with their jobs, that they look forward to Fridays and dread Mondays. The results of our Third Poll indicate that this is by no means a wholly accurate description of *SR* readers—yet even many of you feel that your talents could be better utilized.

Of the 3,382 respondents, precisely half report they are either pleased or excited about going to work on Monday morning. Only 16 percent are anxious or depressed, while the remaining 34 percent are ambivalent. Those dissatisfied with their current employment identify two key factors that keep them from seeking better jobs: difficulty of changing careers (34 percent) and income considerations (25 percent). Nineteen percent indicate that their lack of awareness of alternative employment opportunities is largely responsible and 18 percent cite the dearth of available jobs in their preferred field. Fifteen percent feel that their lack of appropriate educational background is crucial to their dissatisfaction, although another 32 percent acknowledge that it is "somewhat responsible." Only 10 percent feel a lack of ambition plays a big part, but 40 percent feel that it is somewhat responsible.

Not surprisingly, only 5 percent of male readers rate sex discrimination a largely or somewhat responsible factor in preventing them from working in their preferred field, while 41 percent of the female readers feel this way. Ideological (5 percent) or racial (1 percent) discrimination is not regarded as important.

Almost half (48 percent) feel their work taps their particular skills and talents "to a great degree," another 35 percent "to a moderate degree," only 14 percent "to a small degree," and 3 percent "not at all." Nevertheless, many readers see a significant discrepancy between what they regard as important in their work and what they actually do.

For example, 84 percent of the readers consider the opportunity to use one's own talents to be very important; only 47 percent believe that their job provides that satisfaction. Sixty-eight percent feel that job challenge is very important, but only 49 percent hold jobs that offer it to them. Sixty-one percent cite making a contribution to society as very important; only 39 percent say they do so at present. On the question of job responsibility alone is there a correlation between desire and reality: Sixty percent feel that being given responsibility is very important; 53 percent say that their job offers such responsibility.

Slightly more than half (55 percent) think that appreciation by superiors and/or peers is very important. Only 27 percent, however, feel appreciated. Oddly, 44 percent feel that a relaxed environment and job security are very important, yet 47 percent say their job offers a lot of security: only 25 percent enjoy a relaxed environment.

Perhaps the most surprising finding of the poll is that 25 percent of *SR* readers indicate that a high salary is important, compared to 17 percent who feel that they are receiving a high salary; 22 percent feel a job's prestige is important, with the same number feeling that they currently hold a prestigious job.

Our poll results show that work does not end at the office: A great deal of leisure time is spent thinking about it. More than three out of four *Saturday Review* readers think about their job either a lot (35 percent) or some (40 percent) when they are away from it. Seventeen percent think about it a little; only 5 percent never think about it at all. When they do think about their job, over half the readers have either very (29 percent) or somewhat (34 percent) positive thoughts. Eleven percent have neutral thoughts, 17 percent somewhat negative, and only 6 percent very negative. Consistent with those results, 73 percent enjoy talking about their job.

Despite this relative job satisfaction, most *Saturday Review* readers would like to engage in activities unrelated to work in their time off. Only slightly more than a third (36 percent) say that they would choose to develop their skills for their present job or for work in a new field (34 percent). Sixty-five percent, though, say they would like to engage in some form of self-expression, introspection, or contemplation. Only 24 percent say they would join a community organization, but fully half the readers express a desire to return to school.

Of 15 specific employment categories listed, the arts were most preferred; 24 percent of our readers want a career in that area. However, at present only 5 percent work in the arts. This was the most dramatic differential between present and preferred career. Education was also a popular profession, with 7 percent of the respondents citing it as their present field and 16 percent their preferred field. Next came communications (9 percent present, 11 percent preferred). Twenty-one percent are in business, but only 10 percent list it as preferred.

Finally, the demographics: 86 percent of the respondents to the Third Readers Poll are employed, while 11 percent are retired, and 2 percent are unemployed. Over half (57 percent) are professionals in their field; 15 percent are management, 9 percent are executives, 8 percent are clerical employees, 5 percent are skilled workers, 3 percent are in sales, and 1 percent are unskilled workers. A slight majority (52 percent) are female. The age distribution is fairly even: 23 percent are 50-59, 22 percent are 30-39, 19 percent are 40-49, 15 percent are 60-69, 13 percent 20-29, 6 percent 70 or over. No one is under 20 years of age.

Prepared in cooperation with Research and Forecasts, Inc.

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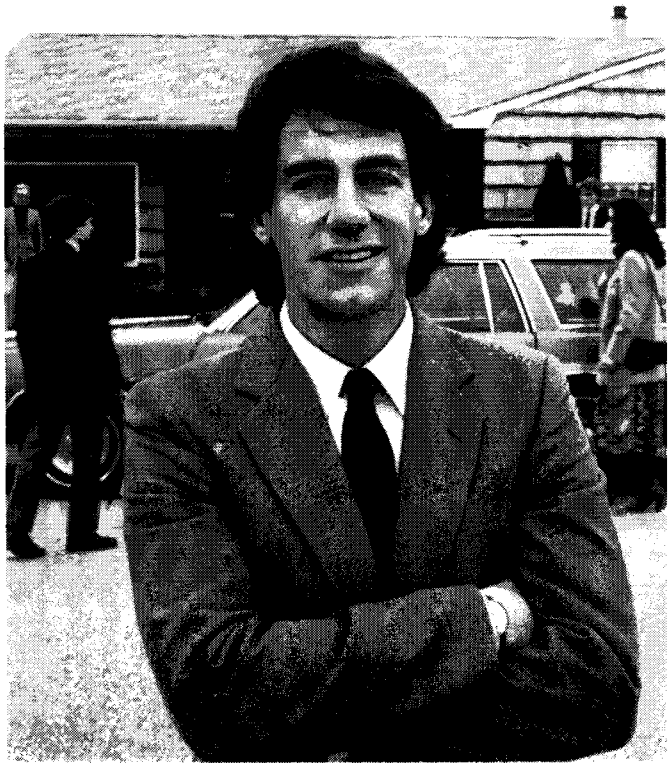

One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

Problem is, with today's energy crisis, the man on the right is wasting both fuel and money. Gas prices alone make the trip expensive. And his auto insurance premium is higher than it has to be.

The man on the left has decided to conserve and save. When the gasoline shortage began, he and some neighbors started carpooling to work. So together they consume less gas. That cuts expenses right there. What's more, because each of them drives fewer miles, they save money on their auto insurance as well.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we're doing our best to help you keep your insurance rates affordable. That's why most auto insurers are offering discounts to those individuals who reduce the total number of miles or times they drive to work.

For example, people who normally drive 30 miles to and from work every day can save up to 22% on car insurance premiums just by carpooling. All they have to do is drive to work two days a week instead of five.

People who switch to public transportation to get to work save even more on their premiums—up to 31% in some states. Their car becomes classified "for pleasure use only," a less expensive category.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Offering premium discounts to those who reduce the total number of miles they drive each week to work. Discounts will vary by company, by state and by the type of coverage you have.
- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute and the National Automobile Theft Bureau.
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars and roads safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.

Here's what you can do:

- Cut down on your driving by carpooling or by using public transportation.
- Use your auto seat belt and shoulder harness.
- Talk to your insurance agent or company about ways to lower the cost of your auto insurance coverage.
- Lock your car. Don't invite trouble.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, New York 10038.

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Malpractice Backlash

A NEW TERM, "defensive medicine," has entered the vocabulary of the physician. It is used to describe the measures doctors feel they are forced to take to protect themselves against increasingly frequent malpractice suits.

For at least two decades patients have been turning to the courts in search of damages from doctors and surgeons. Their complaints range from erroneous diagnoses and harmful medication to unnecessary surgery. Thousands of such suits have come to trial. Many are settled out of court at a cost of millions to doctors and insurance companies.

It would be a mistake to assume that the preponderance of these lawsuits is spurious. Iatrogenic (doctor-caused) disease can be as serious as any other. But the fact and frequency of these lawsuits have caused doctors to adopt policies that are not always in the best interests of the medical profession or of the patient. Consider, for example, the case of a San Francisco woman whose biopsy revealed that the lump in her breast was malignant. Instead of learning about this diagnosis in direct discussion with her doctor, she received a certified letter notifying her of the cancer. No doubt the physician was trying to protect himself against any later charge that the patient had not been fully informed. But his method was catastrophic in its effects.

Panic is one of the most serious problems of severe disease. It can intensify illness, producing a chain reaction of increasingly severe symptoms. Conversely, enhancing the will to live can create an auspicious stage for treatment. The responsible physician knows the importance of engaging the patient's full range of resources, emotional and physiological. Truth can be communicated with moral artistry or it can be dumped on a patient like a truckload of bricks.

At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association in San Antonio, physicians were given a striking example of how not to inform a patient. They were told about a specialist who entered a hospital room where the patient and his family were waiting for the results of exploratory surgery. The specialist was explicit to the point of brutality. "Your kidneys have crapped out; your liver has crapped out. Well, that's the way it is." If the patient had entertained any hope before the specialist entered the room, it was totally expunged by the time the doctor had left.

The fact that this incident was brought into the open at an AMA meeting was vastly reassuring to a lay observer. The discussion following the disclosure of the incident indicated that many physicians now recognize that poor practice is not a proper response to malpractice.

Physicians also raised hard questions about the profusion of expensive medical tests to which patients are being increasingly subjected. Many of these tests are not strictly necessary. Nonetheless, they enable doctors to build up protective records. In the event a physician should be legally challenged on a diagnosis, he would be able to point to a full battery of reports based on scientific instrumentation. A not inconsiderable portion of this nation's shattering medical costs is being expended on all sorts of sophisticated tests. No one questions the usefulness of such tests where clearly needed; but a great many of them are being prescribed as a way of establishing facts beyond legal redress. As a result, we often have a clear case of precautionary overkill.

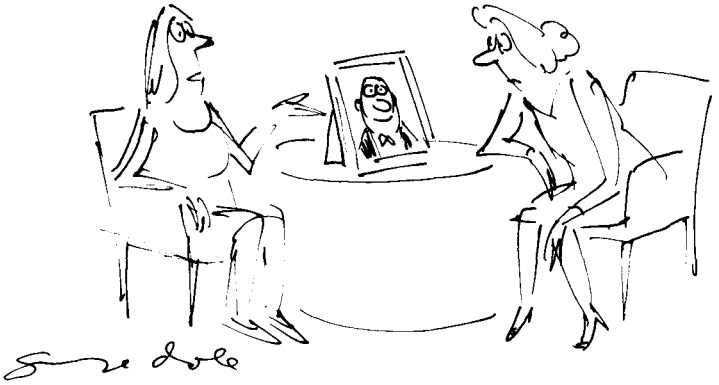
The entire field of surgery has been especially affected by malpractice suits and the reaction to them. In an effort to eliminate any vestige of doubt—reasonable or otherwise—that might serve as a basis for legal action, some doctors are putting their patients on the surgeon's table. No responsible physician, however, exposes patients to surgery unless he is convinced that such a drastic measure is absolutely necessary. Every surgical procedure is risky. Any time a person is given anesthesia, specific dangers are incurred. In fairness, it should be emphasized that the profession as a whole is well aware of the perils of excessive surgery; but they feel pushed in that direction just the same.

The answer to malpractice suits is not to outlaw them. Errors in the treatment of patients do occur, some of them with grave consequences. Legal recourse for patients is legitimate. Not all these errors are the result of ignorance or carelessness, however. Some of them are inherent in the treatment of serious disease. A physician must take certain risks. If, because of the fear of malpractice suits, the physician avoids these risks, he may be harming the patient in ways that are legally proper but morally indefensible.

The dilemma posed by malpractice suits is not easily resolved. One possibility is the creation of what might be termed "validation boards" for the purpose of screening potential lawsuits. Such boards would consist of people of high public reputation—laymen, lawyers, physicians among them—who would scrutinize the legitimacy of complaints. No attempt would be made at a final judgment. The purpose would be to see whether there is enough substance to justify having the case tested in court.

The disadvantage of such a procedure is that it would have no legal standing. Referral to the validation panel would be voluntary. Another problem is that if only one side were willing to have the case heard, the workability and usefulness of the board would be seriously weakened.

Whatever the drawbacks of particular proposals, however, one fact must be considered: The interests of the patient and the physician are now on a collision course. There is altogether too much suspicion and resentment between the public and the profession. Something specific in the opposite direction is needed—and needed now.—**N.C.**



"Morris was a strange bedfellow even before entering politics."

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If I Was King

No matter who comes in first or second in the presidential primaries, you can be sure syntax will run a bad last. Every four years we are treated to the embarrassing spectacle of our foremost statesmen dashing from state to state to state, seeding the hustings with a crop of split infinitives, dangling participles, singular nouns with plural verbs, and the ever-popular misuse of the personal pronoun after a preposition. That's a lot of crop.

As the primary season begins earlier and earlier, so does the mangling of the language. This year it began at the Republican caucus in Iowa, a state where they know corn when they hear it. The leading contenders (minus Ronald Reagan) were immodestly explaining why each of them would make the best president. John Connally was asked how his views differed from Reagan's. There was a big smile on his face as Big John said, "I don't know what Reagan's views are. I wish he was here." Then he compounded it by adding, "Oh how I wish he was here!" The audience laughed. That put Big John into a jovial mood. But not into the subjunctive mood.

Obviously, Big John, when he was Little John, had played hookey from school the day his teacher was explaining the difference between the indicative and the subjunctive. If she had heard Little John, she might have told him that if he kept talking like that, he never would grow up to become president of the United States.

Actually, I wish it were possible for me to state unequivocally that Mr. Connally's abuse of syntax was responsible for his running fourth in that caucus race among the six Republican aspirants and for his withdrawal from the race a few weeks later. But I can't. In fact, for a while it looked as if Big John's English wouldn't make much difference. So meticulously groomed, so charismatically affable, and so energetically personable was he, that people watching him on TV began to say: "That handsome John Connally looks like what a president ought to look like."

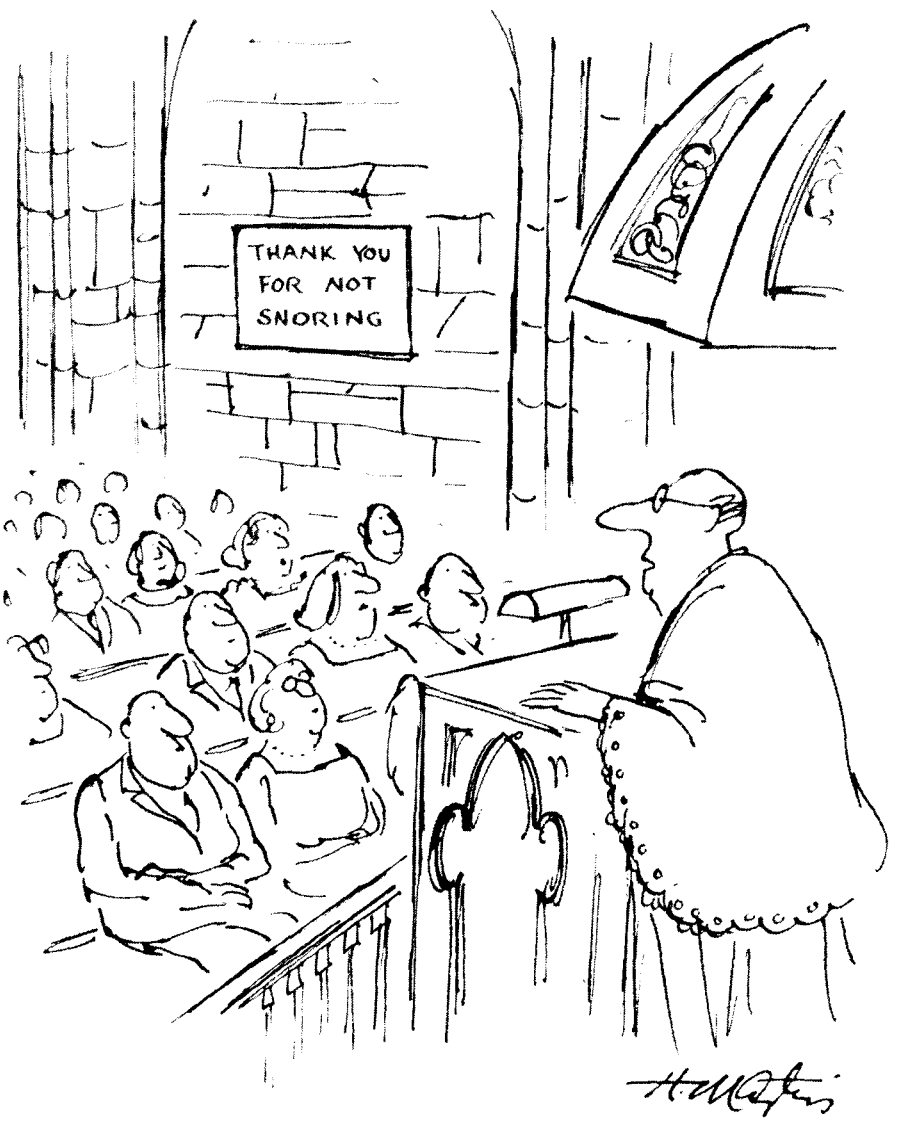
Well, for heaven's sake, if we want a president who only looks like a president, why don't we elect Rich Little, the master impersonator? In that way, on any given day, through any given new crisis, we could have a president who appears best able to handle it. Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson—Little has done them all. If necessary, in a pinch, if we are "down to the bottom line," he could do his favorite. Rich Little could be a rich Nixon.

Of course I realize that in a heated primary debate, when a candidate is asked a tricky political question, he doesn't have the time to conjugate a verb. He has to say something, even if it's only "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." At least it's not ungrammatical, and it worked for William Henry Harrison in the election of 1840.

Come to think of it, I shouldn't have been so surprised at Mr.Connally's grammatical lapse. I recall verbatim one sentence of a speech he made on TV when he served as Secretary of the Treasury: "Anyone can spend their money any way they like." Years later that statement is still indelibly etched in my mind.

One wonders if anyone else told Mr. Connally that, according to McGuffey's Primer, he should have said, "I wish he were here" instead of "was here." Did Mr. Connally, ruminating in sad retrospect over his bad showing in the presidential primary race, say, "Doggone it. Tripped up by a three-letter word!"? And who knows if that wasn't the real reason he said "was." Big John, after all, is too sensitive a man to use a four-letter word in public.

—**Goodman Ace**



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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Celebrity Babel

HERE ON THE Côte d'Azur we don't do as well by television programs as you in New York. I have on my set a total of eight channels, half Italian, the other half French, and the diet is politicians and American movies that America no longer wants. But one television joy here has no counterpart with you there: I mean the visits of Anglophone dignitaries—film stars or statesmen—to the studios of Milan and Paris and the way in which they get through their interviews. Peter Ustinov, as you might expect, speaks good Ustinovian French (indeed, he does his own dubbing in the French versions of his films) and reasonable Ustinovian Italian. Roger Moore speaks no French at all, but, having an Italian wife, he manages a fair, though British-sounding, Tuscan.

The French, for some reason, adore the comedian Jerry Lewis and will bring him on on all occasions, but he is not allowed to speak French, since that would spoil his image. The other evening a distinguished French Academician, presiding over the handing out of Césars, the French version of the Oscars, had to call: "An nahoo ve velcoom Meestair Zhe'i Lu Eece."

Of all the American *vedettes*, only Jane Fonda can belt out a totally idiomatic and phonemically perfect Gallic flow. This has something to do with her having been married to Roger Vadim, but I have known innumerable cases of husbands and wivés of different linguistic provenance being indifferent about the advantages of bilingualism. I was friendly with a couple in Malaysia, for instance, the man a Eurasian and the woman a Malay, and their only communication was through touch or blows. "I can't understand a bloody word she's saying," he would say, and she would counter with "*Saya tidak paham sapatah kata yang-dia chakap*," but, or perhaps and, they got on all right. Ms. Fonda has absorbed all that M. Vadim was able to teach her, and she is as violently revolutionary in French as she is in English.

Most of our American celebrities on television here have to speak English and have a simultaneous translation going on. This applies almost without exception to great American statesmen. I was horrified to hear Henry Kissinger, to whom French should be an essential diplomatic tool, refusing to depart from his own idiosyncratic English, much to the surprise of the studio team. Perhaps, and with some justice, he did not wish to appear at a disadvantage. France has been called *la Belle Dame sans Merci*, and she has no mercy on foreigners who mix up their genders or can't manage the back-rolled r. Henry refused to be a victim of linguistic circumstance.

Presidents are never expected to know any language other than that of their hometown, and Eisenhower was rather exceptional in saying to the French: "*Je vous aime tous*." The late President Kennedy only, to my recollection, made one statement in a foreign language, but that was dramatic and memorable. To beleaguered West Berlin he said: "*Ich bin ein Berliner*."

I myself, though no *vedette* and certainly no statesman, have had my share of foreign-language interviews on radio and television and, perhaps pigheadedly, refuse to hand over my personality to a simultaneous translator. These interviews have to do with the promotion of foreign translations of my books, and I have so far suffered them in French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Malay. I understand that a Hungarian interview will be coming up soon, and I must give myself at least a week to cope with a language I don't know at all—except for "good health," which I learned from the old movie with Burgess Meredith, Merle Oberon, and Melvyn Douglas. I need the following phrases, and I will get them, along with an acceptable pronunciation, from a genuine Hungarian countess in exile who soaks in the bar across the way from here. They are: "Hello"; "Thank you"; "There are various reasons, all too complex to give now"; "It's a mystery to me, but then life itself is a mystery"; "Occasionally."

The conviction that these statements and noises are all anybody needs when being interviewed in a strange tongue has been pressed out of long and bitter experience. I know French well enough, but it's not easy even for Jane Fonda to cope with a question like "How far have you been influenced by the post-structuralists?" or "What is the source of the inspiration of your work?" or "Why do you espouse the cause of the Amerindians?" I claim no copyright on the above phrases, and any American celebrity contemplating a high-profile visit to foreign lands is welcome to them. They can safely be interspersed with smiles and noncommital grunts.

—Anthony Burgess

"We stopped eating Americans. Laboratory tests proved they caused cancer in crocodiles."

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Reflections on My Brother's Murder

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, my brother, Herbert Finn, a prominent civil rights lawyer from Phoenix, Arizona, was shot and killed while visiting my family in New York. We had been to the opera—Herbert, his wife, my wife, my sister, my daughter, and I—and the six of us drove to the quiet residential neighborhood of Riverdale, where my daughter lives. I left the car for a few minutes to take her to her apartment. While I was gone, several young black men held up the rest of the family, taking pocketbooks from my wife and sister and grabbing my brother's wallet as he took out his money for them. Although no one is quite sure what happened, we think my brother reached out to retrieve the credit cards in his wallet because he was planning to leave the next day on a trip to Egypt and Israel. One impatient robber fired a single .22-caliber bullet, and all of them fled. A moment later I arrived on the scene to find the women screaming and my brother dead.

All that night I repeated four words—*I can't believe it*—so often that they must be imprinted on my brain. The murder took place just after midnight, and we finished with the police interrogation at 5:30 the next morning. My wife and I had a couple of drinks to try to calm our nerves, but the alcohol didn't work. I couldn't stop myself from shivering (although I wasn't cold) and repeating the four words endlessly. In desperation, I took a pad from the drawer next to my bed and wrote "I can't believe it" 26 times, as if writing it out would serve as a cathartic for disbelief. But it was no help. I truly could *not* believe it. I went on repeating the words to myself all through the next day as I sat with my wife, sister, and sister-in-law in three different police stations, going through hundreds of mug shots and answering questions posed by various teams of detectives. While I could not absorb the reality of what had happened, neither could I get the sight of it—the sight of my brother slumped in the back seat—out of my mind.

About two weeks later, four suspects were arrested. Their ages were 19, 17, 17, and 15. Newspaper accounts stated that three of them came from middle-class homes in Mt. Vernon, New York.

Two of the youths confessed. The story they told deepened the crease of incredulity in my brain. It went something like this: One boy borrowed his mother's car to go to a high-school dance. He changed his mind and instead picked up three friends, drove to a pizzeria, then to a disco, and finally went for a ride in Riverdale. As they were cruising, the four boys thought of sticking up an ice-cream store, but by the time they got there it was closed. Later, they passed our car, saw the people in it, and thought it looked like an interesting target. They pulled into a driveway, and three of them said they'd check our car and be right back. The fourth boy waited, listening to his car radio. A minute later he heard a noise and the three ran back screaming, "Get out of here, get out of here." As they sped away, one of the boys kept asking another, "Why did you do it? Why did you shoot him?" "I had to," he answered and then said reassuringly, "Don't worry about it." They argued for a while. Finally, one of them distributed $44 to each of the others. "You shot [this guy] for less than $200? That's stupid," one of the boys remarked. "Don't worry," the murderer insisted.

As told by the two who confessed, the casualness of the whole incident—taking my brother's life to get some money for fun—makes the tragedy all the more unbearable. It was apparently just a matter of going after easy pickings and striking down a victim who might have been trying to hold out. It was like swatting a fly. That was all there was to it.

In the months that followed, the shock waves of what we initially took to be a private nightmare radiated farther than any of us could have imagined. People from all over the world called and wrote to give some expression to the pain they felt. I could almost hear the whispers echoing in the atmosphere as anybody who had the slightest connection to us passed the story on. What dumbfounded acquaintances was the senselessness, the chilling irony, of Herbert's death. Dying from an illness is no better than dying from a robber's bullet, but we learn to accept death from disease as fate, while murder threatens to undermine the assumption that man can control societal forces.

A friend who served for many years as Chief of Police in the Bronx, Anthony Bouza, has likened the unchecked spread of crime to a cancer that will destroy our society unless we attack its cause—poverty and unemployment. People who can't speak the language, can't get jobs, and can't find decent places to live are excluded from so-

"I mean it, Sid. The more you get like Starsky, the more I'm going to get like Hutch."

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ciety. They come to feel that robbing and killing are the only ways they can survive. Desperation, Chief Bouza believes, overwhelms morality and the law. What is worse, he says, is the more recent development. As the poor increasingly resort to their desperate solutions, more fortunate youths adopt the same measures to accomplish their own ends. Robbing and killing fill the emptiness caused, not by hunger, but by boredom and a lack of purpose in their lives. The cancer that begins in the burned-out buildings of our cities metastasizes to the rest of society.

A number of people, reacting to my brother's death, are seeking cures for the disease Bouza describes. Some say they will work for stricter gun-control laws. Others want tougher sentences for convicted criminals. Still others want to reinstate the death penalty. And some want to work for a stronger and better equipped police force. But it seems to me that these efforts, many of which are clearly necessary, are unlikely to rid us of the cancer; they treat the symptoms, not the disease. The cancer itself can be arrested, I believe, only if we minister to its root cause. We must stop the decay in our cities and the deterioration of our values. We must have faith in our own power to cure the disease and the determination to exercise that power.

The shock of my brother's death has in itself given rise to some innovative ideas that illustrate the kind of determination called for. While talking about Herbert's death, for example, a friend who heads an influential foundation raised the question of relating education to work opportunities. He proposed an unusual plan for a pilot project: If a small group of underprivileged students would promise to finish their college education, he would arrange jobs for them in advance, guaranteeing them positions on graduation. The companies for which they would work would pay only half their salaries, and his foundation would pay the rest. If the project succeeds, he would encourage other foundations to do the same thing for thousands of young people. His idea could be the small beginning of a major accomplishment.

My brother's death was cruel, inhuman, personally devastating; but I do not want to believe it was futile. Taking initiatives to cope with the disease rather than despairing at its ravages is the only sane response to our tragedy. If we who have been subjected to such horrors can show the world that we have not lost our faith, if out of our pain we can help to awaken the forces within our society that are capable of curing the disease, his death and the deaths of other martyrs of the streets will not have been in vain. **—David Finn**

Mr. Finn is chairman of Ruder & Finn.

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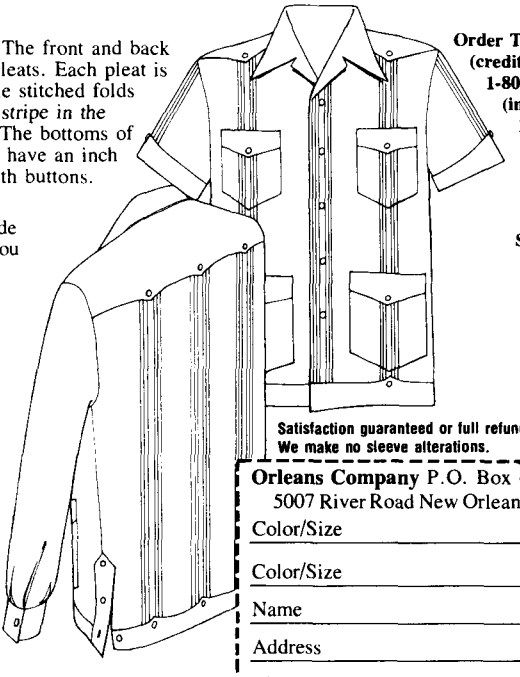

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Tough Questions on Olympic Boycott

Question: Has the Olympic boycott signaled a broader change in the relationship of athletes to the government?
Answer: Absolutely not. The administration of President Jimmy Martyr has not condoned and will not condone any politicization of sports. Mr. Martyr himself is personally and morally committed to the principle of autonomy for all athletes and sports-governing bodies. As long ago as last October, President Martyr traveled to Pittsburgh during the World Series and went down to the locker room after the final game to assure Pirates manager Chuck Tanner, MVP Willie Stargell, and the rest of the team, whom Martyr admires and loves, that under no circumstances would he or his administration ever horn in on a sports event for publicity reasons.

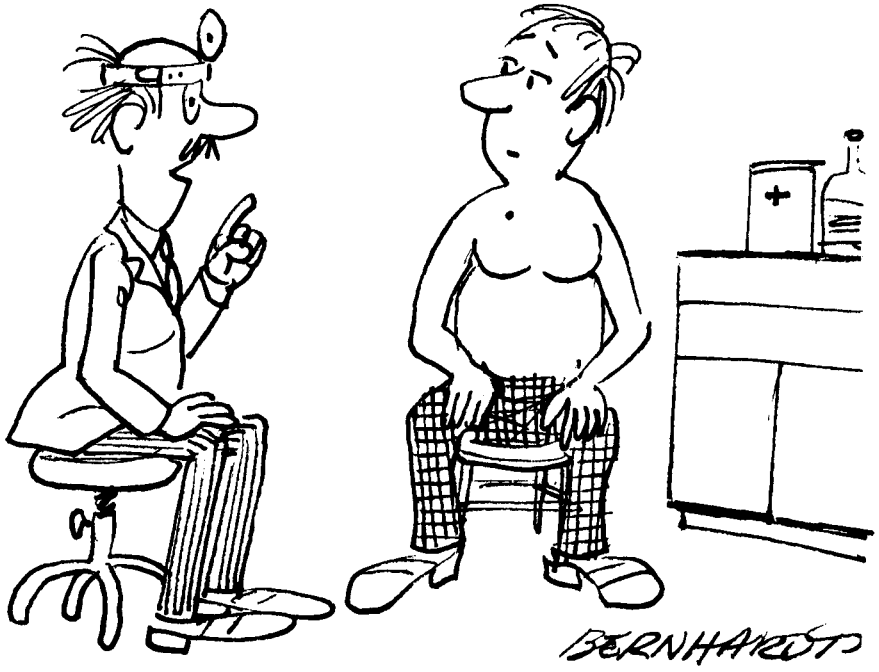
Following the Lake Placid winter Olympics, Mr. Martyr invited members of the victorious American ice hockey team to the White House to let them know that he would never seek to identify himself with their great team effort in whipping the Soviets, which made both the President and Mrs. Martyr so very proud of our country. Thus, the Martyr administration has consistently demonstrated a strict hands-off policy where sports are concerned. So long as President Martyr remains in office, athletes can rest assured that no one will manipulate sports for political ends.
Question: How does the American Olympic boycott differ from Soviet sports policy?
Answer: Russia has rarely wavered from the line that sports exist to serve the state. "An important factor in our foreign policy," said *Pravda* in 1958, "is the international relations of our sportsmen .... The success of our sportsmen abroad helps ... our foreign diplomatic missions and our trade delegations."

Likewise, the USSR has brought off repeated boycotts of dual athletic meets when it wished to protest the host country's foreign or domestic policy. In the 1960s, for example, Russia boycotted three dual U.S.-USSR track meets to protest American policy in Vietnam. In the Seventies, the Soviets stayed out of the World Cup qualifying rounds because they were held in Chile, the Chess Olympics because they were held in Israel, and the world shooting and women's basketball championships because they were held in South Korea.

In all cases, Russian boycotts proved totally ineffective. And therein lies the true difference. In the case of the American Olympic boycott, the Politburo will have to back down and withdraw from Afghanistan. Already, Soviet troops are reportedly jogging back toward Moscow under banners reading "Cindy Jenner—*Da!* Kabul—*Nyet!*" This epitomizes the difference between a boycott popularly inspired and freely organized under our democratic system and one imposed by a totalitarian regime.
Question: What are the precedents for an American Olympic boycott?
Answer: The United States considered refraining from participation in the Olympics only once before—in the Berlin games of 1936, when the Nazis organized a vast propaganda show to bolster the theory of Aryan racial superiority. Ultimately, however, the U.S. did participate, and Jesse Owens's four gold medals infuriated *der Führer*. Historians now believe that American participation in the '36 games was the major cause of World War II. Had we stayed home, the German team would have swept the track events, proving Hitler's theory without bloodshed.

Diaries published by ex-Nazi Albert Speer include material indicating the dictator's increasing awareness of the Olympic issue in the waning days of the Third Reich. An entry dated April 1, 1944, shows the depths of Hitler's fulminations: "Went to see Hitler in bunker last evening. Found *Führer* still watching reruns of '36 quarter-mile sprint. Hitler raving at screen, 'Go back to Cleveland, Owens, Negro *Schwein!*' Required sedative injection. Calmed, Hitler became sentimental. Said if American team had only boycotted Berlin Olympics, 'I never would have invaded Czechoslovakia. All this could have been avoided.'"
Question: On March 21, President Martyr told the 150 American athletes gathered at the White House, "I cannot say what other nations will not go. Ours will not go." What other nations have answered the President's call for a worldwide boycott of Moscow?
Answer: In the immediate aftermath of the Soviet Afghan incursion, more than 50 nations joined the Martyr administration's boycott. Many were impressed by Muhammed Allme's forceful presentation of the American position during the African tour the sometime ex-champ undertook at the personal request of President Martyr.

Since that time, however, administration sources have confessed to suffering "peripheral slippage" in the boycott's unity. At a meeting in Belgium, eight



"You have one measle. Any more and you'll have the measles."

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European Olympics Committees—including France, England, and Italy—pledged to send athletes to Moscow no matter what their respective governments wanted them to do. Nevertheless, as of this writing, three of the nations most influential in international amateur athletics have indicated they will not go to the 1980 Olympics: Saudi Arabia, Albania, and Malawi.

Saudi Arabia's withdrawal is expected to dampen competition in such events as the Rolls-Royce throw, the seaside villa purchase (men's and women's), and the 30-second beheading. By its Olympic action, Albania has once again affirmed its position as the United States' closest ally in Europe, and boycott support may preview an Albanian bid to become the 51st state. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie is still trying to determine the exact location of Malawi.

Question: The argument has been made that even without Soviet aggression in Afghanistan, Moscow was a poor choice as an Olympic site, given the Russian regime's repression of dissidents, its anti-Semitism, and the Soviet predilection for using sports as a propaganda device. Why did the Martyr administration wait so long to voice its reservations about the Moscow games?

Answer: No one can justly accuse the administration of dilatory morality with respect to the Olympic issue. The simple truth is that the President and his advisors had no knowledge of Russian treatment of dissidents and Jews until after the tanks rolled into Kabul.

They certainly had no idea the Soviets might actually use the Olympics to gain credibility. Both the American government and the International Olympics Committee believed Moscow's claim, put forward in its Olympic bid, that the Soviet Union could provide "superior security" for athletes, dignitaries, tourists, and, most importantly, the National Broadcasting Company.

No one could imagine that when Moscow authorities spoke of securing the Olympic village, they meant starting 25,000 *versts* away in the rugged mountains of the Hindu Kush. The Soviet thrust in Southwest Asia rudely awakened the Martyr White House to the Russians' true aims. The President now realizes that the Soviet Union represents the greatest threat to world peace since Senator Edward X. Charisma announced his candidacy.

Question: Where does the IOC come off posing as the injured innocent—haven't Olympic officials been tainted by presiding over an increasingly politicized Olympiad?

Answer: Negative. After all, the only thing the IOC ever did was organize the games by national teams in the first place. If nationalism then reared its disgusting head, it wasn't the IOC's fault. True, the IOC has previously disqualified athletes not competing under a national flag, but only because the competitors came from African nations protesting apartheid. This time, athletes will be allowed to enter the Olympics as individuals. The freelancers must only pay their own bus or carfare to Moscow and provide their own box lunches. Under the liberalized regulations, athletes may charge their expenses with American Express, but only if Olympic authorities personally recognize them.

Question: Trackman Fred Newhouse has stated, concerning the athletes' feelings toward the boycott, "We're being used as small pawns in a big game, and I don't like it." What will happen to U.S. athletes who try to break the boycott?

Answer: Attorney General Benjamin Civilization has announced that the U.S. Justice Department will have G-men posted on all flights to Moscow, armed with arrest warrants for anyone dressed in warm-up suit and sneakers. According to White House aide Hamilton Drugstore, the commercial repercussions can be expected to be swift and devastating. No athlete trying to participate in Moscow will appear on a Wheaties box for a least two years. Mugwump medal winners will only be invited up to the White House for a cup of coffee, not for luncheon, and President Martyr will not mention them in his prayers. Finally, no athlete bucking the administration will be allowed upon his or her return to switch to Lite beer either because it tastes good *or* because it's less filling.

Question: Amateur athletes make great personal sacrifices to train for the Olympics. How will the emotional and psychological trauma caused by the boycott affect performance among American athletes now and in the future?

Answer: Not at all. While the stresses and strains of the boycott situation might have cracked lesser mortals, athletes are built to overcome adversity. They can accommodate to a situation where one day they are tranquilly stretching tendons in the Santa Barbara sunshine, and the next they are in the East Room getting the vitamins scared out of them by National Security Advisor Thebignews Kibitski. The fact that the boycott came just at the season when Americans make financial contributions to the Olympic and other amateur athletic teams should also cause no concern. Private funding, which had been running ahead of normal last December, has completely dried up now, leaving some American competitors to hock their stopwatches. But as newly elected head coach Charles Manson points out, "Our guys were shaken up at first, but we're going to be all right. Like I used to say, man, 'When the heat's in the kitchen, the tough get going.'"

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

"Here comes the part I like ..."

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Boys and Girls Together

I'VE SAID before that I think the women's movement was probably long overdue. We're trying to redress grievances that men like me didn't even know existed. So I'm not averse to the main thrust of the new feminism. But (I can hear the rustle of millions of hackles rising ominously at that simple *but*) I think we're headed for trouble because of a couple of semantic problems.

The first problem has to do with the different meanings of *equal*. If, when we say that men and women are equal, we mean that they are equal as sides of the same coin are equal, or as partners are equal, or as components of the whole are equal, the statement makes sense. But *equal* can also mean "exactly the same, alike, identical"; and, unfortunately, this latter meaning seems to have been accepted by large numbers of feminists as the meaning of sexual equality.

This notion is so incredible to me that it took a long time before I realized that vast numbers of us were not only taking it seriously, but were prepared to go to court for causes whose very existence depended on its acceptance.

The principle first came to my attention several years ago while I was watching a television panel discussion. The moderator was a man—I can't remember who—and all the panelists were women. One of the women said, "If we gave little girls footballs to play with and gave little boys dolls, girls would grow up to be big and muscular, like the stereotypical man, and boys would grow up to be soft and nurturing, like the stereotypical woman."

I expected someone to laugh, or at least to say, "But seriously, folks." To my astonishment, however, all the women nodded and said, "Right on!" or words to that effect.

I wondered if the moderator knew he had a bunch of crazy people on his show.

If some mad sociologist should ever settle a thousand little boys in a compound and give them dolls to play with and give footballs to a thousand little girls in another compound, I feel certain that within a few days a small minority of the girls would be kicking and throwing the footballs around, while the vast majority would be cuddling their footballs or scolding them for being naughty. And I'd bet my Swiss bank account and my estate in Cap d'Antibes that 60 percent of the boys would have dismembered their dolls to see how they were put together and what was inside; 30 percent would have dismembered their dolls to use the limbs and torsos for batting the heads about the compound; and the 10 percent who went in for cuddling would have had their dolls stolen for dismemberment by the majority.

That, I think, is the way little boys are. We don't train them to be that way; in fact, we do our best to tame them, and, thank God, we usually succeed.

Reputable scientific opinion holds that this unruly behavior is due in large part to a hormone called testosterone—and here is where another semantic difficulty arises. I've heard several women shrug off the differences between the sexes, saying, "It's just hormones. Nothing but testosterone and estrogens," the implication being that if only the pediatricians would stop injecting the damned hormones into babies, they'd all behave pretty much alike. But, for better or worse, those hormones are of the essence, and they start doing their mischief from the moment of conception. Presumably, they are what make girls mature faster than boys, both physically and mentally.

I was ready to regard all this as academic until the Los Angeles chapter of NOW brought suit against a chain of drugstores last Christmas for labeling one section of their stores "Toys for Boys" and another section "Toys for Girls." According to the Los Angeles *Times*, "Gloria Allred, the feminist attorney...argued that the labels...were as discriminatory as saying 'black children's toys' or 'white children's toys.'"

It seems to me that to equate the differences between races with the differences between sexes reveals a dizzying display of cockeyed thinking, and the only way I can account for this mental aberration is to attribute it to extreme semantic fuddlement—the power of words to cloud the perceptions.

This fuddlement is widespread. Not long ago, I heard a member of our school board interviewed on radio. The topic was corporal punishment in the schools, and the board member was asked if boys wouldn't almost surely be the only ones to be paddled. She answered, very seriously, "Probably. We're finding that girls adapt much more readily to the classroom situation than boys."

Well, it's about time you found that out, Madam. When I was young, people were still saying that little boys were made of snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails, and little girls were made of sugar and spice and everything nice.

You can knock that as old-fashioned and unscientific, of course. The only good thing those little rhymes had going for them was that no one ever thought they *were* scientific. No one ever—even, I'm sure, when they were first dreamed up—considered those rhymes to be the best modern thinking on the subject. And it would never have occurred to anyone to say, seriously, "We're finding that little girls are made of sugar and spice...." **—Thomas H. Middleton**

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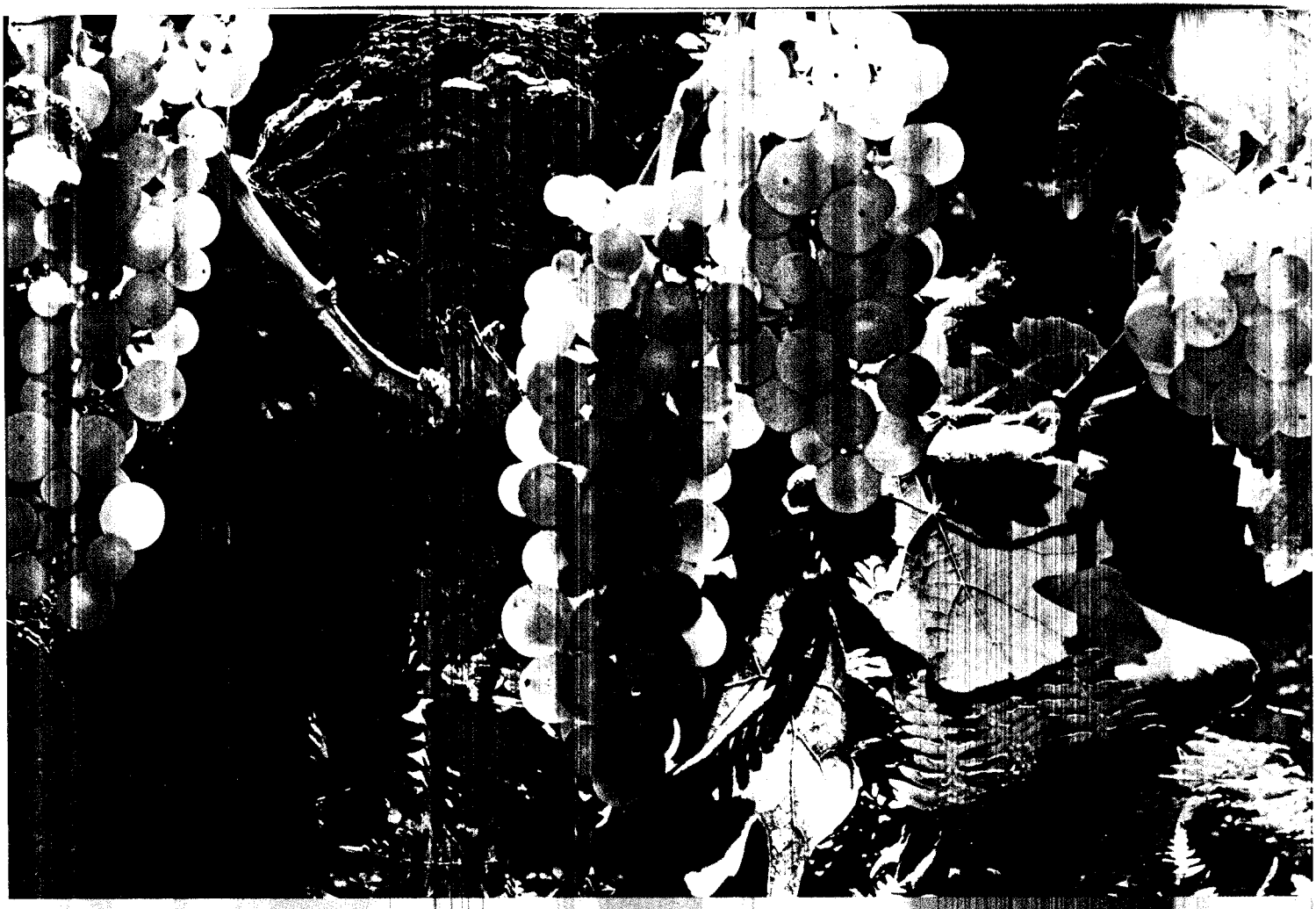

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THE WINERY OF
ERNEST & JULIO
GALLO

Ernest & [illegible] Modesto, CA

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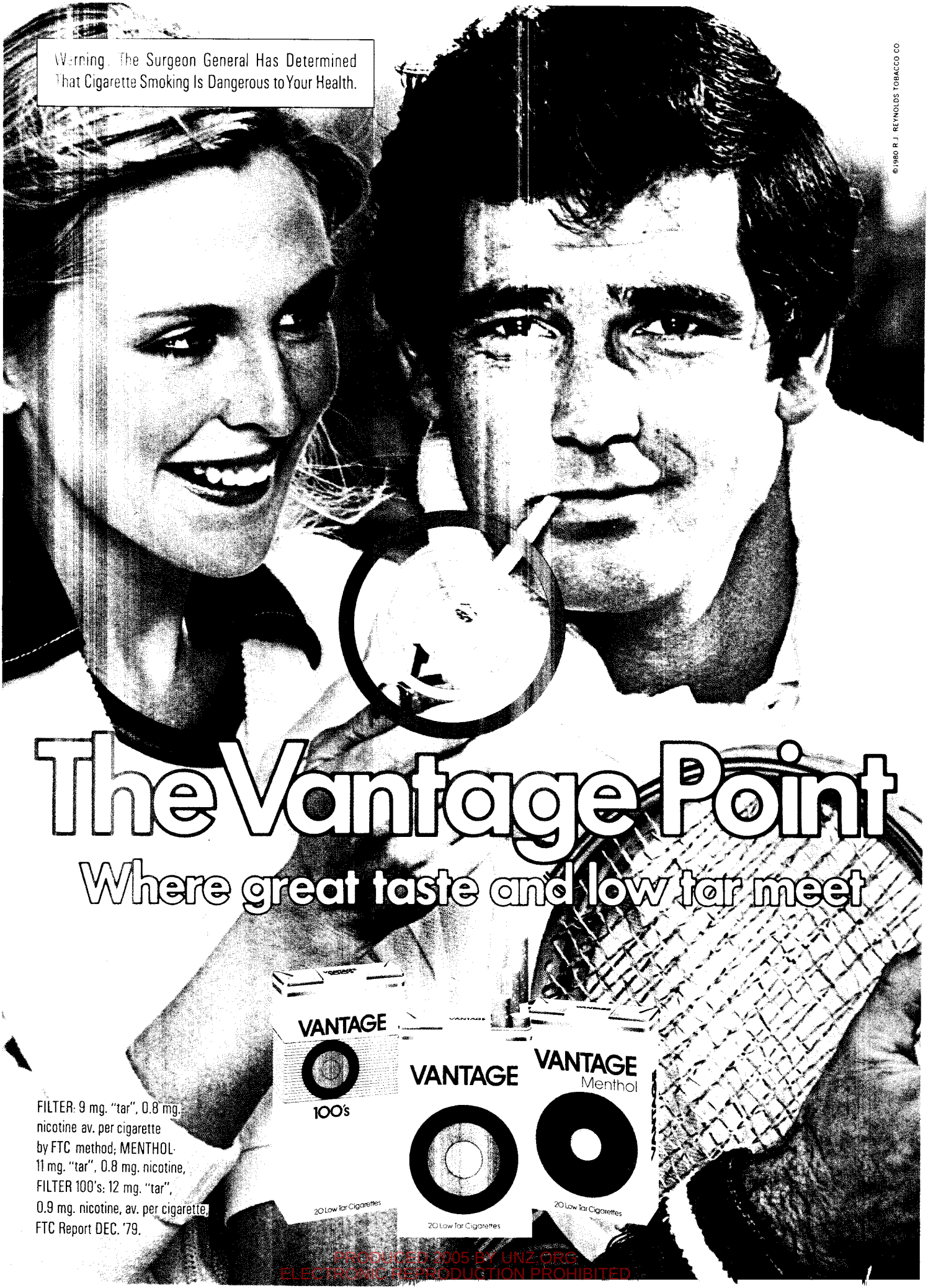
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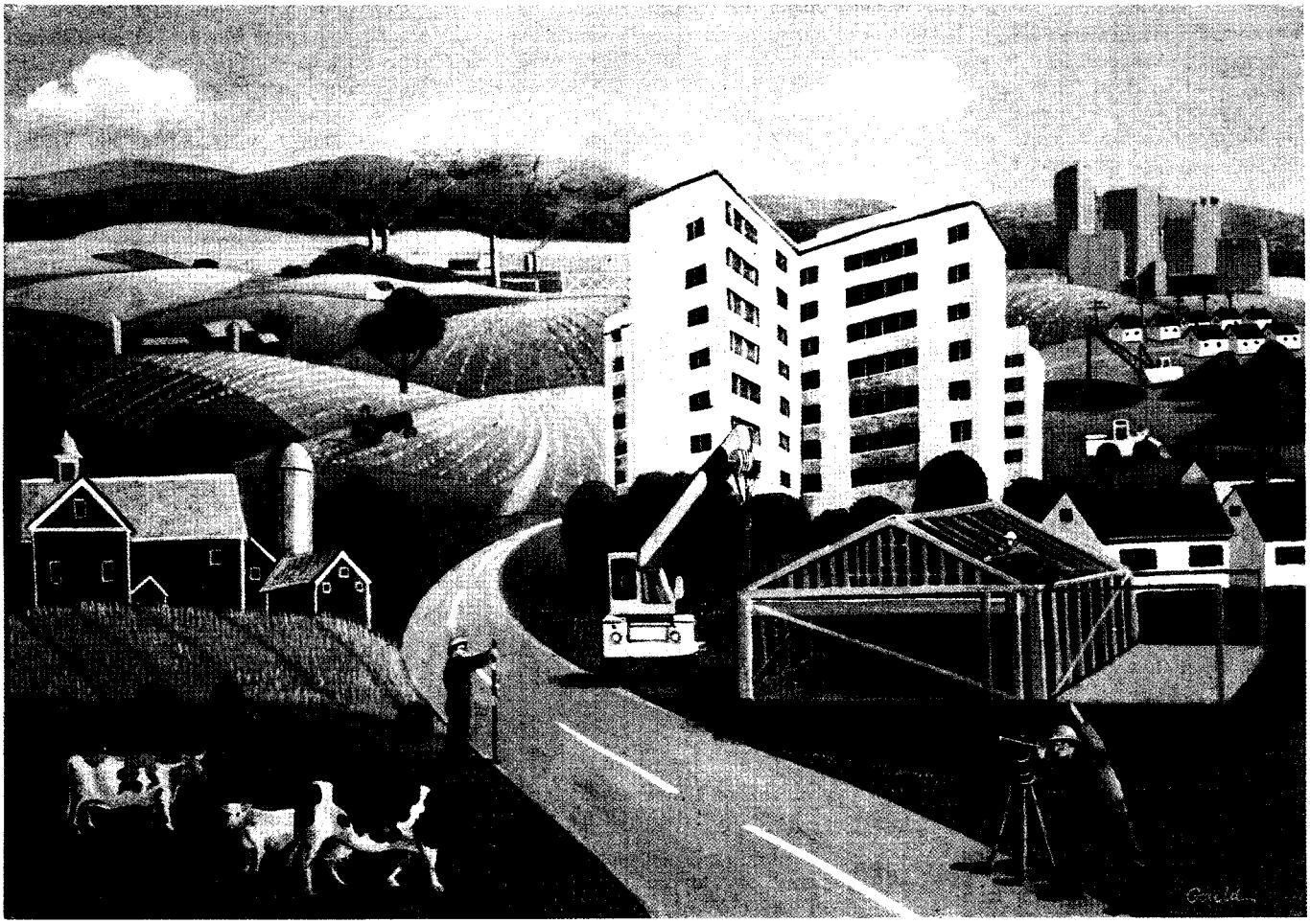
VANISHING FARMLANDS
Selling Out the Soil

by Peter J. Ognibene



Lucy Gould

EVERY DAY 12 SQUARE MILES of America's farmlands vanish forever. Where crops, barns, and silos once stood, roads, subdivisions, and shopping centers have sprouted. In the past decade we have lost farmlands equivalent to the combined areas of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Delaware. Today we still have 24 million acres in reserve—currently unfarmed land that could be brought under cultivation within a short time. If the present rate of loss continues, however, that reserve will evaporate by 1990.

This drop in acreage would not be so troubling if crop yields were still rapidly rising. But the "Green Revolution," which brought modern science and technology to the farm, appears to have run its course. Although the yield per acre for many crops tripled or quadrupled after World War II, there has been a leveling off in recent years. And because modern agriculture is so heavily dependent on energy and irrigation, growing scarcities of petroleum and water could cause a serious decline in productivity and a consequent rise in the price of food.

The situation is ominous for the United States and for the world. America's capacity to feed itself and a burgeoning global population now depends almost entirely on the amount of land we are willing to devote to agriculture. In a study last year, the Congressional Research Service concluded: "The combined effect of increasing population and increasing per capita incomes, both domestic and worldwide, is a projected increase in demand for U.S. farm production of nearly 50 percent over the average level of 1973 and 1975." What does that mean in practical terms? Representative James Jeffords (R.-Vt.) put it graphically: "With the world population increasing as it is, we are going to have to produce as much food

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between now and the turn of the century as we have produced since the beginning of time."

The various causes of the loss of farmland can be distilled into a single word: money. From 1972–78, the value of farmland increased an average of 114 percent nationwide. The *Wall Street Journal* ranks it among diamonds, gold, and oil for its appreciation as an investment. A report of the Senate Committee on Agriculture recently noted that the value of farmland went up $325 billion over the same seven-year period (1970–77) that farm incomes totaled $202 billion. So landowners made more in capital gains merely by sitting on their property than farmers did by tilling it. Often, the land *is* used—not for agriculture but for development.

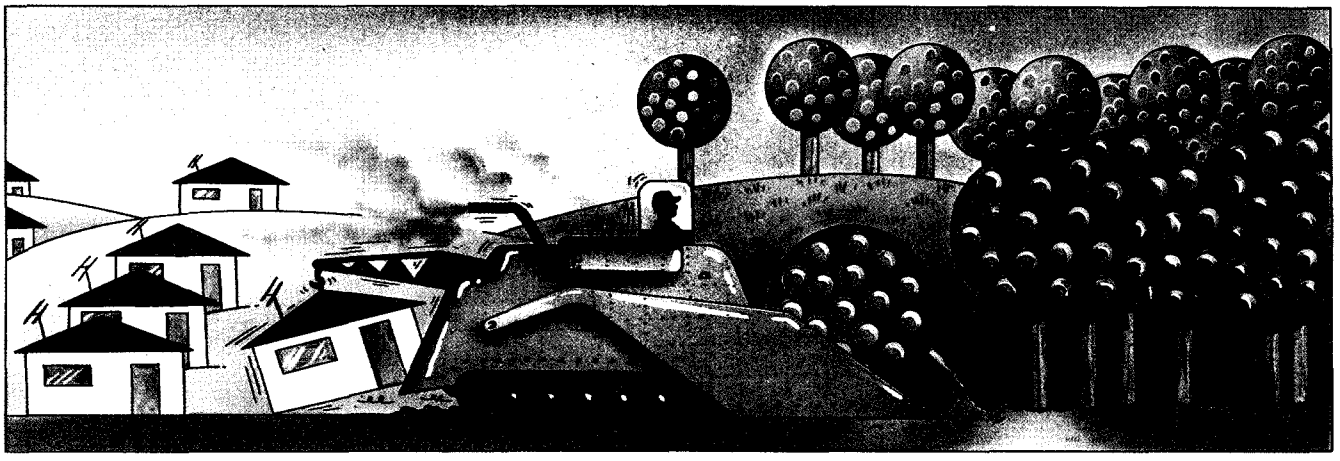
The high cost of good land is driving out the farmers. In many parts of the country, young people who hope one day to work their own farms have almost no chance of realizing their dream. In Minnesota, for example, the average age of a dairy farmer is 51. Think about that statistic for a moment, and the conclusion is inescapable: We are losing the young men and women who ought to become our next generation of farmers. More generally, 50 years ago a fourth of our population lived on farms; now, the figure is less than 4 percent.

That decline continues, as does the large-scale migration of people from urban to rural areas. Although they have left the cities to escape congestion, pollution, and crime, they seldom leave behind their city-bred sensibilities. As a consequence, there are often tensions between old and new residents. Farmers complain about dogs attacking their livestock or children trampling their crops. Erstwhile urbanites pass around petitions to protest the noise of agricultural machinery, the smell of manure, and things that go moo in the night.

Representative James L. Oberstar, a Democrat whose district takes in the northeastern corner of Minnesota, spoke about the effects of urbanization on the agricultural counties he represents: "Farms in this area are subject to the 'impermanence syndrome' that discourages agricultural development long before suburban development begins. It has been noted that as taxes begin to rise because of the development potential of the farmland, farmers may be unwilling to invest in long-term improvements to their land. In addition, when pockets of development crop up, clashes may ensue between farmers and suburbanites, and farm-support industries move elsewhere or go out of business. The aggregate effect is a decline of the farming sector."

As more and more urban refugees erect their A-frames on five-acre country lots, they hack away the economic base on which the farmer depends. Farms cannot prosper—let alone survive—without a variety of subsidiary services. "You may have the greatest dairy herd going," said Mark B. Lapping, chairman of the Natural Resources Planning Program of the University of Vermont, "but if the shipper won't haul your milk to market, you're out of luck."

Borrowing a term from nuclear physics, farmers and their allies sometimes refer to the importance of "critical mass." Agricultural economists Nelson L. Bills and Neil Gingrich explained the term: "Farm businesses depend upon some very specialized services. Included are requirements for machinery, machinery parts and repairs, fertilizers, pesticides, and assembly outlets for raw farm products. These services are provided by agribusiness firms. Farming must occur on a scale that allows these support firms to generate enough business to service their farm clients at a reasonable cost. Otherwise, the services will disappear locally, and farm operators



Developing Florida

If you are from a frozen, northerly clime, the billboard above Lakeland's Florida Avenue could incite you to mayhem. A white Volkswagen, its outline barely visible, sits forlornly in a snow drift. The message is a brutal piece of psychological warfare; "They'd love to hear about your tan. Call home."

To escape the cruel grip of winter, Americans from the Frostbelt continue to pour into the Sunbelt. With a population growth rate of 3 percent a year—the fourth highest in the nation—Florida remains a boom state.

One consequence of this migration has been a 20 percent decline in farmland over the past quarter of a century. Tourism continues to be the state's leading industry, but agriculture, with over $3 billion in annual sales, is solidly in second place. Nevertheless, the future of farming in Florida is threatened by tax laws, the political clout of real estate operators, and the ambivalence of farmers themselves toward legislative efforts to preserve agricultural lands.

"World Citrus Center" is the message on Lakeland's water tower, and it is no idle boast. Situated astride the Central Highland Ridge, some 200 feet above sea level, Polk County has the sort of rich, deep sandy soil that is ideal for growing grapefruit and oranges. Not only is Polk the state's leading producer of citrus, it accounts for nearly a fourth of the nation's crop. Yet, over the years, an increasing amount of the land has been sprouting split-levels.

"Elevation is highly important in growing citrus because cold temperatures seek the lowest level," said Don Farmer, the general manager of Florida Citrus Mutual, a growers' organization. "So, citrus land is some of your best land—higher, with good drainage. It's also ideal for housing, and at the time the demand for housing grew, the economics for citrus was not very good."

One result of this economic squeeze was the development of Lakeland Highlands, an attractive residential

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are confronted with the time and expense of securing needed services at a greater distance."

This loss of critical mass encourages farmers to think more about selling than sowing. It also hastens the process by which nature causes farmland to vanish: erosion. "Soil depletion is not just a steady loss," said Neil Sampson, the executive vice president of the National Association of Conservation Districts. "It accelerates with each increment of topsoil that is washed away, resulting in less absorptive capacity, organic matter, and plant growth to protect the soil when the rain strikes again. Farmland conversion, likewise, feeds on itself. Each plot of lost farmland breeds not only new houses that consume rural resources and services; it also creates another group of farmer-speculators who decide that the time is soon coming when the land will make more money by being sold than by being maintained as a producing farm.

"As erosion eats away the productivity of the land—affecting the most marginal lands fastest—it forces more reliance on the prime farmlands of the nation. Yet these are not the lands taking the disproportionate share of the urbanization and build-up; so the competition for them is growing from two directions. As good lands become urbanized and unavailable for food production, it forces agriculture into the more marginal lands, signaling a new round of soil erosion and new pressures on the land and water base."

"Since 1935," the Council on Environmental Quality reports, "100 million acres have been degraded to the point where they cannot be cultivated; on another 100 million acres, more than 50 percent of the topsoil has been lost." As we continue to lose farmland to erosion, we will begin to see its effect in a further lessening of our agricultural productivity.

The federal government has done nothing to save America's farmland. In fact, it has worsened the situation by building highways, dams, sewers, and housing projects on it; tax breaks on capital gains and mortgage interest payments have had an indirect, but no less powerful, impact. Although the various federal agencies whose programs affect agricultural lands are supposed to take them into account in reviewing environmental impact statements, bureaucracies can almost always find a way to justify their own projects regardless of what they do to someone else's "turf." Indeed, the General Accounting Office found that "the loss of farmland, particularly prime farmland, is not always recognized as a serious problem" by federal departments and agencies.

Although it is the policy of the Department of Agriculture to preserve important farmlands, Norman A. Berg, the associate administrator of the Soil Conservation Service, admitted: "At this time, I cannot point to a single acre of land that we have retained for agricultural production because of our efforts. I think I could document some places where there is evidence of a holding pattern. With our present way of deciding land-use allocation, however, it is very temporary."

SO THE UNITED STATES has no effective policy for preserving farmlands. Similarly, many local efforts have proved useless. To encourage farmers to keep their land in agriculture, every state but Georgia and Mississippi accords the owners of farmland a "preferential assessment" that lowers their property taxes. These laws are so strewn with loopholes, though, that speculators can circumvent them. Leasing the land to tenant farmers or, perhaps, running a few head of cattle on one's country estate will usually do the trick.

"Most tax programs just don't cut it," said Robert Gray, the executive director of the federal government's National Agri-

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area that gradually took over nearly 30 square miles. Orange and grapefruit trees were left here and there to provide fruit for the table, but most of the groves were, as citrus farmers would say, "pushed out."

Under Florida law, owners who can show "good faith commercial agricultural use" of their land can receive a preferential tax assessment. The statute, however, permits county officials to remove the agricultural classification from a farmer's land, thus depriving him of the tax break, if "there is contiguous urban or metropolitan development and ... the continued use ... for agricultural purposes will act as a deterrent to the timely and orderly expansion of the community."

So, farmers who want to remain in agriculture on the suburban fringe are likely to find that the economic and political cards are stacked in favor of real estate interests. If farmers could speak with one voice on the importance of preserving farmland, they might be able to bring concerted pressure on the state legislature, but they are ambivalent about seeking change.

"There's no agricultural zoning in Polk County: It's virtually wide open," said Thomas Oswalt, the county agricultural extension agent for citrus. "So, the grower is caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. He wants to stay in citrus, but then again, he also wants the freedom to sell his land to the highest bidder. . . . The grower wants to protect his land, but he's afraid he'll lose control and then be at the mercy of the government."

The problem is considerably worse in Dade County, a major producer of winter vegetables and fruit. In the past 15 years, the westward push of Miami has swallowed up 53,000 acres of farmland. "At the present rate of loss of our farmlands, all of this essential agriculture will be lost by the year 2000," said Edward "Jack" Campbell, the head of the Coalition of Dade County Agricultural Organizations. At stake are 70,000 acres and 52 varieties of crops, some of which are grown nowhere else in the United States.

"We're losing land a little bit at a time," said Campbell. "They're nibbling away at us: a few houses here, a few houses there....Urbanization is unstoppable. If it's $100,000 for a five-acre lot, they'll pay it—or $200,000 for that matter....The pressure from people who want to live in this area is tremendous, and a lot of rich people are willing to pay the price. The money's incredible in this area. Of course, the farmer's not in their league."

This loss of land and the omnipresent threat of a freeze ultimately led food processors in the state to begin importing orange juice in bulk from Brazil. Although citrus growers are angry at this Floridian equivalent of sending coals to Newcastle, the processors now import some 30 million gallons a year. As more land is lost to development, imports from Brazil could take a larger share of the local citrus market and force more growers to sell their land to developers.

Not only are the law and economics tilted against the farmer; the attitude of many new Floridians ranges from indifferent to downright hostile. When a freeze threatens the citrus groves, growers will sometimes use smudge pots to fight the cold. "A few years ago," said Don Farmer, "if you woke up in the morning and saw smoke on the horizon, you'd say: 'Gee. I hope the growers made it through the freeze.' Today, most people are worried that the smoke will get their carpets or their white poodles dirty."

It would be wrong to picture the farmer strictly as a victim. Housing tracts would not displace citrus groves if farmers were not willing—even eager—to sell to developers. In the end, many of them care less about the future of agriculture than they do about the bottom line.

"See here," said one farmer. "If a guy's wearing a turban and offers me $10,000 an acre and you come along wearing a baseball cap and offer me $5,000, why, you can just go to hell!"

—P.J.O.

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Any attempt to stem the loss of America's farmlands must take the plight of the farmer into account. After all, to the farmer land is everything—his hospitalization plan, insurance policy, child's college tuition, and personal retirement fund.

cultural Lands Study. "Once the land is valuable for development, the developers will pay the price if it's more than the agricultural value. . . . What we need is a variety of techniques to tip the scales [toward agriculture]. A lot of farmers are dreaming of the day when a developer will offer them eight to 10 thousand dollars an acre. . . . There are farmers who have land which they'll sell off—maybe five, 10 lots a year. To them, it's just another cash crop."

Gray's point is well taken. Although many farmers want to remain on the land, they also want to be free to sell their property at a handsome profit. "All too often," said Mark B. Lapping, "a farmer's land is his hospitalization plan, insurance policy, child's college tuition, or personal retirement fund. Consequently, farmers are concerned about compensation when land-use controls are established that they perceive as limiting their options, including sale or development."

New York has a form of zoning that encourages farmers to form agricultural districts of 500 or more acres, subject to county and state approval; nearly 400 such districts have been formed since the law was enacted in 1971. The state not only lowers the taxes of farmers in these districts, it also restricts its power to convert farmland to other uses.

In spite of the considerable benefits afforded such districts, the law has apparently had little effect on those areas most threatened by scattershot urbanization. "Almost any farmer on the urban-rural fringe is involved in speculation," said Lapping. "In New York State, one is hard put to find an agricultural district near a city. So, the law is of no benefit to the farmer whose land is close to suburbanization."

Precisely those localities that have understood the plight of the farmer are taking the most promising steps to keep agricultural lands from being carved up for subdivisions and shopping malls. Suffolk County, which encompasses the eastern half of Long Island, is an excellent case in point.

Strawberries, cauliflower, potatoes, and its famous Long Island ducklings have made Suffolk the state's leading county in agricultural sales. Yet, because of its proximity to New York City, Suffolk has been the target of scattershot urbanization. In 1960, for instance, there were 100,000 acres of farmland; today there are less than 50,000.

Under the leadership of former county executive John V.N. Klein, Suffolk began to buy the "development rights" of threatened farmlands in 1972. The difference between the value of the land for agriculture and its value as a piece of residential or commercial real estate establishes the approximate price of the development rights. Farmers who wish to sell these rights to the county submit bids; a county committee, meeting in open session, then decides which bids it will accept. The farmer who sells his development rights retains title to the land; he can continue to farm it, sell it, or pass it down to his heirs. As long as the land remains in agriculture, he and any subsequent owner are free to earn what they can from it. What they cannot do is replace the crops with condominiums or some other form of development.

SINCE THE PROGRAM began in 1972, Suffolk has purchased development rights to over 3,300 acres for some $10 million. The project is so popular that in 1976 the county authorized a $21-million bond to continue it.

In the Pacific Northwest, voters in Seattle and surrounding King County approved a $50-million bond at the November election for a program similar to Suffolk's. The measure gained the support of 63 percent of the voters; at the same time, they also passed a provision limiting taxes along the lines of California's Proposition 13. So, the preservation of farmland and the open space it provides seems to have considerable public support.

In Howard County, Maryland, which is caught between the outstretched arms of Baltimore and Washington, Ruth Keeton, the chairperson of the county council, is using the purchase of development rights, agricultural districts, and a variety of other methods to keep land in agriculture. "So far, we have 2,400 acres of donated easements," she said. "Recently, we had one big farm donate its development rights to the Maryland Environmental Trust." She paused. "We get them by any means we can." Keeton hopes to acquire the development rights to 20,000 acres and estimates that it will cost about $30 million. "That may sound like a lot," she said, "but construction of 4.6 miles of primary highway with an interchange costs over $16 million, and that is just half of what we would need."

Three years ago Wisconsin enacted a law that combines agricultural zoning and tax credits to encourage farmers to keep their land under cultivation. Those who apply for and receive farmland preservation agreements are exempt from water, sewer, light, and similar assessments based on acreage, although, like other homeowners, they must pay any residential assessments. They are also eligible for an income tax credit of up to $4,200 that acts as a form of crop insurance. If their income rises beyond a certain point, the credit ceases.

In Black Hawk County, Iowa, officials have adopted an innovative zoning program. Instead of grouping farms by geographical area, they established zones based on the "corn suitability rating." Soil rated 70 or above, which corresponds to a yield of 115 bushels per acre, cannot be developed. On land where the soil is less fertile, development may be permitted if certain guidelines are met by those wishing to build.

As these examples show, there are steps government can take to preserve farmland, but success depends entirely on the vigor of local and state officials. Unfortunately, with a few exceptions, officials tend to be less interested in saving farms than in building up their tax base with new industries.

AS MORE AND MORE good land is consumed by the relentless pressure of developers and the ineluctable forces of nature, the cost of our lack of foresight will begin to become apparent. Although the problem is national and international in its dimensions, no single approach can possibly work for all communities. There are, for instance, 20,000 different types of soil in the United States. This is just one of the complexities that must be dealt with; differences in the laws from state to state are another.

The problem cannot be left entirely to the states, however; the fact that three million acres are being lost each year is incontrovertible evidence that most state governments are unwilling to use the powers they have to preserve farmland. It would be equally unwise to use the powers they have to pursue the agricultural equivalent of a Manhattan Project; this is not the sort of problem susceptible to solutions dictated from Washington. Happily, we still have time to make a careful, measured effort that is national in scope, yet also respects the importance of local conditions and the people whose land will be directly affected. But time is running out. The Malthusian specter can be seen on the horizon—and it is approaching.

Peter J. Ognibene is a Washington writer. He received the 1979 National Press Club Award for excellence in consumer journalism for "Living With the Bomb" (SR, June 24, 1978).

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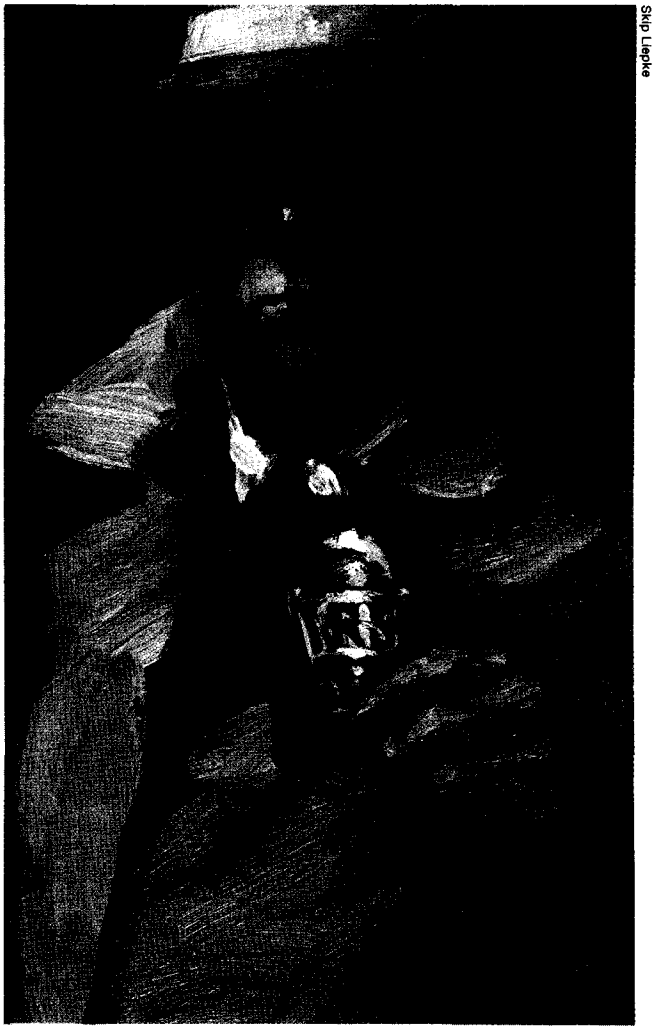
THE TAX POLICE
TRAMPLING CITIZENS' RIGHTS

by Blake Fleetwood

The IRS does a good job of collecting America's taxes—too good a job. In its zealous pursuit of revenue, the agency will do just about anything: pick locks, bug phones, spy on you. And if you're not terrified enough by that, there's always the audit.

IT IS A LAND RULED by Draconian laws. There people are guilty until proven innocent. Even when you've done nothing wrong, it is wiser to confess and pay a large fine than to hire a lawyer to establish your innocence. Agents of the regime routinely seize homes, businesses, cars, bank accounts—even before the victims are told what they have been accused of. The incomprehensible laws change all the time, according to whether you live in the city or the country; when new laws are made the regime won't disclose them to the citizens. If you need help, the rulers will gladly give you advice, but they don't promise that the advice is sound. If they feel like it, they can prosecute you for doing exactly what they told you to do. And if the regime is after you, there's nothing it won't stoop to: It will bug phones, pick locks, hire women to prostitute themselves, and use a variety of methods to spy on your private life.



Skip Liepke

This is no foreign, totalitarian land. Its borders are coextensive with the United States. It is the land of the Internal Revenue Service (IRS), an agency that has so much raw naked power, it has become virtually a law unto itself. It is responsible to no one.

Consider the case of James White, a carpenter. White was working in the home of a man who had been arrested the night before on a drug charge. IRS agents rushed up and confiscated the carpenter's car, which was parked in the driveway—despite documentary evidence that the automobile did not belong to the person the IRS was after. It took eight months, $1,500, and a federal court order for White to get his car back. And the frightening thing about the incident was that the IRS agents were acting completely according to the law. They can take anybody's property, anytime, and it's up to you to prove that they are wrong.

Or consider James Thun, who, after 20 years of hard work, turned a bushland into a thriving airport. He had assets on paper worth more than $2 million. Then the IRS started harassing him, with seizure-liens, assessments, penalties and interest, and legal fees. Trouble is, he sold the airport for annual payments, but the IRS wanted all of its money right away. He was audited every year from 1969 to 1977, paid over a quarter of a million dollars in taxes, and is now bankrupt. The IRS still claims that he owes over $200,000.

Or Michael Wolstencroft, the resident manager of the Castle Bank in Nassau, who in a recent affidavit testified that he had sexual relations with Mrs. Sybil Kennedy several times, "including the night of January 15, which I spent with her." Mrs. Kennedy was a paid IRS informant. Her assignment that night was to keep Wolstencroft busy so that other agents could photocopy the contents of his briefcase. Mrs. Kennedy was paid $200 to $300 for her services.

Or a case described recently by columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman in which the IRS sent Mrs. Virginia Wright, a mother of five, to jail for owing $11,661 in back taxes. The poor woman made $10,000 a year as a practical nurse and had been unable to make ends meet. Why had she been selected? The answer, according to Von Hoffman, has a lot to do with public relations: Every March, the "tax gangsters" of the IRS flood the mass media with stories about the horrible things that will happen to you if you don't pay up. So, although Mrs. Wright offered to pay her due taxes in installments, the IRS didn't want to accept because "she had been selected by the bureaucratic roulette of cruelty to play the part of Terrifying Example."

The IRS claims that these transgressions have stopped, that the agency is behaving itself today. However, a four-month investigation by *Saturday Review* has revealed that abuses are still common.

Last summer, for example, two IRS agents put on a brutal display in full view of dozens of onlookers and news photogra-

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ERIC MUEHLING

IRS brutality: Two agents smash the window of Stephen and Mona Olivers' Volkswagen and drag the couple over the broken glass.

phers. While Stephen and Mona Oliver sat in their Volkswagen, the agents smashed in the car windows and dragged the couple over the broken glass, leaving them bruised and bloody. A tow truck hauled their car away. The IRS assessed them $4,700 for their 1977 taxes without giving a reason and moved immediately to seize their car.

Unfortunately for the Olivers, they live in Alaska, one of three easy-seizure states (Nevada and Ohio are the other two). If you live in one of these states, the IRS is two or three times more likely to use seizures and levies to "settle" delinquent accounts than in Georgia, Kansas, and Wyoming. The seizure rate is also high in Montana, Vermont, and Minnesota.

The IRS monster has been out of control for decades. The first indication that the agency was overstepping its authority was in the 1930s, when it came to be regarded as a weapon against organized crime. The Justice Department could not dispose of mobsters like Al Capone and Frank Costello within the traditional bounds of American jurisprudence. So it recruited the IRS to do the dirty work. Now using the IRS to put mobsters in jail is not something most of us, except the American Civil Liberties Union, can get very upset about, but it set the precedent: The agency began being employed for political and economic ends, far from its main function of collecting revenues impartially. In the Fifties the IRS was used against leftists and Communists. In the Sixties the "get the Mafia" campaigns of the Justice Department relied heavily on IRS special agents and their powers. In the Seventies suspected drug dealers were liable to confiscation of all their property without any hearing whatsoever. The trend culminated in the Nixon years: The agency was unleashed against the President's enemies; Federal Strike Forces, with the help of special agents and broad-based conspiracy laws, harassed virtually anyone they wanted; and the agency launched operations Haven and Leprechaun, which spied on people's private lives.

A few years ago an independent government-sponsored study concluded that the IRS is frequently "whimsical, inconsistent, unpredictable, and highly personal." The secrecy of its procedures and rulings, the report claimed, has resulted in "dissimilar treatment of similarly situated taxpayers." The study said that the authority Congress has given the IRS makes its agents among the most powerful in government.

ATTEMPTS TO CURB the IRS have proved futile, for the organization is not subject to the system of checks and balances. This is not to say that there have been no reforms, but rather that they have been largely cosmetic.

The fate of two legislative investigations of the IRS shows the extent of the agency's power. In the mid 1960s Senator Edward V. Long (D.-Mo.) conducted an exhaustive three-year probe into the IRS. The Senate subcommittee he chaired found that the IRS defied court orders, criminally picked locks, stole records, illegally tapped phones, opened mail, and that much of this lawlessness was encouraged by highly placed Washington officials. "The IRS," Long said, "has become morally corrupted by the enormous power which we in Congress have unwisely entrusted to it. Too often it acts like a Gestapo preying upon defenseless citizens."

What happened to Ed Long? His tax returns were illegally leaked to *Life* magazine months before his reelection campaign in 1968. All sorts of irregularities were suggested. Long was cleared by a Senate subcommittee and never did have any tax problems, but his 38-year political career was destroyed. Although he had never been beaten in a political race before, he lost the Democratic nomination to Thomas Eagleton.

"He caught it across the chops and we never finished the investigation," according to Bernard Fensterwald, the prominent Washington attorney who was chief counsel for Long's committee. "It taught other people not to investigate the IRS." Fensterwald was himself audited for years afterward—in retribution for the investigation, he believes. "Senators and congressmen not scared of looking into the IRS have to be crazy, because the IRS will just ruin your career. If I worked for one I would sure advise him against investigating the IRS."

Only one senator was brave—or foolish—enough to take on the agency again: Joseph Montoya (D.-N.M.) of Watergate fame. Montoya chaired a Senate subcommittee that had jurisdiction over IRS spending. In 1972 he started looking into IRS abuses and was branded in a confidential IRS memo as a "dangerous protester." But Montoya had just been elected to his second term in 1970 and wouldn't be up for reelection until 1976, so the IRS apparently decided to bide its time. It publicly announced that it had gone through the senator's tax returns from 1966 to 1972 and found nothing to warrant an audit. Montoya continued to hold hearings on IRS abuses. In 1974, one day before Barbara Hutchinson, who had spoken publicly against the IRS, was due to appear before his subcommittee he was visited by tax agents. They informed him that Mrs. Hutchinson was unfit to testify because she was under psychiatric treatment. This was untrue. She had never undergone psychiatric treatment—not, that is, until after she testified before Montoya that the IRS used mental hospitals to repress dissent. Shortly after her appearance, she was convicted of omitting the signature of a tax expert on her return, despite the fact that her attorney *had* signed it, and was hauled away for a 90-day psychiatric evaluation. Only through the efforts of Senator Montoya, Senator Mark Hatfield (D.-Ore.), and the Citizens Commission on Human Rights was she able to regain her freedom.

Months before Montoya's reelection campaign in 1976, the IRS struck again. The ground was well prepared. The year

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How Would You Do It?

1. Which makes more sense to you:

   __a. Giving food from U.S. Government surpluses to hungry people.
   __b. Helping people to grow more food to feed their own families.

2. How long should assistance to people in developing nations continue?

   __a. Until they reach present U.S. level of income.
   __b. Until they can support their own development.

3. What would you do if an earthquake in another country destroyed people's homes?

   __a. Import materials and build homes for the people.
   __b. Train local masons to teach their own people to build earthquake-resistant homes from locally available materials.

4. If you were a poor person living in a developing country, which would help you more?

   __a. Learning how to prepare nutritious meals from foods which are costly and have to be imported.
   __b. Learning how to prepare nutritious meals from locally available foods.

5. Knowing that increasing population is a mounting problem, how would you help people in developing countries?

   __a. Convince people in the U.S. that the way to help families who have more children than they can afford to feed, clothe and educate is to "adopt" (through child sponsorship programs) one of the children in one of these families.
   __b. Encourage parents to adopt family planning so they have fewer children and can take better care of those they have.

Pick a phrase from each of the following that you would use to put together the "ideal" foreign aid program:

6. __a. Handouts
   __b. A hand up

7. __a. Large gifts
   __b. Small loans

8. __a. Foreign experts
   __b. Trained local leaders

9. __a. Let me do it for you
   __b. Self help

ANSWERS

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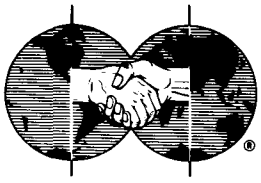

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before, the agency had leaked stories that Montoya was being shielded from an audit by the IRS commissioner. The news of an audit mysteriously found its way into Jack Anderson's syndicated column. Cover-up and tax irregularities were alleged. Montoya had no chance to defend himself. The Republican opposition made use of the burgeoning scandal and Montoya lost the election, his first defeat. It was the end of a 40-year career in public service. Mysteriously, as in the Long case, no tax irregularities were ever found in his audit. In fact, according to Montoya aide Doris Ulman, the IRS discovered that they owed *him* money.

The IRS has also managed to frighten much of the nation's press with its unlimited auditing power and its ability to find something wrong, somewhere. (According to an IRS memo, "Agents should be able to discover errors in 99.9 percent of all returns if they want.") Overwhelmingly, the evidence shows that journalists and newspapers are audited after criticizing the agency, though the IRS has steadfastly refused to admit that anything out of the ordinary has happened.

Take the case of Ernest Bromley, former editor of the *Peacemaker*, who advocated nonpayment of taxes for war and armaments. The IRS promptly began harassing him and eventually confiscated his house. The reporter who detailed Bromley's problems for the *Cincinnati Enquirer* was himself audited presently but could not prove that the audit had anything to do with his story. Bromley ultimately won his battle in court and the house was returned to him.

Playboy magazine, which first wrote about the Bromley case in a biting article attacking IRS methods, soon thereafter found itself facing a tough IRS probe. Three months after the article was printed in April 1976, the magazine was assessed $7.7 million following the IRS's refusal to accept *Playboy*'s deductions. Subsequently the magazine was told to pay $13.6 million for 1970–76. *Playboy* continues to contest the agency's assessment.

Perhaps the best investigation of the IRS, however, was conducted by ABC in an hour-long documentary in 1975. Highlighting the many abuses of the IRS, the show demonstrated that Congress had been negligent in overseeing the agency. The program also called for restrictions on the IRS's right to seize property. (In 1976 Congress did enact laws designed to insure the confidentiality of tax returns and cut back on some of the seizure powers.) Two weeks after a screening for the IRS, the documentary's writer, Paul Altmeyer, was called in for an audit, and dunned $2,125.09. It took him a year, a dozen letters, and hundreds of phone calls to straighten out the matter, despite the fact that Altmeyer was able to take his case directly to the commissioner. After his vigorous protest, the IRS decided that, in fact, what he really owed was $51.47. He was audited once again, and then the audits stopped just as suddenly as they began.

Under the Freedom of Information Act, Altmeyer discovered that the IRS had compiled a nearly 100-page dossier on him, almost all of which was assembled after the program was aired. Many of the documents were classified, but he nevertheless felt that the handling of his case was suspicious. "I have no way in hell of proving that the show kicked off the file," he says, "but I found some unusual patterns in the way it was switched from office to office."

Former Senators Edward V. Long and Joseph Montoya—their careers were ruined after they investigated the IRS.

Hank Greenspun, publisher of the Las Vegas *Sun*, also investigated the IRS and was continually harassed. "Whenever a paper prints something other than IRS releases verbatim," he stated, "they themselves become targets of harassment. No publisher or editor is immune from an audit. The research in our series has shown that any newspaper that wrote anything critical of the IRS has been submitted to an audit, and this scares them off."

Organizations that have traditionally fought for citizens' rights have chosen not to tangle with the IRS. The ACLU, for example, has never really contested IRS dogma, which holds that the taxpayer is guilty until proven innocent. Ralph Nader's group, Public Citizen, documented many IRS abuses, but lately has been silent on the subject.

Moreover, tax lawyers and accountants—the only people in a position to know what the IRS is doing—have been intimidated into silence. E. Edward Stephens, who writes a tax column for the Washington *Star*, says: "They don't complain because the IRS has the power to destroy their business." Recently the IRS instituted a new rule requiring every paid preparer to append his social security number or his IRS identification number to every return he works on. The agency maintains a Problem Preparer's List and can quickly audit all the clients of a particular lawyer, thus forcing him out of business. Another new rule makes every tax preparer liable to a $100 fine for even an honest error. (For fraud, he can be hit with a $5,000 fine and/or five years in jail.) Given the complexity of the tax laws, "errors" can be found on all but the simplest returns. The net effect is to discourage accountants from advising their clients on legitimate deductions. It forces them to be what former Internal Revenue agent Paul Strassels calls "part-time employees of the IRS."

For instance, an attorney in Greenwich, Connecticut, patiently answered questions about his tax returns until the IRS demanded all his records. "You have no right to them; they contain confidential information," he said. So the IRS arbitrarily disallowed his legitimate business deductions for three years and claimed that he owed the government $27,703.52. It seized his bank accounts, ordered tenants of a cottage that he owned to pay their rent to the government instead, and confiscated his boat. After hounding him for more than two and a half years, the IRS decided that he owed nothing at all.

The case of Chicago accountant Howard F. MacNeil is especially chilling. He was assessed $36,000 personally for the taxes of a corporation that had been one of his clients. MacNeil refused to be bullied into a "compromise" and the IRS, as it has the power to do, without any court proceeding, attached his bank accounts and posted signs around his house proclaiming "KEEP OUT—Property of the U.S. Government." He lost his business and went into debt as he waited years for his case to come to court. At the trial he was completely vindicated, but in the meanwhile the IRS had completely ruined him.

Despite the odds, there have been effective campaigns against the IRS. Susan and Philip Long, a modest couple from Bellevue, Washington, have been locked in a winning struggle with the agency for the last decade. In 1969 Long, a small real estate developer, was audited and assessed $38,144

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in addition to the $21,412 he had already paid over a previous three-year period. He found out from friends that this is a typical IRS opening gambit. If you fight them, he was told, they will settle for one-third or less of their original claim. But Long was a totally honest man. He didn't owe the money. He couldn't afford a lawyer, but that didn't stop him. He went after the agency, all the more after it threatened to seize his property if he carried his fight any further.

With Sue Long doing most of the legal work, the couple sued under the Freedom of Information Act to see how the IRS reached its conclusions. The IRS claimed that detailed knowledge of its procedures would make it easier for people to evade the regulations, a line of argument that had been upheld by numerous courts. The Longs replied that they just wanted to know what the regulations were, seemingly a simple enough request, yet it was a million-to-one shot that they would prevail. The Longs were not to be thwarted, however. After spending $20,000 and 10 years of their lives on the matter, a series of landmark cases forced the IRS to reveal some of its regulations. The Longs' own case was not settled until 1977, when the U.S. Court of Appeals upheld Philip and Susan Long's original contention that they didn't owe the IRS anything.

Because invoking criminal sanctions would bring taxpayers under the stringent demands of due process, the IRS prefers civil penalties: Less than one in 10,000 IRS actions involves criminal penalties. As long as cases remain in the civil area, taxpayer rights are practically nonexistent.

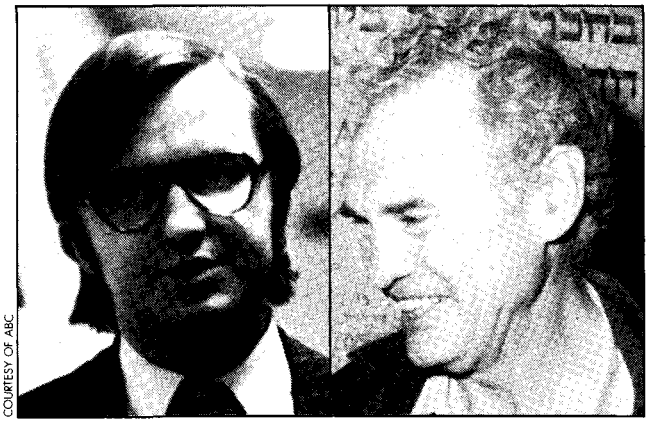
Nor is the average wage earner in a position to defend himself legally against a $500 or $600 IRS claim. (The average recommended deficiency for a field audit is $2,584, and for an office audit $220.) The cost of a decent attorney prohibits contesting such relatively small assessments. Hence, it is easier for the IRS to zero in on defenseless middle-class taxpayers than to indict tax criminals or tax evaders. For 20 years the IRS has denied that it has a quota for auditors, but testimony and memos made public by dozens of ex-auditors belie the assertion. They are simply very careful not to call it a quota. Auditors are under great pressure to produce, and the middle-class and often the poor bear the brunt of IRS effort, since they are its most helpless victims.

Most of the abuses of the IRS are well known within the agency, and serious efforts at reform have come from the commissioners as well as from low-level agents. Unfortunately, the attempts have been doomed to failure in the face of the bureaucratic powers that be. The problem is that the commissioners, usually tax lawyers with little administrative or political experience, are in an impossible position. They serve an average of three years with no independent staff and have virtually no way of finding out what's going on. Agents, through their union, and ex-agents have also complained about IRS abuses, including the "nonexistent quota system" and the severity with which the agency interprets the law, but the pressures from the bureaucracy have been too great.

In fairness, it must be noted that the agency is trapped in a situation not wholly of its making. People have been getting angry at the tax system for a variety of reasons—the inequity and complexity of the tax laws, as well as the tangential factors of recession and disillusionment with government spending—and this is forcing the IRS to pursue revenue ever more vigorously. (A national Roper poll found that 64 percent of the respondents thought that the tax system was "totally unfair.") Signs of tax unrest are everywhere. The speed with which Proposition 13 fever spread across the country may be equaled by Howard Jarvis's latest proposition, which would cut state income taxes in half. In Alaska, tax rebels are trying to do away with the state income tax altogether.

More ominous for the IRS is the tremendous amount of nonreporting. Recent studies have shown that cash businesses—boutiques, restaurants, bars, shoe stores, etc.—routinely cheat on their taxes. The agency itself admits that 48 percent of independent contractors (people whose taxes are not withheld from their salary) report no income whatsoever. A "cash discount" has become commonplace; it works for television sets, doctor bills, carpenters, and just about everything else. This underground economy represents by some estimates as much as $250 billion a year, 10 percent of the entire U.S. economy.

The response of the IRS bureaucrats to the growing discontent takes several forms. On the one hand, they deny that anything is wrong. They know that the more people hear about other people not paying taxes (the rich with loopholes and the poor by living "off the books"), the more such behavior will be imitated. And they like to point out that we have the best "voluntary" tax system in the world—97 percent of all revenues are sent in freely. On the other hand, the agency has been asking for more money and sweeping new powers from Congress to clamp down on anti-tax behavior. Last year the IRS added 750 auditors to cope with the growing tax rebellion. Since 1969 the cost of operating the IRS has tripled, even though they are doing fewer and fewer audits.



COURTESY OF ABC

WIDE WORLD

Writer Paul Altmeyer and Publisher Hank Greenspun—criticizing the agency proved to be a very costly business.

If the problem, then, is the progressive tax system itself, the question that must be asked is: What is there to replace it with? Many people have proposed the Value Added Tax (VAT), essentially a large sales tax that prevails in many Western nations, as a reasonable alternative. Indeed, Representative Al Ullman has introduced a bill in the House that would impose VAT on goods and services. Another possibility has been put forth by free-market economist Milton Friedman. He claims that current tax rates, which range from 14-70 percent are "window dressing." He proposes a flat 13 percent tax; the revenue yield, he says, would be the same.

The basic argument against these two proposals is that they favor the rich. But under the present setup the loopholes are so obvious that only fools pay the full 70 percent. The brunt falls on the middle-class wage-earner (presumably under any flat system, people with low incomes would be excluded from paying taxes at all).

One editorial called the U.S. tax system "organized insanity, administered by the asylum's inmates." The trouble is that "progressive" taxation rests upon a jerry-built structure of incomprehensible, unenforceable, and inequitable laws. Until that changes, the Internal Revenue Service will keep terrorizing the citizens of America.

Blake Fleetwood is a freelance investigative journalist. He writes regularly for the New York Times *and the* New York Daily News.

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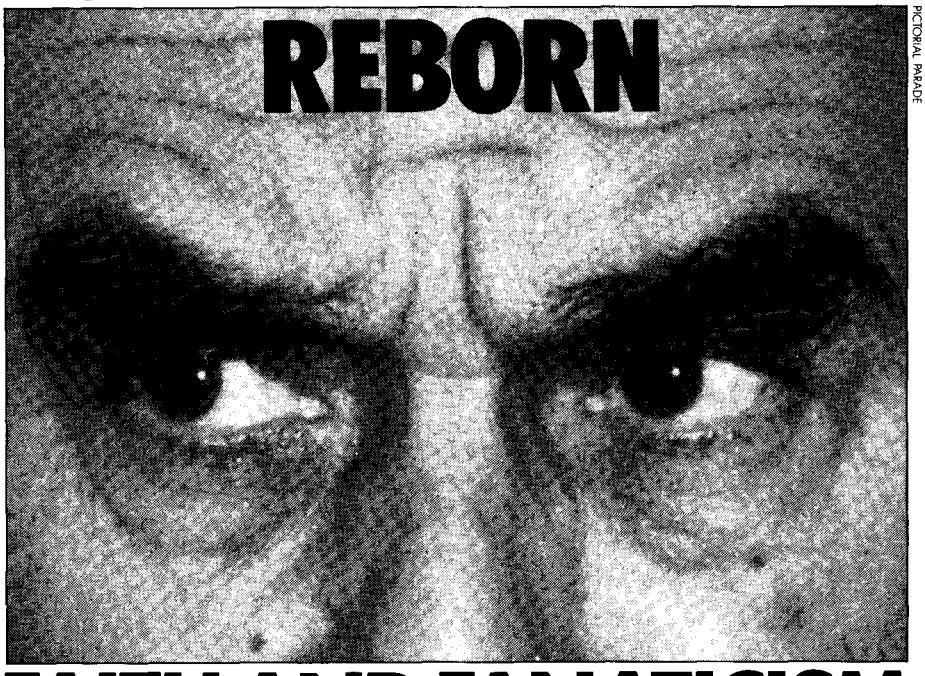
FUNDAMENTALISM REBORN



PICTORIAL PARADE

FAITH AND FANATICISM

by Martin E. Marty

AMERICANS KNOW that in the modern world religion is of no account—and yet there was the television picture, relayed from Teheran, telling a different story altogether. United by fanatic loyalty to fierce Shi'ite Islam, millions of Iranians, led by a scowling Ayatollah, toppled the hated Shah, thereby embarrassing the United States. Ten months later embarrassment turned to terror as Iranian students and militants stormed the American embassy and took more than 50 members of the staff hostage.

Many of the images that reached screens here were, of course, familiar. Burnings in effigy, snipers, and street demonstrations have been nightly news fare for years. But other signs of the revolution evoked only incomprehension. Why would Teheran women leave behind the modish dress they wore in their offices and take to the streets in black garb and the *chador*, the veil from preliberation days? How could people today wage war in the name of the *Qu'ran*, an ancient scripture? And why would anyone want to turn war, which is always evil enough, into a *jihad*, a "struggle," or holy war? To get the phenomenon into focus, the media and the nation settled on a term: fundamentalism—Shi'ite Islam was so remote from experience as to seem useless—with the word "militant" often preceding it.

Soon fundamentalism became a buzzword, just as a year earlier, after Jonestown, every intense religious group was tagged as a "cult." Everyone from the *hare krishna* chanters to the amiable Amish came to be cults, and none of them liked it. Similarly, American Protestant fundamentalists resent being pushed into the same camp with the Moslems, whom they regard as infidels. For their part, Islamic scholars protest that to borrow a term from the American experience—"fundamentalism" comes from *The Fundamentals*, a group of mild-mannered tracts published in the U.S. after 1910—and apply it to Moslems half a world away is a sign of imperialism, as if America had to provide a model for every movement, even those in other nations.

Now such disclaimers have some justification. Not everyone labeled a fundamentalist is one, nor does only one kind of fundamentalism exist. Nevertheless, there is no denying that in the 1980s religion is back with a vengeance—and not just in Iran. Most of the burgeoning movements around the world are militantly antimodern, fanatical, and hold in contempt the separation of church and state. Every day, it seems, brings forth new evidence of the growing power and determination of the religious recalcitrants. While millions of individuals, thousands of congregations, and hundreds of movements may be moderate in outlook, I know of no place where wide-scale and aggressive liberalism is holding its own against the spiritual opponents of the modern impulse.

In the Islamic world, besides Iran, there is the example of Saudi Arabia, where around 200 Moslem fanatics (said to call themselves the New Kharajites) invaded the Grand Mosque at Mecca because they considered the Saudi regime unworthy of representing the true faith. According to reports, about 300 people were killed before Saudi troops retook the mosque. Ayatollah Ruholla Khomeini's charge that the incident was backed by the U.S. and "Zionists" incited an attack on the U.S. embassy in Pakistan, where General Zia-ul-Haq is trying to forge an Islamic republic.

In Japan, the most literate and technologically advanced society on earth, people are not behaving as had been predicted. Instead of becoming completely private about religion, the way moderns normally are, or dropping faith entirely, many of them are joining new religions like Soka-gakkai and Rissho-koseikai. Members of these Buddhist sects do not completely fit the Khomeini mold, and would resent being tarred with the same brush. They have been more supple than the Iranians in adapting to urban styles, and the salvation they offer, unlike that of Islam, is this-worldly. But as uprooted moderns they seek authority, discipline, a kind of earnest religious experience. As at home with the media as the Ira-

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nians are, the Soka-gakkai people have chosen to go political and work through the highly nationalistic Komeito, or Clean Government party. With its less political but ideologically more conservative partner, this religion has to be reckoned with.

Militancy reappeared on Indian soil, where some once-gentle Hindus have been roused to battle over—and please pardon what sounds like a cliché but is literal—sacred cows. In West Bengal and Kerala, where Western modernism is powerful, thanks to Communist dominance, the Moslem and Christian minorities fear Hindu fanatics who object, sometimes violently, to the eating of beef. The cows are only one of many symbols of tension between religious communities in that nation.

In Israel, the Bloc of the Faithful, or Gush Emunim party, cherishes the reputation but not the name of militant fundamentalism. Operating on the West Bank as an annexationist no-compromise group, its followers take literally the ancient scriptural covenant between God and Abraham, and are ready to go to war for their beliefs.

In the USSR, while moderate religion complies with the state, fundamentalist Baptists and Pentecostals remain belligerent in their dissidence. Even Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whose criticisms of the West have cheered many masochists here, is fired by a rigid Eastern Orthodox outlook and Slavophilia. It is his fundamentalist style that gives the novelist such power and eloquence. The last thing he wants to understand is Western pluralism and its tolerance.

Meanwhile, over in the Catholic Church, militants are rallying around leaders like French Archbishop Marcel Lefèbvre, who insists on clinging to Latin liturgy and rejecting most of the policies adopted by the Second Vatican Council. Even Pope John Paul II, because he is cracking the whip on progressive theologians like Hans Küng, is sometimes lumped with religious right-wingers. What spares him is his sometimes radical view of world politics, an expansive personal mien, and his embrace of Vatican Council reforms.

Finally, there are those American Protestant militants whose distinguishing characteristic is meanness; they are mean and want to be seen as mean. The scowl is as much a part of their image as it is that of Khomeini or the Pittsburgh Steelers' defensive line. Their view has been propounded by George W. Dollar in his *A History of Fundamentalism in America*. True believers, he writes, must "both expound and expose ... because of new forms of middle-of-the-roadism, worldliness, and friendliness to apostate church activities." Translate: Billy Graham and his kind. Doubt never crosses the minds of people like Dollar. His book breathes the spirit that Finley Peter Dunne put into the mouth of his Mr. Dooley: "A fanatic is a man that does what he thinks th' Lord wud do if he knew th' facts in th' case."

People who do not turn their TV dials to the right channels may still think of fundamentalists as apolitical. With good reason. Only a dozen years or so ago, the rightists attacked moderate and liberal religious leaders in the mainline denominations and in the National Council of the Churches of Christ and the World Council of Churches and the Vatican for "speaking out" on such issues as the war on poverty, civil rights, and peace. Fundamentalists said this violated the law of God in the scriptures.

SETBOUN/SIPA PRESS FROM BLACK STAR

Young Iranian militant—around the world, 'religion is back with a vengeance.'

But who says fundamentalists cannot change? Today it is hard to picture a candidate for office trembling because the ecumenical councils or the boards of social concern of United Methodist Church or the United Church of Christ or the United anything else have advocated policies contrary to his own. But before 1980 ends not a few candidates will have ducked for cover to escape the fundamentalist barrage.

Militant fundamentalists control a large percentage of the 1,400 radio and 35 television stations that make up the Protestant media network; it currently claims 47 million devoted hearers who turn to religious TV for entertainment, conversion, healing, positive thinking, and political signal calling. Moreover, fundamentalist leaders like the Reverends Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson—who take in more money than the Republican and Democratic parties—are mastering the mails. Along with direct-mail wiz Richard Viguerie, they work through fronts with names like Religious Round Table, the Moral Majority, and Christian Voice to spread their views. They have helped unseat former Senators Thomas J. McIntyre and Dick Clark, and they have the power to send other legislators whom they have targeted to political oblivion.

But their larger enemies are humanism, liberalism, and immorality. "Fifteen years ago," says Falwell, "I opposed what I'm doing today, but now I'm convinced this country is morally sick and will not correct itself unless we get involved." Involvement means, for him, "fighting a holy war.... What's happened to America is that the wicked are bearing rule. We have to lead the nation back to the moral stance that made America great." The echoes of the Iranian militants are loud and clear.

Why fundamentalism now? After all, on no calendars but their own were militant fundamentalists supposed to have power in the 1980s. Already in the 1780s people of the Enlightenment foresaw the end of irrational religion in the face of the rise of reason. By the 1880s religious liberals seemed to be adapting to modernity so suavely that the obscurantists seemed to be heading for obscurity. And although militant fundamentalism has a long history in the U.S., America seemed to be on a thoroughly modern course after 1964. The mainline and moderate churches had prospered during the Protestant-Catholic-Jewish suburban boom in the Eisenhower era. John Kennedy, Pope John XXIII, Martin Luther King, Jr., Paul Tillich, and the remembered Pierre Teilhard de Chardin were heroes to the upbeat religionists. In his best-seller of 1965 Harvey Cox wrote that *The Secular City* was no less than a transcription for our times of "the Biblical image of the Kingdom of God." It would be "the commonwealth of maturity and interdependence."

What went wrong? The curious but correct answer is "modernity and modernization." In his *The Ordeal of Civility*, John Murray Cuddihy argues that victims of modernization experience life as being all chopped up, too full of choice. Modernity, they know, separates church from state, ethnicity and region from religion, fact from value. It cruelly sunders and rarely supports. People in its wake experience "hunger for wholeness." On this scene the Ayatollah is almost a pure demodernizer. He would counteract the differentiations and diffusions that make religion so flexible, that cause it to be such a thin spread in the life of dispersed moderns. Fortunately for him,

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It's delightful! It's witty! It's charming! It's "Don Pasquale"!

Texaco and The Metropolitan Opera invite you to enjoy the telecast of Donizetti's comic opera, "Don Pasquale," May 17th at 9 p.m., E.D.T., on PBS.

Simulcast on Stereo FM in many cities.

What happens when a man in his seventies marries a woman who's almost half a century younger, who's a close friend of her husband's best friend, and who's in love with her husband's nephew?

To find out, tune in Saturday evening, May 17th, for the delightful Met performance of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" right in your own home.

Beverly Sills—singing her addio to The Met—is Norina. Gabriel Bacquier is Don Pasquale. Alfredo Kraus is Ernesto. And Håkan Hagegård is Dr. Malatesta. Conducted by Nicola Rescigno. Directed by John Dexter. Sets and costumes by Desmond Heeley. Lighting by Gil Wechsler.

This special presentation is an encore to Texaco's fourth season of the "Live From The Met" telecasts. It's also to celebrate the Fortieth Anniversary of the longest-running sponsored program in radio history—Texaco's Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

Tune in and join in the celebration.

TEXACO

Your ticket to The Met for 40 years.

Funding for this additional "Live From The Met" telecast has been provided by grants from Texaco Inc. and the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

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Protecting Chemical Workers

How we're improving one of the best health and safety records in U.S. industry

According to National Safety Council figures, chemical workers are 2.3 times safer than the average employee in American industry. In fact, they are far safer on the job than off. But we're still not satisfied. Here are some of the steps we're taking to make the working environment healthier and safer:

1. Improving detection techniques

New and more sophisticated devices for monitoring the environment are worn by many workers. Many plants have "area monitoring devices" spotted in strategic locations. Some of these devices change color or sound an alarm to alert workers to even minute traces of contaminants. Others, like the gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer, measure contaminant quantities as low as one part per trillion—equivalent to one second in 32,000 years. Data from these and other measuring devices are analyzed by computer and compared with employee health records to help make sure that exposure is kept at safe levels. (See illustration.)

2. Upgrading educational programs

Chemical companies are intensifying their safety education programs, especially with videotapes and other visual aid techniques. One company has an 82-page listing of videotape cassettes. It also has an index of safety standards that runs to about 60 pages. And each standard can run as long as 50 pages. The effect of this training goes beyond the plant. Chemical workers learn to "think safety." So they have fewer accidents than the average industrial employee—not only at work, but also on their own time.

3. Expanding laboratory studies

Throughout the chemical industry, thousands of people are working on new and faster ways to determine the long-term effects of chemicals. It is not an easy job. Doing a study on just one chemical can take over three years and cost more than $1,000,000. To advance this work, 30 chemical com-

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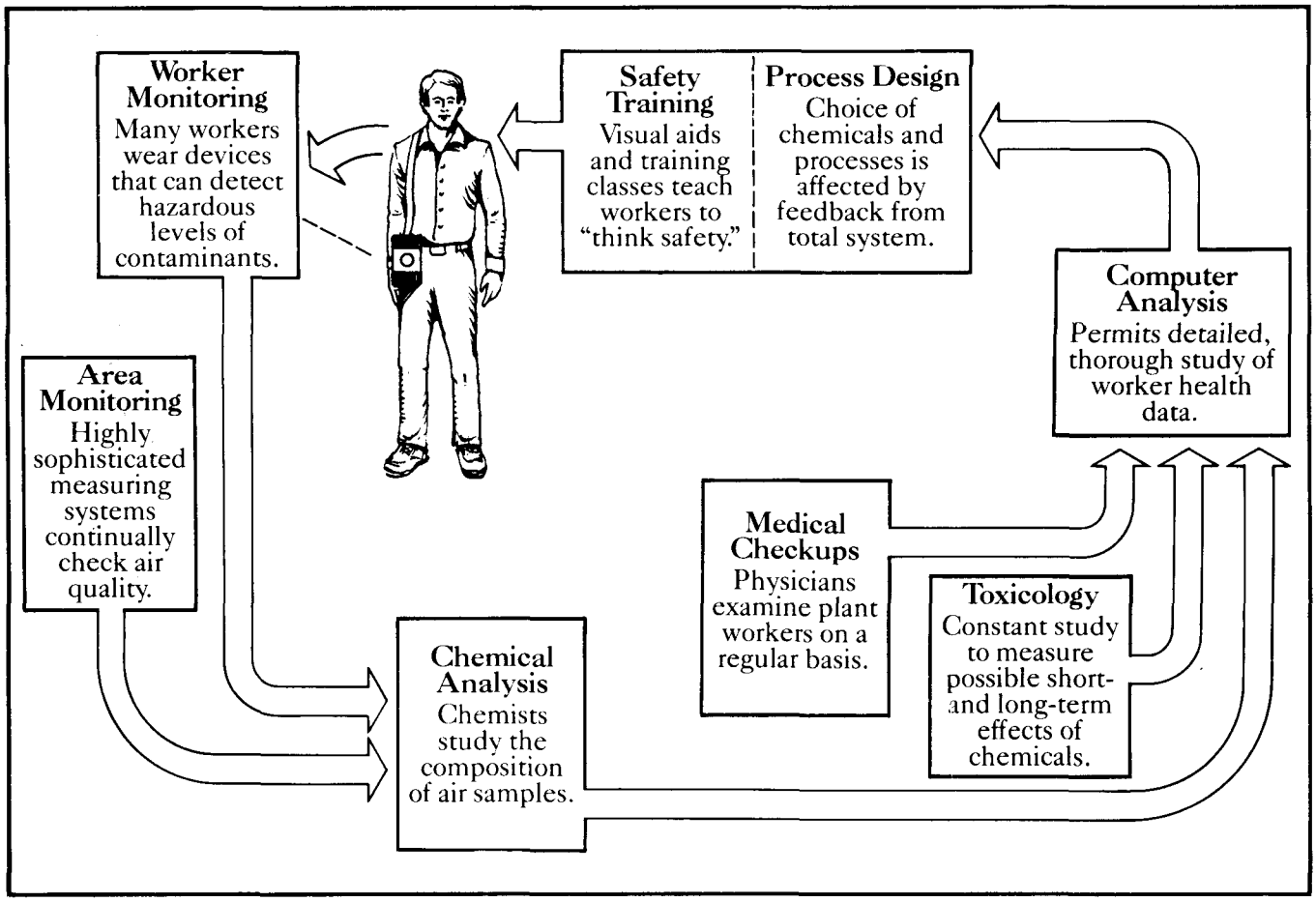
Worker Monitoring
Many workers wear devices that can detect hazardous levels of contaminants.
Safety Training
Visual aids and training classes teach workers to "think safety."
Process Design
Choice of chemicals and processes is affected by feedback from total system.
Computer Analysis
Permits detailed, thorough study of worker health data.
Area Monitoring
Highly sophisticated measuring systems continually check air quality.
Medical Checkups
Physicians examine plant workers on a regular basis.
Toxicology
Constant study to measure possible short- and long-term effects of chemicals.
Chemical Analysis
Chemists study the composition of air samples.

Worker Safety Protection System: Data from health exams, monitoring devices and laboratory studies are continually analyzed to identify situations that may require immediate action and to provide information for possible improvements in process design and safety training.

panies have joined to create the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology located near Raleigh, North Carolina. The Institute shares its findings with the entire industry, the U.S. Government and the public.

4.
"Engineering out" risks

When tests cast suspicion on the safety of a substance, we often find substitutes. Example: At many plants, toxic materials have been replaced by safer chemicals. In other cases, we may redesign the entire manufacturing process to make it safer.

5.
Closer monitoring of employee health

The number of industrial hygienists has tripled in the past 10 years. And they are only part of the picture. Chemical companies now use *interdisciplinary* teams to monitor employee health. A typical team consists of industrial hygienists, physicians, toxicologists and engineers. These teams then multiply their effectiveness by using the latest computer technology to process and study the data they collect. The results help chemical companies anticipate and control threats to worker health and safety better than ever before.

For more information, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. BR-05, 1825 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

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there was a villain of modernization: the Shah, who imported but hoarded the best features of technology and left the oppressed of Iran with nothing except trampled customs and a disintegrating culture. Like all fundamentalism, then, the Shi'ite version is reactive; it repeals trends and wants to recover what has been lost.

This brings us to the crucial point: fundamentalism and traditionalism are far from the same thing. Tradition comes from *traditio*, "handing over," and refers to what God hands over to the Church in Jesus Christ and the succession of believers. But such tradition, as the great scholar Yves Congar reminded fellow-Catholics, is a flowing stream, not a still and stagnant pond. Motion, development, flow—these are precisely what the fundamentalist world-view cannot tolerate.

So with conservatism. It can be supple, absorptive, and empathic. Western, chiefly biblical, faith is grounded in history. It has to do less with Platonic ideas than with Mosaic realities. This faith celebrates remembered events such as exodus and exile, or for Christians, the words and ways of Jesus. Conservatives do not freeze everything back in biblical times. They conserve or save what they find of value in the inherited intuitive wisdom of subsequent people, whether saints or martyrs or sinners. The fundamentalist codifies everything.

The sociopsychological underpinnings of fundamentalism and other such phenomena were eloquently described by the late Talcott Parsons. In one of his few eloquent passages, the sociologist wrote that moderns, like their ancestors, must still endow their good fortune and their suffering alike with meaning. They cannot let these occur as something that "just happens." But modernity calls forth ever more human initiative in the search for meaning. Greater demands call for greater daring. So the human "takes greater risks. Hence the possibility of failure and of the failure being his fault is at least as great as, if not greater than, it ever was." The firm ground is gone. If the venturer is on the high-wire, he asks for a secure net.

During such tense periods, fundamentalists seek high-intensity religious experiences in order to find meaning. Then, to channel and rein these experiences, they need strong authority. The "kids" found it in "the cults," where a master stated all Truth and a surrogate family provided all support. As long as people are unsure of their identities, mistrustful of strangers, threatened by erosive creeds, and wary of conspiracies, some of them will huddle into fundamentalism. Through such movements around the world they seek to ward off the devils, the shahs abroad, or the humanists at home. They will find company with other true believers and remake or unsettle their part of the world before the End. As long as there are potential followers for such movements, there will be no lack of leaders to exploit their impulses.

In America, fortunately, pluralist democracy and an affluent society provide counterforces and many benefits to pass around, thus keeping fundamentalists from forming armies. Still, militants will attract people to the notion that if Russia has its atheistic creed and Iran its Moslem ideology, both of which work because they allow for no doubt or ambiguity, then "we" need equally fierce dogmas to match theirs. Religious counterparts to the SALT treaties falter, and

DENNIS BRACK FROM BLACK STAR

Reverend Jerry Falwell—'The enemies are humanism, liberalism, and immorality.'

interfaith or ecumenical strivings seem to be nothing but foolish memories.

Will the fundamentalists win? Some who answer yes to that question foresee the end of the age of Enlightenment, the decline of liberalism, the demise of dialogue. Certainly the fundamentalist and tribalist outbreaks have checked empathic or responsive instincts in many cultures. Moderate church people are envious of the growth among authoritarian groups. No one today writes about massive outpourings of understanding between people. The new prophets envision an age in which religiosity fuses with weaponry to produce upheavals in Iran, unsettlements in America, and statist creeds and faiths.

Yet prophets have been wrong before. As surprising as the survivals and reappearances of militant fundamentalisms have been, so also has the presence of people who combine faith with openness. Even if it is not their half of the inning, there are still those who believe that one can combine deep commitment with urgent civility. They refuse to accept the argument that all would be well if only religion would go away. Whatever one wishes, most people are going to continue their search for meaning, whether in benign or malign company and spirit. When they desert religious symbols, they often transfer their fanaticism to nationalist or totalitarian ideologies. The civil, committed believers, meanwhile, urge an end to distinctions between kinds of religious faith.

They need but are not finding alliance with the other intended victim of holy wars, currently named humanist. Mr. Falwell has found his scapegoat: "255,000 secular humanists," he said in January, "have taken 214 million of us out to left field." He wanted to lead the crowd back to right field. The Moral Majority wants "the vast majority of Americans" to ally against what they call, along with Falwell, "humanism."

Previously, academic humanists were of little help. Historically uninformed as some of them were; reacting against their childhood faith as were others; unwilling to recognize the varieties of historic religious experience, writers like Joseph Wood Krutch, Harry Elmer Barnes, and Walter Lippmann decided that all religious certainty had to be murderous, all religious tolerance heretical, and fundamentalist faith alone had integrity. Such twitting of liberals was a luxury in 1925. It helped humanists keep their distance from open-minded theists who stood in developmental traditions of faith.

Today when Ayatollah fundamentalism violates the rules of diplomatic games or adopts the weapons of terror, such luxuries are less attractive. If "the fundamentalists are coming," it is important, this time, to understand both their grievances and their impulses. Some reconnaissance, to determine who is in their camp and who is not, is strategically wise. Most of all, after the appearance in our century of people like Pope John XXIII, Mohandas Gandhi, Abraham Joshua Heschel, and Martin Luther King, Jr., it no longer seems necessary to equate faith with certainty and both of them with murder. There are happier alternatives, even if they are less visible than ever, less favored than fanaticism in today's world of conflict.

Martin E. Marty is Fairfax M. Cone Distinguished Service Professor at the University of Chicago, associate editor of The Christian Century, *and author of, among other books,* A Nation of Behavers.

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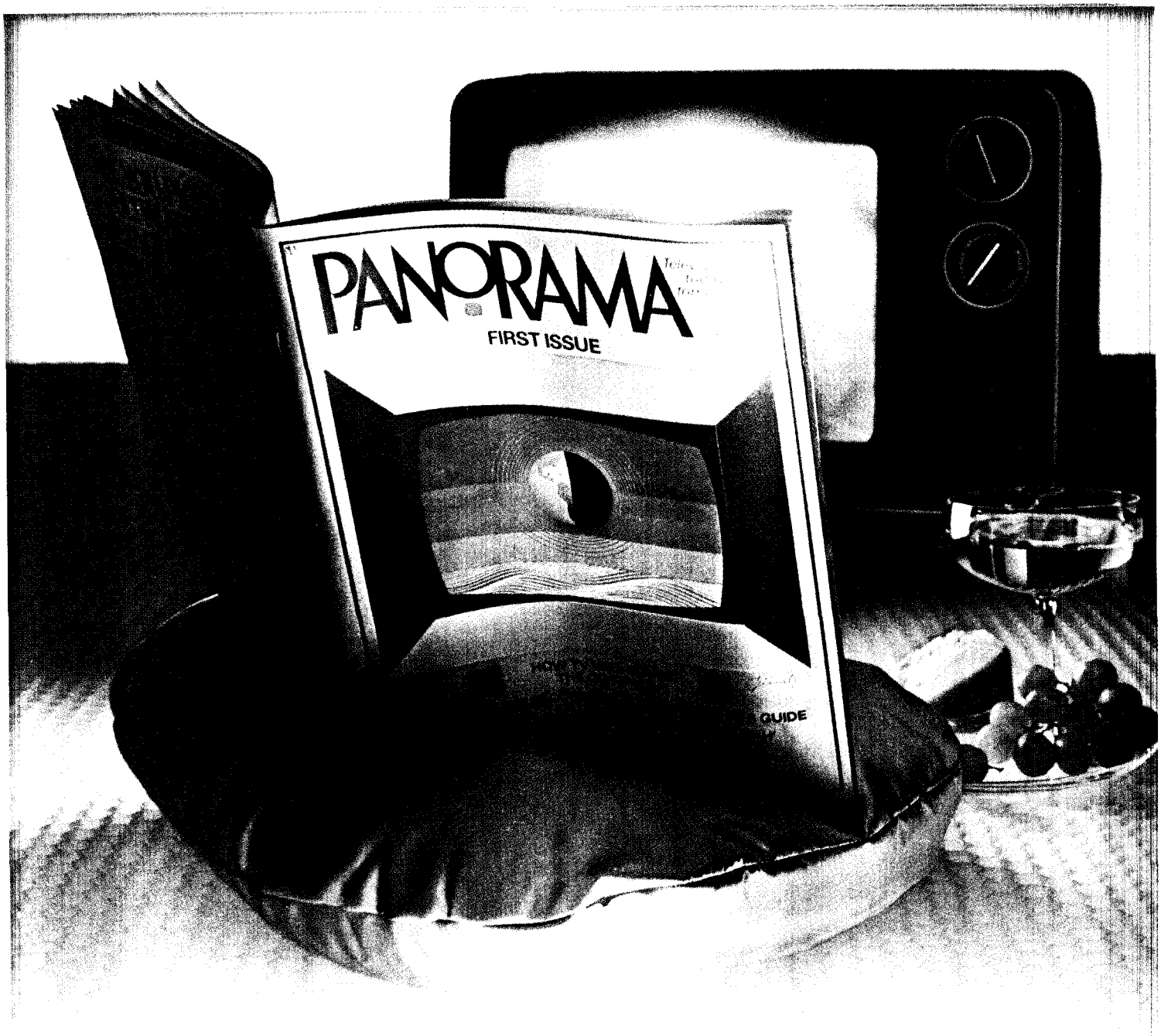

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LOOKOUTS

Posthaste Art

The cancellation of one of its major spring exhibitions has brought to Washington's National Gallery a last-minute replacement of equal splendor: *Post-Impressionism: Cross-Currents in European and American Painting, 1880-1906*, a somewhat smaller and reshaped version of a show from the Royal Academy in London. As its title suggests, the exhibition (May 25 to September 1) internationalizes the family of Post-Impressionists, finding numerous English, Scandinavian, German, and American cousins of the great French artists who initiated the movement. To provide further breadth, the 20th-century heirs of these geniuses—e.g., Henri Matisse and Edvard Munch—are also represented. Plentiful enough in Gauguins and Cézannes, the exhibition complements masterpieces with works by the Swiss Ferdinand Hodler, the Italian Giovanni Segantini, and the Americans Mary Cassatt and James McNeill Whistler. As arranged and explicated, the works summarize Post-Impressionism's insurrectionary thrusts of color and passion, and underscore the movement's declaration of independence from the serenity and pictorial objectivity of Impressionism.

COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Henri Matisse's Young Sailor I, *(1906).* —*Color and passion.*

Don't Roll Over, Beethoven

Should Schroeder disappear mysteriously from "Peanuts" this month, you can no doubt find him at Lincoln Center attending the New York Philharmonic's Spring Festival: *Beethoven 1980*, three delirious weeks (May 14 to June 6) of nonstop Beethoven. Addicts like Schroeder can luxuriate in the master's sound, specifically the nine symphonies, the violin concerto, the five piano concertos, the triple concerto, the incidental music from Goethe's "Egmont." The festival, which replaces the Promenade concerts of the late André Kostelanetz, has gathered together many giants of the concert hall, among them conductors Zubin Mehta, Erich Leinsdorf, and Eugene Ormandy, and soloists André Watts and Eugene Istomin. If the Beatles made Beethoven roll over, the Philharmonic's reverential series should soothe his troubled sleep.

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Sizzling Spoleto

If you hear sounds of an artistic jamboree wafting up from Charleston, South Carolina, this month, it won't be Cap'n Andy and the *Show Boat*, but the fourth Spoleto Festival U.S.A. Founded by composer Gian Carlo Menotti as an American companion-piece to his illustrious Italian festival, the "mini Spoleto" will have international talent swarming over Charleston like a *commedia dell'arte* troupe. Highlights will include ex-Bolshoi star Alexander Godunov in a dance gala; the world premier of *The American Clock*, Arthur Miller's new play; a retrospective of Orson Welles films; a dramatic extravaganza from Japan; and five opera productions. Under the Medicean supervision of Menotti, the festival proves that, indeed, nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina—at least from May 23 to June 8.

Open-Door Policy

The city of Philadelphia will definitely be at home this month, and in case you didn't receive a formal invitation the event is the second annual *Open House* (May 3 to 11). The festivities celebrate the municipal pedigree through 21 tours of spectacular mansions, gardens, and historic sites. From the simple Quaker charms of Society Hill to Independence Hall, to the handsome Victorian palaces of Rittenhouse Square, visitors can stroll through Philadelphia's history-rich past. Lecturers will provide an invaluable gloss on the tours, and authentic colonial-style food will be served. The organizers of *Open House* (313 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106) promise that visitors will have only one regret—that they have but one vacation to give to the city.

—Robert F. Moss

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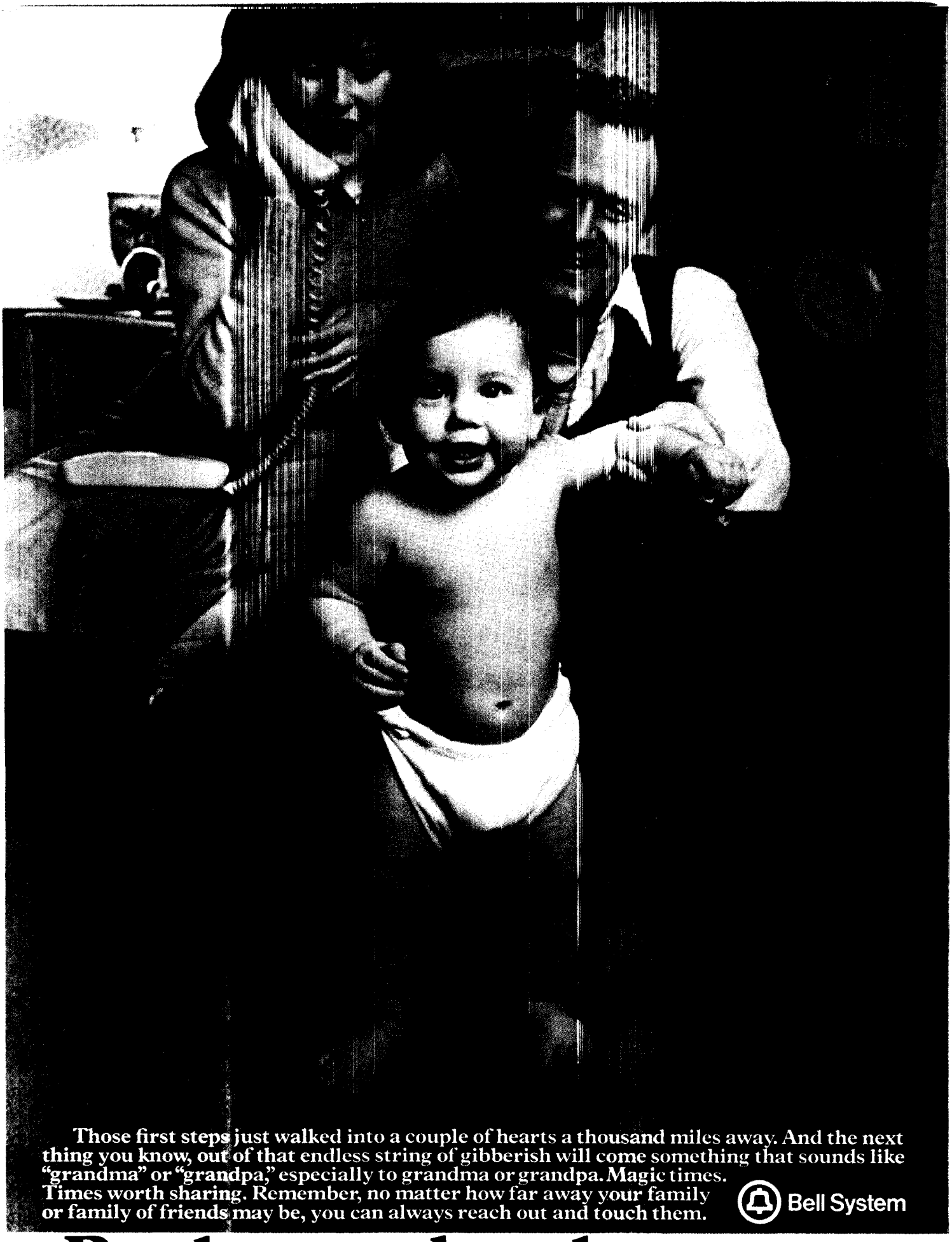

Those first steps just walked into a couple of hearts a thousand miles away. And the next thing you know, out of that endless string of gibberish will come something that sounds like "grandma" or "grandpa," especially to grandma or grandpa. Magic times. Times worth sharing. Remember, no matter how far away your family or family of friends may be, you can always reach out and touch them.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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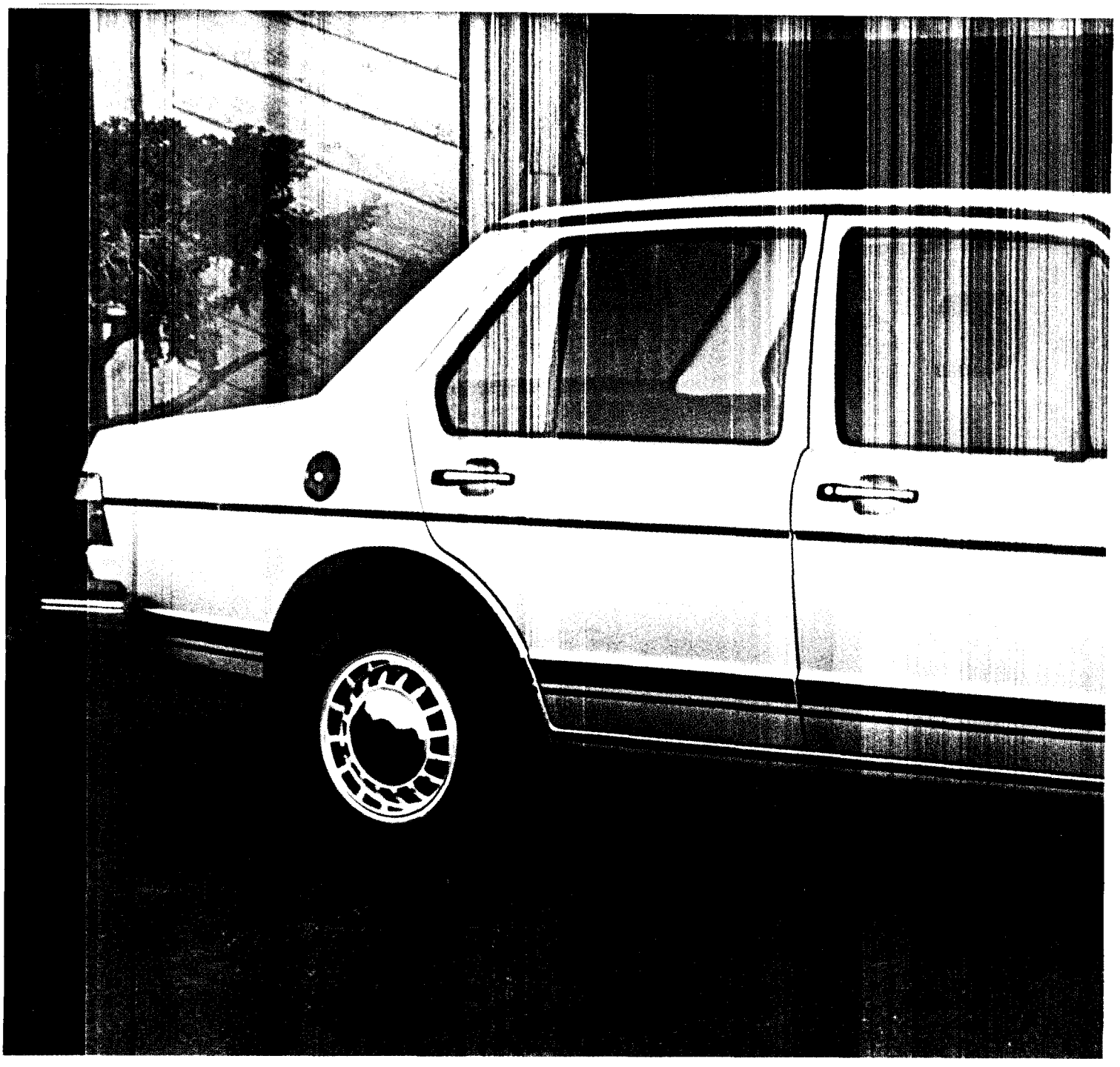

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

Need some help? Then consider the following:

The car you're looking at has a CIS fuel-injected engine that can take you from 0 to 50 in 8.5 seconds.

And power-assisted disc drum brakes that can take you from 50 to 0 in less than three.

It has 4-wheel independent suspension to keep you from going like this on bad roads.

And front-wheel drive to give you responsive handling even in bad weather.

In back, there's a trunk so large it can hold six suitcases.

All standing up.

And inside, there's room enough for a family of four.

Got it yet?

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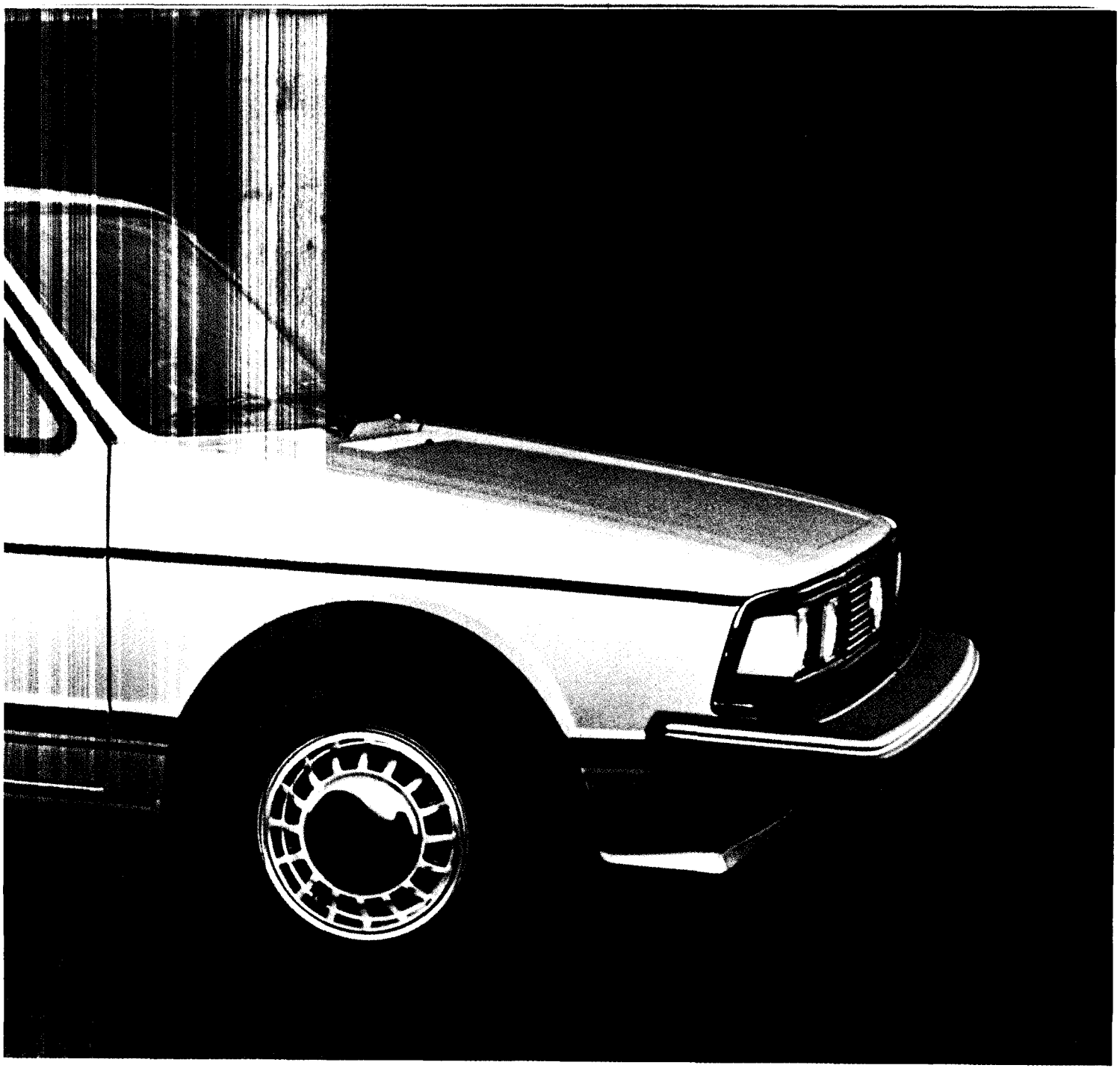

Well, maybe it would help to know that for all its impressive performance on the road, this car still turns in a pretty spectacular performance at the gas pump.

It gets an EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 estimated highway. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length.

Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

You still don't know?

Then we should probably mention one last thing.

This car doesn't look like what it is, and most people have a hard time guessing.

So why don't we just tell you.

We call it the Jetta.

Of course, Autoweek had a different name for it.

They called it, "another winner from Volkswagen."

THINK AGAIN.

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MONUMENT TO TEMPESTUOUSNESS

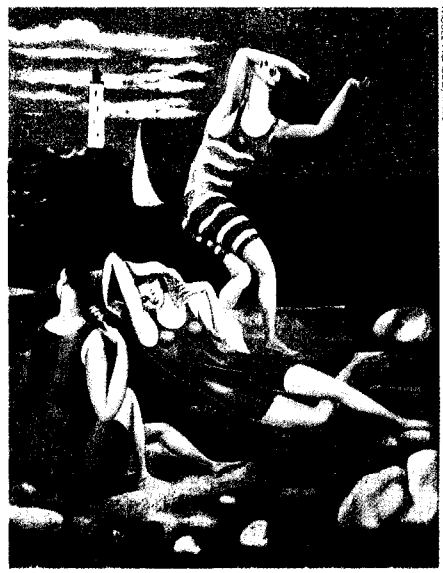
by Vicki Goldberg

COLLECTION CLAUDE PICASSO, PARIS

Head with Scarification (1907).

MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS

Portrait of Gustave Coquiot (1901).


MUSEE PICASSO, PARIS

Bathers (1918).

In medieval manuscripts, God is sometimes depicted as an architect, the artist who constructed the world. From at least late Renaissance times, when Vasari wrote that Michelangelo's life and works seemed divine rather than earthly, there have been hints that the metaphor could be reversed, the artist himself seen as godlike. The 20th century, when God went into hiding, was on the lookout for the superhuman, and found it easily in Pablo Picasso. As early as 1902, a year after his first show, a critic wrote of this artist, "One might call him a young god who wanted to remake the world." Mythical equations kept cropping up in the succeeding years. In 1910, Picasso is called "the doubly distilled ultimate." In 1912, there is "something demonic in his quest." In 1919, his studio is "more hallucinatory than the laboratory of Faust." And in 1966 Roland Penrose described Picasso as "a man who deals with angels and demons alike, a man who has no need to talk of God, for is he not himself some sort of god, albeit human to the core?"

Picasso cooperated in his divinization. In *Picasso's Mask,* Malraux recorded the painter's response to his own widely divergent styles: "Down with style! Does God have a style? He made the guitar, the Harlequin, the dachshund, the cat, the owl, the dove. Like me .... He made what doesn't exist. So did I. He even made paint. So did I." When Picasso's work is installed in the precincts of New York's cultural Holy of Holies, the Museum of Modern Art (the show opened on May 2) those with tickets will have a unique opportunity to see what the creator hath actually wrought.

Much of this work is unknown because it never left the artist's studio. And some, from the late Twenties on, are too difficult, too strident, at times too hideous to have captured the public imagination. Picasso understood this. He told the photographer Brassai, "For myself, I wanted to prove that success can be obtained without compromise, even in opposition to all of the prevailing doctrines .... It is the success of my youth that has become my protective wall. The blue period, the rose period—they were the screens that sheltered me...." Picasso has indeed devised sufficiently distinct incarnations of himself to provide everyone with some Picasso to venerate. Should the fanged women of the late Twenties or the exploded faces of the Forties seem repellant, the melancholy acrobats of the early years offer a saving grace, and so the public can continue to worship a man who has offered it more sheer ugliness than any artist in history. For years, his success itself was a protective wall, guarding him against certain kinds of adverse criticism. And the legend soon made it possible to skirt the difficult art and focus on the man, a focus generally more congenial to a mass audience.

In *The Success and Failure of Picasso* (Pantheon), John Berger makes a strong case for Picasso's complicity in diverting public attention to his personality rather than to his work. Picasso believed that what the artist *is* counts for more than what he does. What he was turned out to be entirely suitable to myth. He could draw before he could speak. When he was 14, his father, an art teacher, gave the boy his palette and brushes and vowed never to paint again, as his son had already outstripped him. His draftsmanship was so adept that it is possible to look on the *Desmoiselles d'Avignon* and later excursions into the raw and primitive as maneuvers to circumvent, his own facility.

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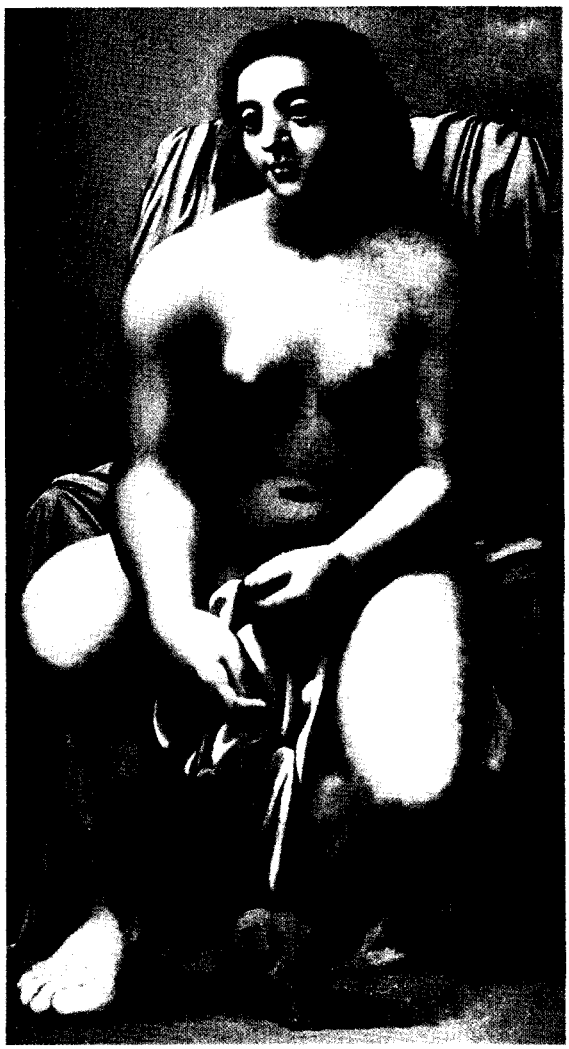

MUSEES NATIONAUX, PARIS

Large Bather (1912–22).

MUSEE PICASSO, PARIS

The Couple (1925).

He was at the forefront of several major revolutions in art: With Braque he coauthored the beginnings of Cubism and the introduction of collage into the realm of high art; alone, in his 1912 constructions, he allowed sculpture to renounce volume in favor of planes; and in the late Twenties, with Julio Gonzalez, he established welded, direct-metal sculpture as an important modern form. His accomplishments lived up to his gifts, a rarity in human experience, and if they did not do so at every point in his long career, that says little beyond admitting he was not a god after all.

From the outset, writers tended to agree with Picasso that his personality outweighed his art. In 1910, Gelett Burgess wrote, "He's too fascinating as a man to make one want to take him only as an artist. Let others consider his murderous canvases in earnest—I only want to see Picasso grin!" In the Sixties, Henry Miller said, "Not that I deny the greatness of his work, but...the man himself is and will remain far greater than anything or everything which he accomplishes with his hands....He is outsized, a human phenomenon." To be considered greater than one's greatest achievements is an honor scarcely accorded to any but saints.

His contemporaries fueled the myth until it burned bright. When Dali made his first visit to Paris in 1929, he said he preferred Picasso to the Louvre, and therefore visited the one but not the other. In 1938, Gertrude Stein declared him divinely inspired: "...as to knowing how to paint, he was born knowing all of that." Having stayed in Paris at great risk during World War II, Picasso became a kind of monument. When the city was liberated, American soldiers walked across Paris to see him; some were so exhausted they fell asleep on the stairs to his apartment before reaching their goal.

Fame and wealth were also eager to meet Picasso. Fifteen of the paintings in his first show, in 1901, when he was barely 20, sold before the opening. Then for several years he was plunged into poverty, yet before 1910 he was financially secure and before 1920, rich. Curiously, there was not a single public show of Picasso's work in France between 1909 and 1919. It was Diaghilev who introduced him to the middle class and secured his fame. Picasso first worked with the impresario in 1917, designing the curtain and costumes for *Parade*, a ballet that provoked a most satisfactory scandal. From then on, it was a steady ascent to the pinnacle of renown.

But Olympus was indeed the loneliest spot in the world. In 1960 Picasso told Brassai, "I live in seclusion, like a prisoner. I would not wish my celebrity on anyone, not even my worst enemies." Fame in our society apparently guarantees loneliness. Renoir in his old age grieved that he had not a single true friend; everyone wanted something from him. Picasso did attempt a brief experiment in collectivism, in his Cubist episode, when neither he nor Braque signed their works and sometimes had trouble distinguishing their own canvases. Picasso told Françoise Gilot, the mother of two of his children, that the experiment died because the pressure of individualism was too strong. Everyone involved ended up like van Gogh, in "an essentially solitary and tragic adventure."

After mid-century, Picasso was alone with his own history. He was the only major artist deeply involved with the figure and with the attempt to convey a three-dimensional experience on a two-dimensional surface, a search that

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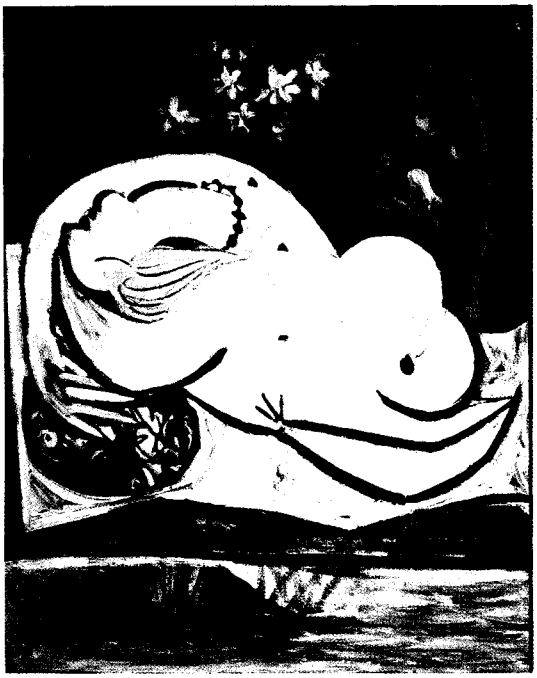
In his art, Picasso defied the treasured notions of ideal beauty.



MUSEE PICASSO, PARIS

Picasso's Nude Asleep in a Landscape (1934).

MUSEE PICASSO, PARIS

Woman in a Red Armchair (1932).

spawned women with breasts and buttocks, navel and spine all visible in one distended view. Berger says Picasso simply ran out of subjects and so ran down, miserably, and it is true that the times offered him few myths to equal his own. But I think the ransacking of art history he undertook in the Fifties and Sixties, variations on Delacroix, Manet, Velasquez, was not so much a poverty of themes as an effort to nail down his place in the historic pantheon. Picasso knew where he wished to stand. He had seen his paintings in the Louvre held up next to the masters'. Gilot asked him how he felt next to Delacroix. "That bastard," he said. "He's really good." He had taken to dating his sketches, with not just the year but the day as well, and sometimes even the hour, so that posterity could annotate his progress. He may have believed that what he was counted for more than what he did, but what he did was going to outlive him, and he wasn't taking any chances.

He complained to Gilot that history had cut him loose. "Painters no longer live within a tradition, so each one of us must recreate an entire language. Every painter of our times is fully authorized to recreate a language from A to Z.... In a certain sense that's a liberation but at the same time it's an enormous limitation, because ... what the artist gains in the way of liberty he loses in the way of order...." Ironically, Picasso himself was largely responsible for this debilitating state of artistic anomie. In the *Desmoiselles* he had delivered the coup de grace to the treasured notions of ideal beauty and the single fixed viewpoint of the observer, who now could see a woman from fore and aft in the same glance. Cubism broke up the perceived integrity of figure and object, their separation from their surround, and the unified light source. Collage burst the last barriers to materials; the manufactured world flooded art. Picasso's own boldness opened the path to his final dilemma.

Just as he claimed, he was always in opposition to the prevailing modes. When Braque and Matisse died, he was left to solitary protest and investigation. His early achievements have long since been assimilated, but not the fierce sexual hostility of some of Picasso's lovers, the brutish amalgam of woman and dog in the Thirties and Forties portraits, the embrace of maimed and flagrant ugliness in such pictures as *Nude Dressing Her Hair*. Late in life, to judge from the ranting colors and violently dislocated forms, he was still protesting. Other artists who live so long achieve some profound new emotional level in old age, as Rembrandt did, or Titian, or Monet. Not Picasso. The public gave him an apotheosis during his lifetime; it turned out to be empty, and still he burned and raved till close of day. I suspect we are witnessing the setting in motion of a second, quieter apotheosis. The Modern's big shows—and this is its biggest show ever, with approximately 1,000 works in all the media, occupying the entire museum—have a record of influencing American artists. There is so much Picasso here, not in the myth but in paint and metal, that, though he had not a single student, and though we seem to have detoured around him for some time, we will hear the soundings of his explorations for years to come.

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a contributing editor of American Photographer *magazine.*

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American Ballet Theatre's Russian Invasion

MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV will soon become director of American Ballet Theatre. The words themselves are easy enough to understand; their implications, however, are far from clear. The combination of Ballet Theatre and Baryshnikov, on one hand, is breathtaking: One of the great ballet troupes of this country—of this world—will soon be directed by one of the great ballet performers of our time. But the juxtapositions, on the other hand, are at least equally intriguing: The first company to be founded expressly for the promotion of American dance will be led by a dancer trained in the most disciplined of Russian traditions.

Is turning the company over to Baryshnikov a wise or foolish move? Is Baryshnikov himself, 32 years old—experienced as a dancer and experienced as a choreographer—sufficiently experienced to run a ballet company? Can he, having been a part-time resident of the United States for only five years, continue to nurture the "American spirit" of the company? These questions are being pondered by everyone connected to the world of dance, from the founders of the company to the dancers themselves. Their answers range from describing the young Russian as "uniquely qualified" for the job, to calling the appointment an outright "disaster."

In order to have perspective on the American Ballet Theatre at the crossroads, one must return briefly to its beginnings. In late 1939, prior to the company's debut as the Ballet Theatre on January 11, 1940, the founders announced their policy in an official statement: "The organization is strictly American. What it offers is a perpetual and dynamically growing dance theater that is, in a sense, an 'art gallery' of all the great works of ballet, from the earliest extant to the newest and most modern." This concept was the brainchild of the late Richard Pleasant, at the time a perceptive young man, keen to the fact that Ballets Russes companies were dazzling American audiences and obviously eager to whet audience appetites with some American fare. He convinced Lucia Chase to join him as a founder, and she became the principal benefactor of the fledgling company. In 1945, after a brief interlude during which the famed impresario Sol Hurok managed the company, Chase and Oliver Smith, a theatrical designer, assumed codirectorship.

MARTHA SWOPE

Lucia Chase—From Swan Lake *to stage crew?*

Chase and Smith, who relinquish their posts to Baryshnikov on September 1, are responsible for a most remarkable record of accomplishment, one that has seen the American Ballet Theatre develop into a distinguished troupe in the select company of the Bolshoi and the Kirov, Britain's Royal, and the Royal Danish Ballet. Starting with Chase and Pleasant, Ballet Theatre (the name was officially changed to American Ballet Theatre in 1957, following several State Department-sponsored tours abroad) has produced more than 250 ballets and divertissements, representing the talents of more than 100 choreographers, both past and present; some 150 composers, both traditional and contemporary; and about 125 designers for sets, costumes, projections, and lighting.

One cannot begin to list the impressive array of talent fostered by Chase, at first on her own, and later with Smith. With the ballet *Fancy Free* (1944), Jerome Robbins, Leonard Bernstein, and Oliver Smith enjoyed a collaboration that launched them, collectively and separately, to fame not only in ballet but also in theater. Agnes de Mille and England's Antony Tudor have also enriched Ballet Theatre, and continue to do so today. Chase and Smith made the public aware of a luminous array of other choreographers: Eliot Feld, who now heads his own company; Herbert Ross, the director of two major dance films, *The Turning Point* and *Nijinsky*; Michael Kidd, whose first work for Ballet Theatre led him to a position of eminence on Broadway and in films; and Donald Saddler, a charter member of the company, who has gone from creating *This Property Is Condemned* for Chase to Tony Award-winning status as a Broadway choreographer. Among many others whose choreographic talents were nurtured were Eugene Loring, in the early days and, recently, Glen Tetley, Michael Smuin, and Dennis Nahat.

Choreography was not the company's only contribution to dance arts. Ballet Theatre also studded the American firmament with dancers of true star status, many of them from the United States. Among the first of the prominent American dancers were Nora Kaye, acclaimed once as the top dramatic ballerina and today, as producer of two dance movies directed by her husband, Herbert Ross; the Cuban-born, American-trained Alicia Alonso, who was an American ballet star for more than 20 years and whose internationally famous Ballet Nacional de Cuba was launched with Ballet Theatre dancers in the Forties; and John Kriza and Leon Danielian, who became the first internationally recognized American classical male dancers. The pattern has continued to today's prima ballerina, Cynthia Gregory, and her other American colleagues.

Today, Chase—now 73—is ready to relinquish her title of director; yet she insists that she will not leave her company. She will remain on the board of directors, continue to perform mime roles, and do her best to serve the company on which she expended an immense portion (estimates go as high as an unlikely $36 million) of her fortune. Recently, she reminded interviewers that Richard Pleasant had described Ballet Theatre in 1940 as "American in spirit and international in scope." She proudly continued, "We

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have achieved what Dick started."

As the company prepares to celebrate its fortieth anniversary with a 10-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House (May 4 to July 12), hopes and fears for the future are expressed on all sides. The key to the controversy is, of course, Baryshnikov. Is he qualified to lead the American Ballet Theatre into a future as artistically fruitful as its past, true to the visions of Pleasant and Chase? Why was he appointed to the post of director?

He was chosen, obviously, because his name is Mikhail Baryshnikov. That name has become almost a household word in America; it could well draw essential funds to the company, not to mention box-office take (although Baryshnikov is not dancing with ABT at the Met this season, he will perform in the fall). His dance credentials are unassailable. Are his administrative credentials equally impressive?

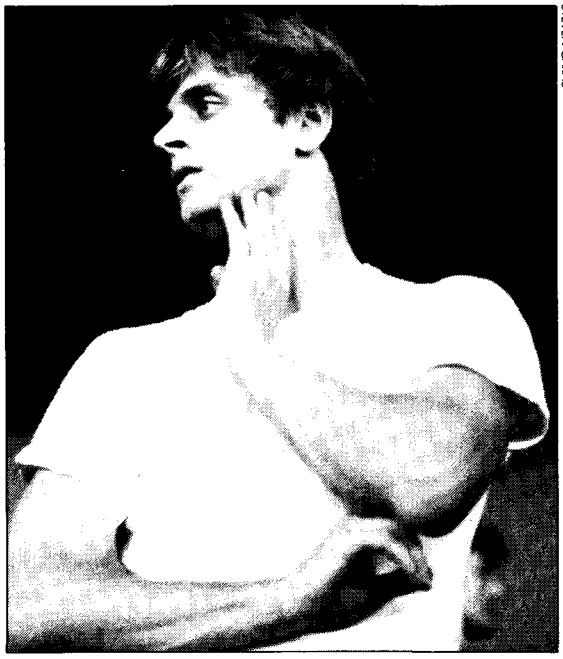
Donald Kendall, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of PepsiCo, Inc., is not only a successful businessman but also a generous and energetic supporter of the arts; he serves as chairman of the board of governing trustees of the Ballet Theatre Foundation, the corporate entity that administers the business affairs of the company and that selected Baryshnikov as the next director. According to Kendall, Baryshnikov "has already given the world the genius of his dancing, and he will now have the opportunity to lead his great company into the decade of the Eighties and beyond with his unique qualifications. Someone like him comes along once in a lifetime."

Kendall lauds Chase for her past accomplishments: "I don't think it possible to praise Lucia enough for what she's done. She *was* Ballet Theatre." He went on to say, however, that he would call for "better management" and that "in the future there will be no more short-range planning" for funding and management. For Kendall, the future of the company can best be guided by Baryshnikov. "I think Misha has found his home and his future. He can dance, choreograph, direct, foster talent, train dancers."

Others do not agree. Oliver Smith, the company's codirector with Chase, fears that under its new management "artistic supervision will replace artistic creativity.

"The American Ballet Theatre as we have known it for 40 years will cease to exist," he says. "With the new direction, the company will go through a drastic change. I am very concerned about the future of American choreographers and composers with respect to Ballet Theatre's incoming management. I wish the new direction well, but I have my fears.

"Under Misha," he continued, "there is certain to be an emphasis on the classics. We have always offered the classics, but our cornerstone has been contemporary ballets. A new full-length *Swan Lake* is planned. Does the company need one? Our present full-length *La Bayadère*, which Natalia Makarova just finished staging, cost $500,000, perhaps more. Should millions of dollars go to restoring the past?"



STEVEN CARAS

Baryshnikov—Can he nurture ABT's American spirit?

Smith then answered his own question, bringing up yet another sore spot rubbed raw by the change in the company's direction—the troupe's association with the Metropolitan Opera House, which, according to Donald Kendall, will remain as a central "performing outlet" along with Kennedy Center. According to Smith, "Dollars will indeed have to refurbish the old Russian ballets if the goal is to sell 4,000 tickets per night at the Met. Only spectacle ballets can do that. But the Met and ABT could become so interrelated that Ballet Theatre would end up as a Met appendage. New works will suffer. If such a sad state comes to pass, I would buy some tickets for 19th-century ballet spectacles. But I wouldn't want to continue an association with the company. I can take just so much of great old dinosaurs."

Lucia Chase reports that she wants Smith to stay on the board of governing trustees with her, but Smith himself has some reservations. "Neither Lucia nor I has been consulted in any way whatsoever about the future of Ballet Theatre. That's the privilege of the new director and his staff; but I will not stay if I have nothing creative to do."

Other staff members are more optimistic. Nora Kaye, who recently served Chase and Smith as associate director (along with Anthony Tudor), says she is "pleased with the choice of Baryshnikov." She had been associated with the young Russian previously when he starred in *The Turning Point*. Kaye is willing to continue as associate director, but only part time, since her present career is centered on her husband's projects.

Herman Krawitz, executive director of the company, has been associated with such major Baryshnikov activities as the television special *The Nutcracker*, the packaging of a related *Nutcracker* record album, and the most recent TV special, *Baryshnikov on Broadway* (with Liza Minnelli). Krawitz is highly praised by PepsiCo's Kendall for his fund-raising and management abilities—and indeed, he did succeed in garnering donations two seasons ago when ABT was on the financial brink. Krawitz is wholly supportive of Baryshnikov. He particularly wants to dispel rumors that Baryshnikov wishes to do away with Tudor and de Mille areas of repertory. "We will maintain ABT's roots while improving the classical level of the company."

Charles France, director of press and public relations for ABT, has been associated with the company for nine years. He edited the text and wrote the foreword of *Baryshnikov at Work*, a book published in 1976. "Misha has asked me to join his artistic staff," says France. "I don't know what duties he has in mind for me but they will be mainly helping in matters of coordination." Others believe he will be a major influence on Baryshnikov; he already is a spokesman for the star.

Baryshnikov himself was reluctant to speak of his plans, stating he would rather not discuss projects and changes while Chase and Smith were still in charge. He did render some assurances: "I want to maintain the great roots of Ballet Theatre. It has always had a tradition of having an extraordinary repertory by varied choreographers, and that tradition must be maintained and nurtured—it's the soul of this company. But I hope to improve the level of classicism."

It is difficult to prepare any kind of article on ballet and not take note of the proliferation of rumors. And it is next to impossible when there is a Russian ballet contingent involved, although no one expects a return to the days when shoulder straps were cleverly sliced by a razor blade to the breaking point or when ground glass was discovered in toe shoes.

It was called the "Russian invasion" in 1941 when Ballet Theatre came under the management of the late Sol Hurok. Hurok quickly engaged Irina Baronova, the British-born Alicia Markova, and others. In ads and posters across the

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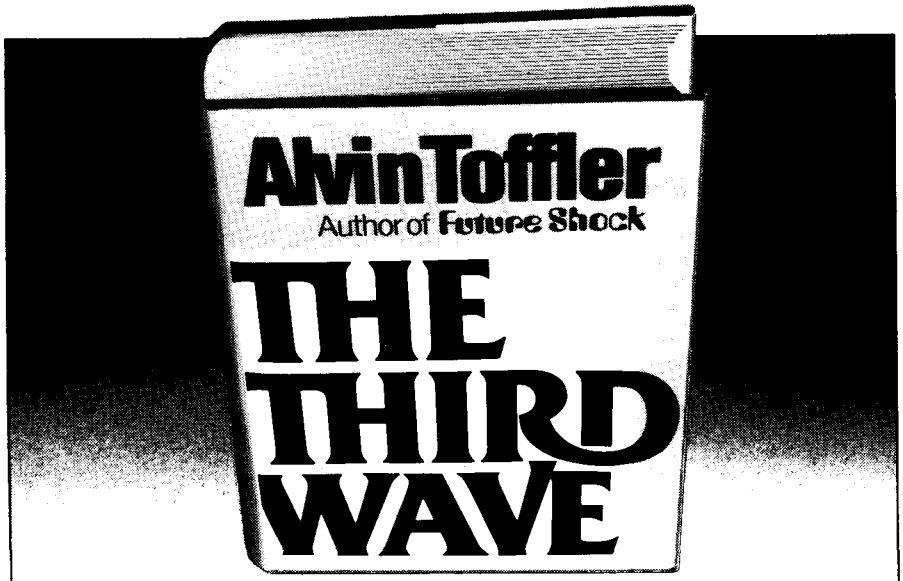

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country, he promised RUSSIAN BALLET, (in huge letters) accompanied by "Ballet Theatre" (in smaller print). The American-born Maria Karnilova, a charter member of Ballet Theatre and today a Broadway star, refers to that period, despite her own Russian heritage, as "that Russian takeover" and adds, "My God! Those Russians made such a muddle of our lives and of the company."

Certainly many of today's Ballet Theatre dancers are as worried by the incoming Russian-oriented regime as were their artistic forebears in the Ballet Theatre of 38 years ago. Among the dancers informed that their contracts would not be renewed is Kirk Peterson, who rose from corps de ballet rank through demi-soloist and soloist to principal dancer within this company. In recent seasons Peterson has danced leading roles that Baryshnikov himself performs. There are others who will also leave.

Cynthia Gregory, the company's American prima ballerina and a star of world prestige, has had troubles in the past with respect to what she felt was ABT's preferential treatment of foreigners. The most recent problem was over the new production of *La Bayadère*, in which she was to appear with Makarova. But Makarova had done the staging herself, and the Russian, sitting in the catbird seat, did not want the American in her ballet. So no *Bayadère* for Gregory, who will dance other ballets.

This is not to say that the Russians themselves have been left untouched by the change in leadership. Indeed, one dancer remarked, "Even the Russians in this company are divided into camps. I've never seen such intrigues." Miss Makarova discounted rumors which had spread from New York to San Francisco that she had not been reengaged by her colleague from the Kirov Ballet. "I am happy with my place in the company," she says, "but it is true I will be doing more things outside. I have plans but I'm not ready to announce them."

Rumors, both on the grapevine and published, suggest that behind-the-scenes Russian emigrés will have a strong influence on Baryshnikov. Others say he is his own man.

Only the indomitable Lucia Chase seems completely nonplussed about the coming changes. She has firmly announced that she will not be forced out of the company under any circumstances, and reports that the stage crew recently presented her with one of their very own union-crew jackets with the name "Lucia" on the pocket of the blue satin front. "I was in costume for my role as the Queen in *Swan Lake* when they gave me this wonderful present. I was deeply touched. But I'm also practical—maybe in Ballet Theatre's future I'll be eligible for a job on the stage crew!"

—Walter Terry

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The Beat of a Difficult Drummer

David Bennent as Oskar—He seems more a self-centered sneak than a moral Geiger counter.

THERE'S SOMETHING quixotic in the attempt to refashion densely symbolic, visionary works of fiction into film, but it's a challenge many moviemakers seem powerless to resist. Such films can't really satisfy the people who loved the books the movies were based on; does anyone who responded to *Song of Solomon* or *One Hundred Years of Solitude* really long to see them translated into film? Books like these owe much of their power to the form which shapes them—a writer's unmistakable voice weaves the mundane and surreal into images that would lose much of their impact as pictures on a screen.

Volker Schlondorff's film adaptation of Gunter Grass's novel *The Tin Drum* (New World) underscores this dilemma, though it's as satisfactory a transplant as an earnest director's craftsmanship and fidelity could guarantee. Like its forebear this picaresque fable covers a wide span of time and travail (both personal and political) in impressive detail, pausing along the way to savor a host of engagingly macabre conceits. Yet the film *The Tin Drum* feels incomplete because the purpose behind this journey is so elusive on screen—all concerned seem to be weighted down by a lot of metaphoric baggage for which somebody mislaid the key. And when its portentous contents fitfully seep out, they don't provoke curiosity about the novel's thrust, but make you skeptical about Grass's intentions as presented here.

On the surface, at least, *The Tin Drum* resembles a host of movies emanating from Europe of late—*The Marriage of Maria Braun*, *French Provincial*, *The Kingdom of Naples*—in that it is a tragicomic chronicle of a family's endurance through several decades of turbulent European history. *The Tin Drum*'s distinguishing feature is Oskar, its idiosyncratic hero and narrator. Born in Polish-German Danzig in 1924, this precocious tot makes the decision of his life at age three, and refuses to grow. The child is repelled by the excesses of the adult world, exemplified by some mildly louche behavior of his putative father and ascetic uncle, his boorish legal father, and his sensuous mother, during a Sunday family gathering. Time passes, nazism encroaches, but Oskar stays pint-sized. Meanwhile, his sole diversion is a tin drum supplied by the local Jewish toymaker, and his one talent, the ability to emit a shriek that can shatter glass. A peek at his mother and uncle in *flagrante delicto* prompts him to climb the cathedral bell tower and sunder every pane in the municipality.

If an allegory is to stick, it's first got to be grounded in the personal and concrete. Yet for all the amorphous hints at Oskar's symbolic identity, the perversity of the character we actually see is too banal to make conjecture seem worth the trouble. With his jug ears, soybean milk complexion, and avid, soulless eyes, the eerily ageless creature impersonating Oskar resembles nothing so much as one of those tykes from a grade-B demon-possession flick. He comes across as a self-centered little sneak, though the child within us all is, I assume, supposed to be stirred by Oskar's willful integrity. Perhaps Oskar is meant to serve as a moral Geiger counter. If this is the case, our hero is something of a hypocrite, since he is all too eager to partake of the carnal himself once puberty invades his diminutive form. Yet considering the epoch in which the film is set, there's clearly another, more resonant function in store for this character. Around the time Oskar's insistent tom-tom disrupted a mini-Nuremberg rally, it began to dawn on me. He's no less than the capricious Conscience of Germany. (A few other hints: The movie's resident humanists, Oskar's uncle and the melancholy toy merchant, have the highest tolerance for both the dwarf and his little instrument, and Oskar, while presiding over the funeral of his Nazi father at the war's end, actually begins to grow again for the first time in 20 years.) Earlier, Oskar has casually betrayed Daddy to the Russian "liberators" rampaging through the family cellar, by which point I had already decided that if this be conscience, I'll take id.

Oskar aside, *The Tin Drum* seems ever more shallow as it strains for the mythic. There's a long central passage devoted to Oskar's mother and her refusal to eat eels fished out of a horse's head found on the beach; her obstinacy turns to a greedy obsession to sample anything slimy and scaly, which leads in turn to her death. On a simple narrative level, this is arbitrary at best, and in the higher significance department it is exceedingly coy. Beyond its hero-as-national-microcosm routine, this *Tin Drum* apparently subscribes to the school of highbrow fiction and low-grade Freudianism that defines Woman as Womb, categorized either as "indomitable life force" (Oskar's grandma, seen lifting her capacious skirts to hide and comfort three generations of mankind)or as "unconfined libido" (his mother. and the lubricious teenager who succeeds her at Father's shop counter and in bed). Schlondorff's images—the peasant matriarch crouched in a field, munching scorched potatoes and staring into space and the future—often have an emblematic power if you can resist analyzing their meaning, while the cast from Mario Adorf (the father) to Charles Aznavour (the doomed Jew) tries with some success to give human juice to all these walking archetypes. Yet the heavy-breathing obliqueness they're forced to serve turns *The Tin Drum* into a ponderous nugget of whimsy.

—Stephen Harvey

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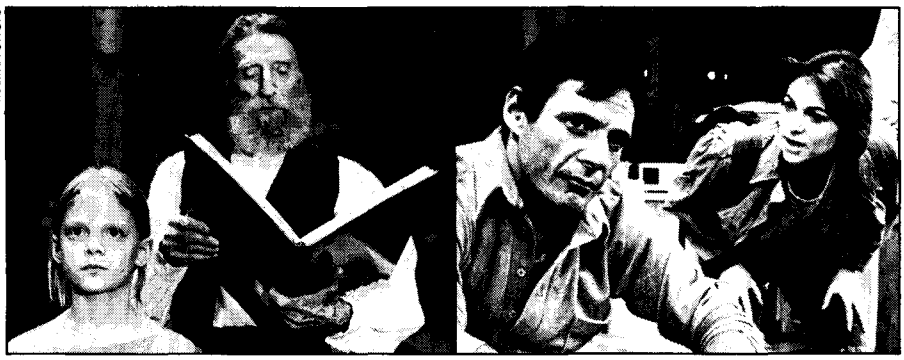
MARTHA SWOPE

Martha Plimpton, Zvee Scooler in The Hagaddah*; Leibman, Manoff in Neil Simon's latest.*

WHY IS THIS NIGHT different from all other nights?" It's the first question asked by the youngest son at the seder table in the home of a Jewish family on the first night of Passover. He reads it from a service called the Haggadah. And why is *The Haggadah* different from all other musical shows? Except those by Elizabeth Swados? Because, like most of her shows—*Nightclub Cantata, The Incredible Feeling Show*, and more—it's a work of irresistible imagination, theatrical nativity, warm feeling, and true originality. The flight of her inspiration, never higher than it was in her collaboration with Andrei Serban on *The Trojan Women*, soars beautifully this time.

Swados calls this piece "A Passover Cantata." The word haggadah comes from the Hebrew *higgidh*, "to tell," and here she retells the story of the liberation from Egypt. ("This night" is "different" to celebrate anew that liberation.) The bondage, the plagues, the crossing of the Red Sea, the wandering in the wilderness, the arrival in the Promised Land—all these Swados, who also directed, has dramatized with ethnically mixed singing actors, with dance, mime, narration, and puppets, all accompanied, all exalted, by her music.

She hasn't stuck closely to the text of the Haggadah: She interweaves bits of the Old Testament, bits of Elie Wiesel and others. This is part of a threefold process. She started with the original; she let her response to it jet-propel her into cognate materials; and she assembled it all in honor of the original. The result is a rich fantasia on one of the world's great exemplary stories, untainted by too-perfect sufferers, ending in the proclamation of a key codex of our ethos, the Ten Commandments.

The superb masks and puppetry are by a magician named Julie Taymor, who also designed the scenic pieces, wooden and sculptural, at both ends of the hall in which the show is performed. (The one sag in the piece, a gathering of old Jews around a table in eastern Europe, is redeemed because all the old men are wonderful Taymor puppets.) Swados insists in the program that her cast of 19, her musicians, and others, contributed conceptually to the event. Why shouldn't we believe her? Still it's noteworthy that her collaborators contribute well when they work with Swados.

She uses some traditional Jewish music and some that sounds like it, but the score is built on jazz and rock. This is her honesty. Verdi didn't try to go ecclesiastical when he wrote his Requiem; it sounds much of the time like great opera. Swados, who deserves this gigantic comparison at least in method, doesn't desert the contemporary idioms she loves just because she's deeply serious. For the rest of my life, when I read the lines "By the waters of Babylon, there I sat down and wept," I'll hear a rock beat behind them with strong accents on "sat" and "wept."

The central figure is the boy Moses. He moves through the whole piece right to the Promised Land—played by a winning nine-year-old named Craig Chang, who seems fluent in Hebrew. (A lot of Hebrew in the text and some Yiddish, sufficiently translated.) The musicians are led by the keyboard artist Judith Fleisher, a fixture of Swados shows.

By the time this appears, *The Haggadah* will probably have finished its run in LuEsther Hall at the Public Theater, but work of this quality can't be ignored. Anyway that was only its first run, I hope. Besides the fact that it ought to be recorded, it ought to be revived every spring. It does more, unpretentiously, for Passover than Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* does for Christmas.

Neil Simon's new comedy, *"I Ought to Be in Pictures"* (complete with unexplained quotation marks), is about a fading Hollywood writer of films and TV, visited unexpectedly by his Brooklyn daughter of 19 whom he hasn't seen since she was three when he left her mother. That sentence really *is* what it's about. Unlike plays of merit, this one is not about anything more than its plot gimmick. I can add that the daughter, without beauty or experience, arbitrarily decided to hitchhike across the continent to ask Dad to launch her acting career; that she arbitrarily decides to return to Brooklyn and her divorced mother; but none of that matters intrinsically. Simon just plunks her into a situation—as in "situation-comedy"—and whisks her off when the script is long enough. He makes some last-minute attempts to foist character changes on the two of them, but the encounter doesn't genuinely affect them in any significant way. They're just thrown together a while, for hilarity and heart tugs, and they're parted.

If an engaging actor had played the writer—say a younger Sam Levene—it might have helped. Not Ron Leibman. He has dramatic ability, as shown in the film *Norma Rae*, but he's short on comedy and shorter still on charm. He may be aware of this; he exaggerates the man's slovenliness of manner and mind, possibly hoping to substitute casualness for appeal. On the other hand, Dinah Manoff, the daughter, starts out unattractively and, within a small orbit, develops some reality. On the third hand, Joyce Van Patten plays a third-hand part, the writer's divorcée girl friend; but she cuts it professionally out of professional stock. Herbert Ross, a director of demonstrated deftness, doesn't seem here to have been overwhelmed with enthusiasm for his job.

Economic Note: For a long time now, plays in one set, like this one, have been the general rule to keep expenses down. But a play by Neil Simon with only three characters? If the gold-plated Simon wrote it that way to cut costs—and the show certainly could have used some incidental characters to fatten up the action—then it's even tougher times in the theater than we thought.

—Stanley Kauffmann

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Conductor Conundrum

LIKE MANY classic conundrums, the riddle of succession among music directors of American symphony orchestras doesn't go away. It just takes different forms in different places at different times.

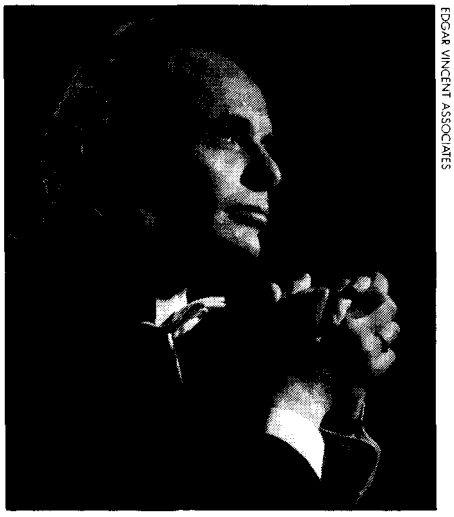
Now, for example, two prominent European organizations have come to America for solutions to their problems, which is the reverse of what American symphonic orchestras have been doing recently (*SR* September 21, 1980). And, as both of these transatlantic arrangements involve a mix of symphony with opera, the examples of Lorin Maazel and Dennis Russell Davies—supplemented by the work of such young conductors as John Nelson and Brian Salesky—could serve to institute a pattern new to conductors in this country.

Lorin Maazel has decided to give up his position as music director of the Cleveland Orchestra in 1982—after a mere decade as successor to George Szell, who died in 1970. Maazel has, doubtless after profound soul searching, accepted an offer to become artistic director and, of course, chief conductor of the Vienna State Opera. He will join them on September 1, 1982.

Maazel has not lost interest in the orchestra he has worked mightily to sustain at the level achieved by Szell. In his deepest heart, Maazel is as much an opera man as he is a symphony man: He could not refuse such an offer, especially as it includes work with the Vienna Philharmonic.

Maazel was music director of the Deutsche Oper, in Berlin, from 1965 to 1971 (when he left to come to Cleveland). Thus his place of prominence on the European musical scene relates as much to his abilities as an opera director as it does to his work in the concert hall. This is in keeping with a European tradition as old as the association of the great Arthur Nikisch with Leipzig's opera, before he came to the Boston Symphony, in 1889, and as current as the position of Sir Colin Davis, music director of London's Covent Garden, who is also principal guest conductor of the same Boston Symphony.

Is there any precedent here for what could be a new hope for young American conductors? Just about the time that Vienna's interest in a new director turned to America and Maazel, the administration of the opera in Stuttgart, Germany, decided to put its future into



EDGAR VINCENT ASSOCIATES

Maazel—Now he'll be an opera man, too.

the hands of American-born Dennis Russell Davies, who has been director of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in Minnesota since 1972. What sort of man is he?

This past March, on a visit with the orchestra to New York, Davies presented two programs descriptive of his interests. One bracketed Mozart's *Requiem* with the seldom-heard incidental music to his *Thamos, King of Egypt* (a Salzburg product of 1779). The other brought together works of such 20th-century Americans as Lou Harrison, Colin McPhee, Alan Hovhaness, and Peggy Glanville-Hicks, with an appearance by jazz pianist Keith Jarrett. When he makes his formal farewell in St. Paul this May, Davies will conduct a world premiere of a work by Sydney Hodkinson, along with oddities of Saint-Saëns and Vivaldi, in a mini-festival that will include works of Charles Ives and Alicia de Larrocha playing Mozart.

A native of Toledo, Ohio, Davies is a model of industry and ingenuity. He was conducting an orchestra in Norwalk, Connecticut, even before he received his doctorate at the Juilliard School. In practically no time, he was in the pit of the Santa Fe (New Mexico) Opera, leading the world premiere of Luciano Berio's *Opera*, and he has had a prominent part in such Lincoln Center series as the American Composers Orchestra and New and Newer Music.

It was the latter that led him to Stuttgart, by way of an association with the prominent German-born contemporary composer, Hans Werner Henze. When they parted, Henze said, "We will work together again." To his surprise, Davies received an invitation several months later from Henze, suggesting that they collaborate on a cyclical presentation of Henze's stage works, in Stuttgart. This began in 1976, and from it emerged Davies's most noteworthy opportunity to date: as conductor of Richard Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*, which opened the Bayreuth Festival of 1978. Davies's continued association with Stuttgart culminated with an offer to succeed Silvio Varviso as *Generalmusikdirektor*.

The board of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra has decided, perhaps wisely, to follow the singular Davies with nothing comparable. They have opted for the services of the outstanding Israeli-born violinist Pinchas Zukerman (a contemporary of Davies at Juilliard), who clearly cherishes a career as a conductor. St. Paul, actually, will be getting quadruple service for the considerable money it is reputed to be paying Zukerman: He is a highly esteemed violist; his wife, Eugenia, is an outstanding flutist; and both have recording contracts.

Maazel and Davies moved from symphony to opera; John Nelson and Brian Salesky are, on a smaller scale, moving from opera to symphony. One of the brightest events of late winter music-making in New York was a remarkably well-organized performance of Gustav Mahler's massive *Resurrection* Symphony (No. 2) under the direction of John Nelson, with the Indianapolis Symphony, of which he became music director in 1977. He made his substantial talent known a short while before when he took over the performances at the Met of Hector Berlioz's *Les Troyens* that Rafael Kubelik was unable to conduct. Nelson then decided that he would change course and go the symphonic route (Louisville, Indianapolis).

During the same week, the inability of Sarah Caldwell to conduct Verdi's *Falstaff* at the New York City Opera provided an opportunity for young Brian Salesky (a product of New York's High School of Performing Arts) to show an excellent command of Verdi's most difficult symphonic opera, which he had demonstrated at Spoleto on behalf of Gian Carlo Menotti.

What about James Levine and the Metropolitan, of which he is music director? That is another subject, for forthcoming consideration.—**Irving Kolodin**

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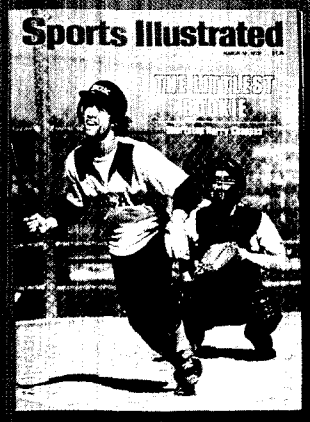

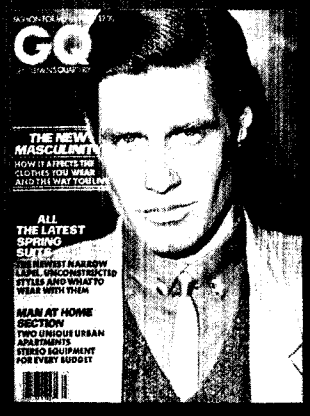
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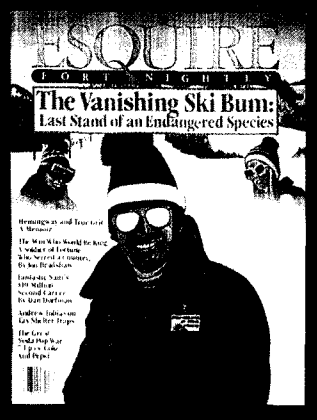

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THE UNEXPLORED AMERICAS

These places have, of course, been explored—but here are lands that have not been overworked by travel agents, travelers, trippers, and assorted holiday people. Stretching, as these essays do, from Labrador clear to the tip of South America, they are bound to evoke wanderlust for any soul eager to move tangentially from the main trail. Here are notions for getting as far away from it all as possible without holing up in Tibet.—H.S.

Getting to Gitche Gumee

by Patricia Brooks

TO THINK, when I was growing up in Minneapolis I was just 200 miles from "the shores of Gitche Gumee" and never even knew it.

Longfellow's poem about Hiawatha seemed so exotically remote, it would have surprised me to learn that Gitche Gumee was the Chippewa name for Lake Superior. It would also have surprised me to discover that "Chippewa" was the way early French traders translated Ojibway, which was the *real* name of the Indians who lived alongside Gitche Gumee, ah, Lake Superior. (Ojibway pronounced Chippewa makes as much sense as the joke about Iowa being pronounced "Ohio.")

In any case, with water, water everywhere, I doubt I would have been tempted that far north in the late 1940s. Minneapolitans in those days were rather blasé about lakes and wilderness.

Times have changed. Wilderness has become more prized, less taken for granted—even by water-and-woods-rich Minnesotans. For those who live in the high-density population area of the Northeast, wilderness is a sacred trust.

That may have been on John F. Kennedy's mind when, during the 1960 presidential campaign, he flew over Lake Superior and spotted the richly forested Apostle Islands, clusters of dark pine in the "shining big-sea-water." According to local lore, he remarked on the resemblance to his native New England and promised to have the area designated a National Lakeshore.

It took 10 years, but it finally happened in 1970. Now 20 of the 22 islands that comprise the Apostles, along with 12 miles of mainland shoreline, are protected turf under National Park Service supervision—free from commercial development or exploitation. The other two

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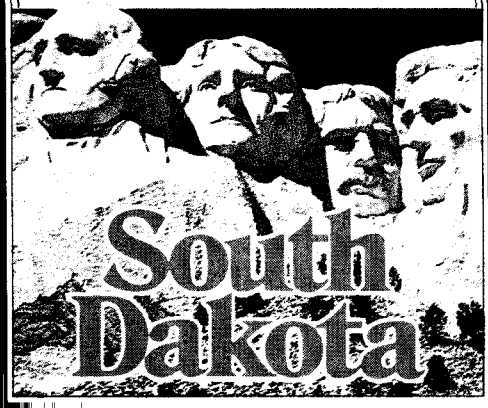

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islands—Madeline and Long—are close to shore and have been most developed through the years. "Developed" is a relative term. By East Coast standards, even these two islands appear unspoiled.

Considering that Lake Superior is bordered by three states—Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan—it seems incredible that these wooded islands, which occupy some 600 square miles in the lake, could be so untouched. Weather no doubt has a lot to do with it. Winter temperatures routinely reach 22 degrees *below* zero. While the summers are halcyonly sunny, with the low 80s the norm, Superior's deep and dangerous waters remain chilly even on the hottest days of summer. Think northern Maine and you'll have a good picture of the water temperature.

This doesn't mean there isn't a lot to do in the National Lakeshore area. The fishing is tremendous in Superior. Largest of the Great Lakes, it is also supposedly the cleanest, and rainbow trout, Coho salmon, northern pike, brown and brook trout are all there for the hooking.

Sailing and power boating are also popular pastimes. To reach the Apostle Islands, many people drive through Wisconsin to its northernmost point, then charter a boat at Bayfield. But there are even more who reach the islands by water, coming over from Duluth, Minnesota; or Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Many intrepids even sail up from Chicago. If you charter a Piper Cub or other small plane and fly from Sault Ste. Marie over Superior to Ashland, just a few miles from Bayfield around Chequamegon Bay, swooping low over the water, you get a wide-angle view of how rugged and remote the Apostles are. Pines and more pines are what the eye sees. Few roads, few trails, very little sign of human habitation.

If you're really serious about "getting away from it all," here it is possible. There are designated camp sites on four of the islands—York, Sand, Rocky, and South Twin. On 11 others there is backcountry camping, but you are really on your own. There is no ranger in residence. A word to the squeamish: There are no poisonous snakes, few other snakes on the islands or in the Bayfield Peninsula, so camping and hiking are virtually trouble-free. However, if you plan such a trip for July and August, take along insect repellent. Those kids wearing T-shirts that proclaim the mosquito as the state bird of Wisconsin know what they're talking about.

Most of the wild life you will encounter on the islands are small mammals such as beavers and rabbits. But occasionally you might spot a deer and even more occasionally a black bear. Rangers at the National Park Service in Bayfield, where you get your island camping permit (free), warn you to bear-proof your

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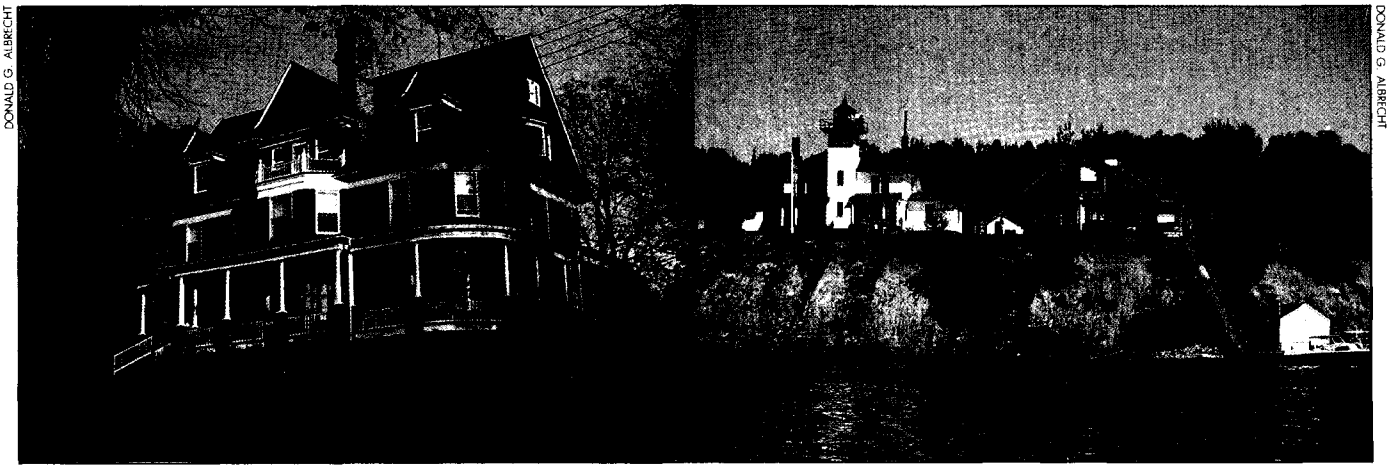

Bayfield's Rittenhouse Inn— "It is bravely open all year." *Raspberry Island Lighthouse— "Gunkholing is the name of the game."*

food by keeping it tied in plastic hunkered up in a tree.

You are more likely to net a harvest of birds, so binoculars are a good packable item. Last bird count listed 200 species. Most common are the loons, who really whoop it up crazily over the water, several kinds of gulls, hawks, owls, and warblers. Get up at dawn and you'll catch the shy blue heron near the shore. (At Eagle Island there is a Great Blue Heron rookery, the only one within the Lakeshore.) You'll know he is in the vicinity by the large forked prints in the sand. At night, lying under the stars in your sleeping bag, you'll hear the owls. And the frogs in concert.

Night has a certain magic in the islands. The air is so clear the stars seem to pop out of the sky. If your timing is right, you might see the northern lights, aurora borealis, a phenomenon visible in this crisp northern sky on occasional summer nights. "A nocturnal rainbow," a friend called it. "It's like someone left the lights on in Norway," a boat captain said. The long-fingered whiteness is eerie, no matter what you call it.

It is possible to plan a camping trip to one of the Apostle Islands without chartering a boat to get there. Just board the boat of the Apostle Islands Cruise Service that makes half-day excursions from Bayfield, and hop off at Raspberry, Outer, or any of the points along the way where the boat stops.

To many visitors, boating is what makes the islands so intriguing, and gunkholing, or island hopping by boat, is the name of the vacation game. "We hit a cove a night," one determined sailor told me. Experienced sailors find the gunkholing a challenge, but not a threat. There are several danger points; Manitou and Michigan islands have submerged rocks that could play havoc with the unknowing, but most sailors who venture forth on big, deep Gitche Gumee know what they are about. There is usually ample warning of any upcoming squall, and the U.S. Coast Guard is credited with vigilance and helpful alerts. Five of the islands have lighthouses, with their own automated alert systems.

You can charter various-size cabin cruisers through the Superior Charters Inc., in Bayfield. Last summer a gleaming, well-maintained 33-footer, sleeping six, rented for $160 a day. The going rate was $110 for a 27-footer to $280 for a magnificent 40-footer. Prices are expected to be a bit higher this year, so what else is new?

All we had to bring were sleeping bags, linens, and food. Even these are available at Bayfield, a small town that seems to have thought of everything a voyager needs. Wilderness may begin at the water's edge, but ashore it's all civility. You can even arrange for catered dinners for a two-day cruise. At $4.95 per meal, you would have the likes of Cornish game hens stuffed with rice.

Consider making arrangements to hire a captain with your boat if you aren't sure of your sea legs or your steady hand at the tiller. Superior isn't the ocean, but it has its tricks. Our captain was a moonlighting math teacher at a small Minnesota college, a pleasant, laconic man who loved to be on the water.

Even a short cruise around the islands and the Bayfield Peninsula (part of which itself constitutes National Lakeshore) yields vivid scenic dividends. Aside from sleeping on the deck under the stars, anchoring in coves, and swimming ashore to hunt blueberries and raspberries, you will be treated to a changing landscape and seascape. You will pass dramatic red cliffs along the shore near the Red Cliff Indian Reservation. At Devil's Island you can row ashore in a dinghy to explore the caves at the water line. At Bear Island you'll see (and maybe photograph) unusual rock formations. Eagle, Gull, and North Twin are the protected wildlife sanctuaries.

The most popular boat-chartering season is from Memorial Day to Labor Day, but our skipper, Gene Campbell, vowed September to be the most idyllic sailing month. Rentals are cheaper then too, by 25 percent. Actually, if you want to visit the islands in the *real* off-season, go in winter. A few hardy souls do—those who enjoy snowmobiling, ice fishing, snow-

Rocky Island dock— "Get up at dawn and catch the shy blue heron near the shore."

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shoeing, and skiing at temperatures *this fireplace-hugger doesn't even like to think about.*

While Bayfield may seem like the boonies to big city slickers, it has a number of amenities worth exploring. An old (1890) Victorian house on a hilltop is now the charming Rittenhouse Inn, with *fin de siècle* rooms, period dining rooms with fireplaces, and a cook whose menu speaks French, and not bad French at that. It is bravely open all year and does a lively business, it seems, during the Apple Festival (the first weekend of October) and throughout the foliage-viewing season. The enthusiastic young owners, Mary and Jerry Phillips, even offer wassail dinners in mid-December. (That's when Bayfield's population has shrunk from 3,000 to 850.)

Another inn, the more modern Bayfield Inn, is right near the water, with scenic summery views. Like most things in Bayfield, even the antiques in the shops that line the main street, prices are low by big-city standards. I still cherish the memory of a heaping double bowl of fresh-picked raspberries, with a side pitcher of fresh cream, for $1.25.

Just a short boat ride from Bayfield is Madeline, an Apostle that isn't part of the National Lakeshore. A small museum at the village of La Pointe gives some graphic history of the islands, of the earliest times when the Ojibways (Chippewas) abandoned Madeline, believing it haunted by ghosts of their dead children, and of the French traders who trapped on the islands and made La Pointe a thriving settlement before George Washington was born. You will also discover that it was probably Jesuits who named the island chain Apostles, though the individual island names are as cryptic to local residents as to visitors. Madeline, for instance, is believed to have been named for an Indian maiden who was baptized and married a French trader and took the name Madeline. No one knows for sure.

That being so, I think I'll go back to the Ojibway name for the island: Moningwunakauning Miniss, which translates into "The Island of the Golden Breasted Woodpecker." That beats Madeline. It also happens to be true.

For information about the Apostle Islands, write to: Superintendent, Apostle Islands National Lakeshore, Old Courthouse Building, Box 729, Bayfield, Wisconsin 54814. Telephone: (715) 779-3397. For information about boat charters: Apostle Islands Cruise Service, Box 691, Bayfield, Wisconsin 54814. Telephone: (715) 779-3925.

Patricia Brooks's newest book is Best Restaurants of New England.

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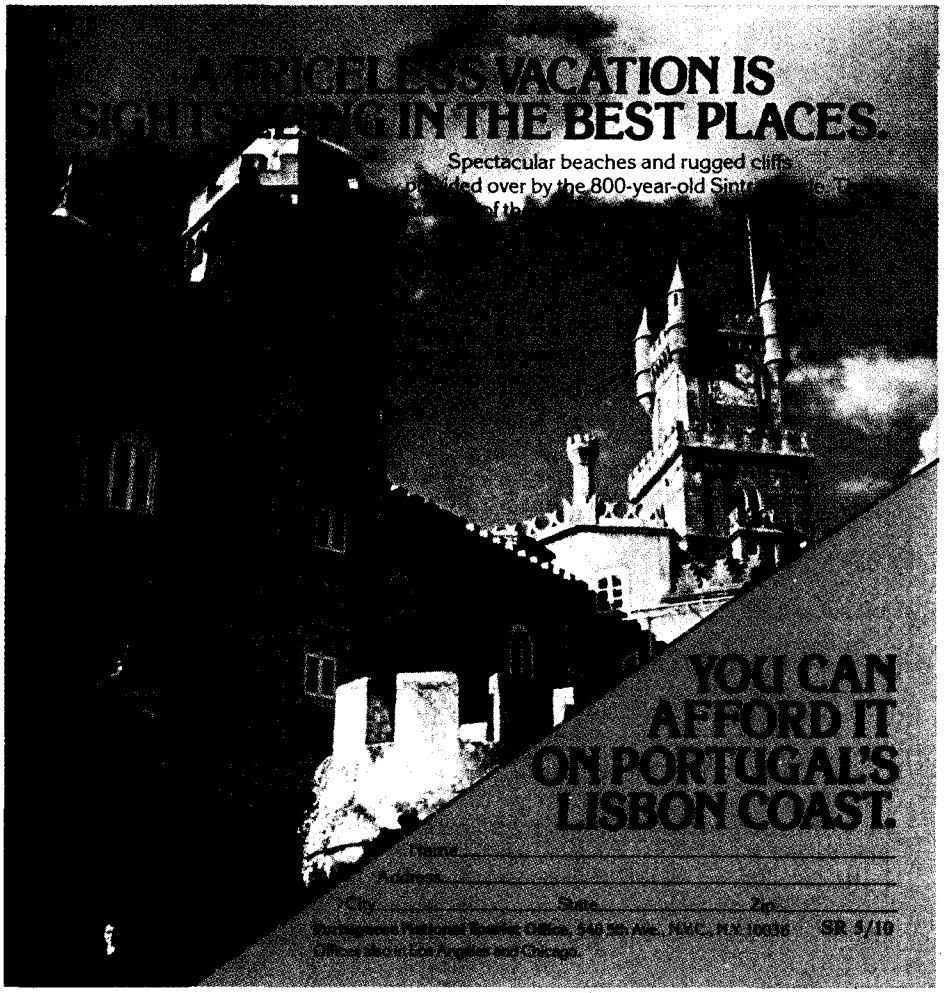

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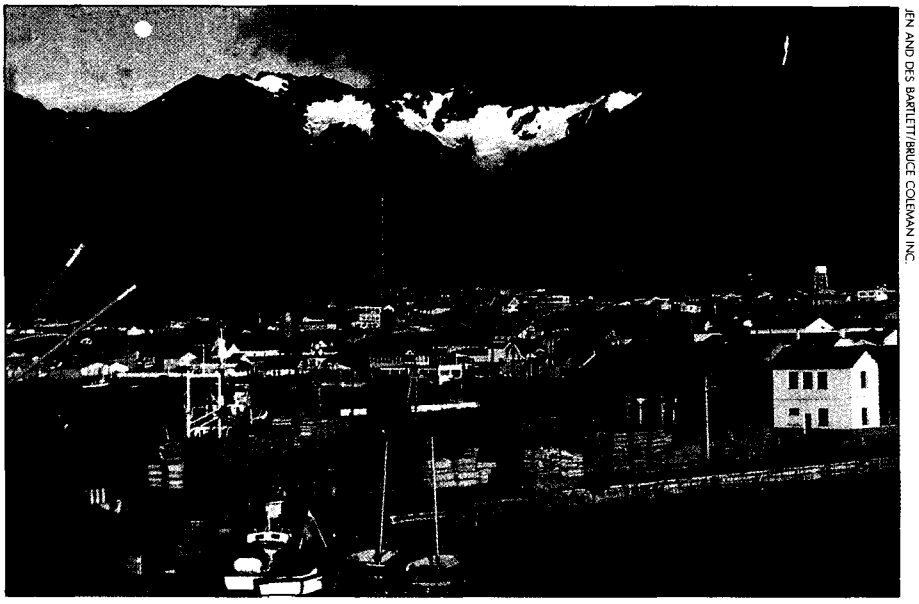
A Few Days in Fire Land

by Carla Hunt



JEN AND DES BARTLETT/BRUCE COLEMAN INC.

Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego— "It has the atmosphere of the early American West."

THERE IS A bond of discovery between a navigator and a naturalist who, three centuries apart, sailed to the bottom of South America introducing the world to Tierra del Fuego.

In 1520, Ferdinand Magellan steered his tiny armada through the inland strait from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific and described a land that was "forbidding, stark with eternal snow and cold." In place of Indian bonfires that then lined its shores, there are now occasional clusters of oil-well flares. But little else has changed in the north of the region Magellan named Tierra del Fuego, "Land of Fire."

During the epic voyage of the HMS *Beagle* in 1834, Charles Darwin wrote that the magnificent scenery of the island's south coast was spellbinding, yet he found the area to be "one of the most inhospitable within the limits of the globe." While snowy mountains, dazzling glaciers, and somber forests cover a wilderness as formidable as ever, hospitality is a byword of survival among people who did settle this lonely frontier. For them Tierra del Fuego is home.

Home is apt to center around the ranch house of any of the dozens of *estancias* that have spread out across the windy prairie lands and whose acreage may include mountains, wooded hills, chains of lakes, and even some Channel Islands. It is a glorious domain, but the reason for settlement here—600 miles from Antarctica and 2,400 miles from the South Pole—is of course economic not scenic, and the profit-product is sheep that outnumber settlers some 60 to one. A modest flock of 6,000 head will yield 60,000 pounds of thick fleece that ranks among the world's finest, and on the largest *estancia*—a quarter million-acre tract—there are approximately 80,000 sheep.

With its 19th-century gold rush, mid-20th-century oil strikes, and an icy terrain, you can't help drawing parallels between Tierra del Fuego and Alaska. But one thing that Fire Land has not got—and gives no indication of missing—is any significant influx of tourists. Although there are several cruises that round South America through the historic Magellan Strait and a few charter ships that depart from the Beagle Channel for whale-watching trips to Antarctica, the scene is a far cry from our summer rush to Glacier Bay. There is little literature to whet one's appetite to see Tierra del Fuego and even less land or air transport to encourage anyone to try. In fact, my first visit was purely accidental and the 10-hour flight from Buenos Aires to the island's capital of Ushuaia was the result of one wonderfully lucky error.

One day, at 5 AM to be precise, I presented my Visit Argentina ticket at the airport check-in counter for the two-hour flight to tropical Iguassu Falls. When the boarding gate opened, I sleepily followed the other passengers onto the only waiting plane. Once airborne, I only half-listened (as one does to a foreign language) to the flight announcement that began with those recognizable Spanish words for good morning and welcome aboard. It was the flight plan briefing that was a puzzlement; we would be stopping in Comodoro Rivadavia, Rio Gallegos, Rio Grande, and one or two other places, none of which I had ever heard of. Only the final destination, Ushuaia, rang a bell and the future looked chilly indeed. The captain, amused, let me ride to the end of the line, 1,500 miles south.

Ushuaia's fame rests on its geographical position as the world's most southern settlement large enough to be called a city. While the Fuegians produce such staples as fruits, vegetables, milk, and eggs locally, all other supplies come in by sea or air, and on the flights from Buenos Aires, cargo has the right of way. At each of our five stops, a row or two of seats would be removed to accommodate radio equipment, oil rig parts, truck batteries, and such, and by the last leg, there were as many bags of flour and sugar on board as there were passengers. By mid-afternoon the aircraft cabin looked like the company store, but beyond the plane's wings, there was nothing I had ever seen to match the flightseeing vistas: jagged mountain peaks, glaciers, fjords, countless sparkling lakes, silver ribbons of rivers, blankets of black forest. A final swing over the Atlantic brought us in over the Channel Islands and south of the Andean chain that shelters the port of Ushuaia and the land west to the Chilean half of Tierra del Fuego.

Even Ushuaia is fun and a pleasant surprise, although its physical size and population stretch any definition of a city. The town has the atmosphere of the early American West and the design of a western movie set that has been moved to a bleak waterfront location with a snow-capped mountain backdrop. While protected from the savage snow storms that sweep the interior, Ushuaia is windy and damp most of the year. Touches of visual warmth are provided by the houses painted in Caribbean shades of turquoise, pink, and yellow and by small front yards with flowerbeds of the most colorful and gigantic phlox I have ever seen. They are probably a credit to the English, who were the original settlers of Fuego, where even the British pound continued to be exchanged as the local currency until the 1930s.

Actually the land was opened up by one man, the missionary Thomas Bridges and his wife who came here in 1871 to make their home among the Indians and teach them Christian ways. While earlier missionaries were driven out or massacred by the native Yahgan tribe, Bridges mastered the language, adapted it to the phonetic alphabet, and produced a dictionary. It is one of the few

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records left of a people who died out from European diseases not aggression. But Tom Bridges stands deservedly tall in this land of legendary feats, and his grandchildren continue to run the Viamonte *estancia*, a gift from the government to this first missionary in recognition of his services. Great-grandson Thomas Goodall and his Ohio-born wife operate their own spread at the entrance to the Beagle Channel. Like many ranchers, they taxi to town and between *estancias* by plane.

Small planes also provide the best transport for sightseeing tours over the channel and north to beautiful Lake Fagnano, which lies horizontally across the middle of the island. In good weather, rented launches will take visitors to look for sea lions, whales, and dolphins in Lapataia Bay and along the shores of Tierra del Fuego National Park, the most southern of Argentina's 12 nature reserves. Within the 130,000-acre park, which begins eight miles west of Ushuaia, are splendid beech forests and waterfalls, trails and camp sites, and the remains of a Yahgan Indian settlement. The Ensenada Inlet off Beagle Bay is home to the king cormorant, the flightless steamer duck, the Magellanic oyster catcher, and a dozen other local species that bring joy to birdwatchers who journey this far south.

Darwin himself would certainly be pleased to find that the Beagle Channel has become the water route south for scientists departing for the research stations that now dot the Antarctic continent. There are teams from more than a dozen nations analyzing the origins of polar land and marine life, assessing its resources for future development. Work is concentrated into the months of the austral summer, and around the end of February the explorers start coming in from the cold to touch base with civilization on Tierra del Fuego Island.

The Albatross is the best and biggest hotel in Ushuaia, and because of the people who gather there, it is also about the most interesting spot in town. Many of the *estancia* families drop in for beer or tea during the February shearing season, a time when the main street can suddenly turn into a river of rolling raw wool as the sheep are herded to sheds near the harbor.

And on any one of those extra-long summer days, stop in the hotel during lunch or dinner when groups of meteorologists, seismologists, biologists, and glaciologists are trading icecap stories in a half-dozen tongues. Just close your eyes and you could be in the delegates' lounge at the United Nations, rather than in a Tierra del Fuego restaurant just 600 miles from Antarctica.

Carla Hunt is a freelance writer who has long favored South America.

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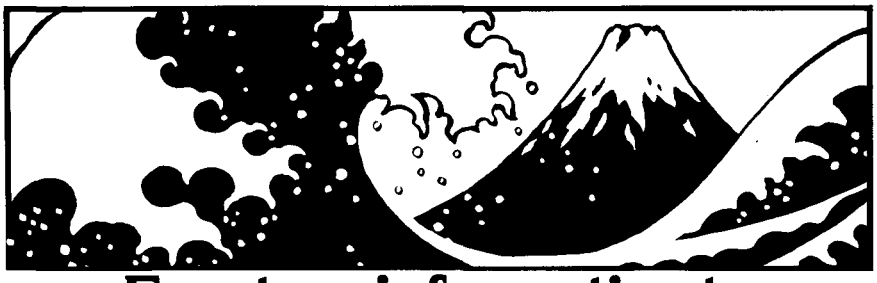

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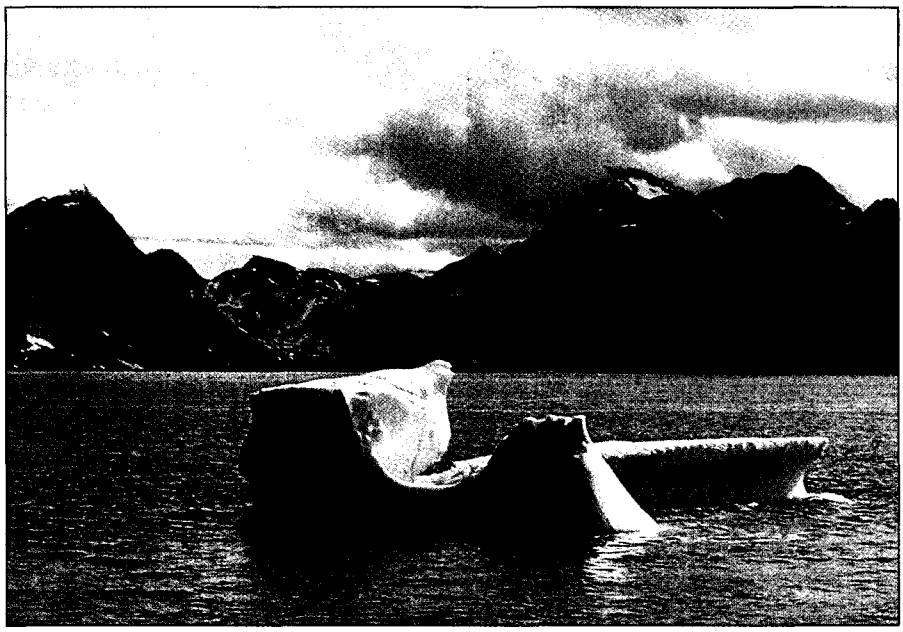
Lolling About Labrador

by Phyllis Méras



D. HUSTINS

An iceberg in Labrador—"A land where man is minuscule and nature monumental."

THIS IS A land where barrenness is beauty; where the terrain stretches and stretches. Sea and ice and sky stretch. Black mountains rise sheer from the sea. Labrador is a land where man is minuscule and nature monumental. This is the country of the black bear and the moose and the caribou, of salmon and Arctic charr. To live in Labrador, one must be strong, resourceful, self-sufficient. But one must also be something of a poet. Here, personal solace must come from the tumbling of a stream, the soughing of the balsams and the spruces, the dancing of the birches. The French explorer Jacques Cartier is said to have shuddered at Labrador's endless reaches and its rocks, and dubbed it "the land God gave to Cain." And a later legend recounts how God made the world in five days, Labrador on the sixth, and spent the seventh throwing rocks at it.

Here, adventure is not vicarious. The fisherman's small craft is tossed this way and that on the cold sea. Blizzards—white-outs they call them here—bring snow that swirls and thrashes and blinds, stinging lips and noses, and cabins disappear in the whiteness.

It is not unheard of to have temperatures plummet to 60 below Fahrenheit in this 112,000-square-mile triangle of land between Quebec and the Atlantic, across the Strait of Belle Isle from Newfoundland, the province of which it is a part. This is challenging country. Nature tests man and man responds.

No one is certain what white men came here first, but it is believed that the Vikings sailed the Labrador coast toward the end of the 10th century; that Leif Ericsson came, and that his brother Thorvald was struck by an Indian arrow and died at Hamilton Inlet. Sir Humphrey Gilbert arrived in the 16th century, giving England reason to lay claim to Newfoundland and Labrador.

The visitor to Labrador is quickly caught by the lure of the wild, the hardiness of the inhabitants, their devotion to their countryside. One may enter by rail from Quebec. The Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway from Sept-Iles, Quebec, carries cars as well as passengers to Labrador City. Then, with the permission of the Churchill Falls Labrador Corporation in Wabush, the car can travel to Esker, the starting point of the gravel road to Goose Bay. By air, one can fly to Goose Bay on Eastern Provincial Airways or Labrador Airways from a number of points. Canadian National Marine ferries cross the Strait of Belle Isle from St. Barbe, Newfoundland, to Blanc-Sablon, Quebec, thence by gravel road to the Labrador Straits. CN Marine ferries sail from Lewisporte, Newfoundland, to Goose Bay and points between.

Late last summer I chose to make the ferry journey from Lewisporte. Three ferries are assigned to the route, the 100-passenger *Tavener*, the *Petit Fort*, and the 260-passenger car-carrying *Sir Robert Bond*. The smaller vessels duck into the little fishing ports along the way—St. Mary's Harbor, Port Hope Simpson, Paradise River. The ships serve local residents along the east coast, but only from mid-June to mid-September. Unfortunately for travelers, space cannot be booked outside the province of Newfoundland. Some seasons ferries don't venture outside their winter berths until well past mid-June. Caution must be exercised in spring, for the Labrador current that flows south from the Arctic brings with it giant icebergs and dangerous drift ice. Canadian National is chary of starting service early in the spring.

But for city dwellers these very icebergs enhance the trip. We sailed at dusk from Lewisporte—a handful of tourists, some schoolteachers returning from their summer holidays, a bush pilot, a Royal Canadian mountie, and several fishermen. There are a limited number of cabins aboard the *Bond*, but it has a lounge with soft chairs for the two-night, day-and-a-half journey.

We awoke in the morning to blue skies gentled by cumulus clouds. There was a crispness in the air but, with the sun, no coats were necessary. There was no land in sight when we arose—only sea to watch—blue velvet with the sun's rays gleaming like rhinestones. Then, about lunchtime, there came a cry from a traveler peering through binoculars. Six miles off our port bow loomed an iceberg. The mountie, with the outdoorsman's keen eye, estimated its height at 100 feet, its length twice that. The height of the *Sir Robert Bond* is 60 feet, so, exquisite though the iceberg was to view—like a giant ice castle as it grew closer—we were glad of the distance.

We watched and photographed until this frosted hulk had drifted from sight, soon to be replaced by a pod of whales off the port bow. Spouts, rounded backs arching, tails disappearing.

On and off all day whales gamboled and icebergs passed in review. Betweentimes, the bush pilot told of ferrying Indian families from the shore into central Labrador in winter to trap and hunt, leaving them with two-way radios and food supplies. Note was made of their location so they could be picked up again in the spring.

Toward sunset of that one full day at sea, the *Sir Robert Bond* neared Cartwright, an approach studded with small fishing islands—the Spotted Islands, the Seal Islands, Indian Tickle (a "tickle" in Labrador parlance is any place where two rocks are so close together that a schooner in olden days had a tight squeeze getting through). White fishing sheds perch atop rocks.

The sky turned pink. Sandwich Bay blushed lavender as the *Bond* edged in to disembark passengers and welcome new ones. Because the ferry's draft is 18 feet, it must anchor an eighth of a mile offshore. Our ferry shuddered as she

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dropped anchor. Little outboards, their owners awaiting our arrival, were soon at the stern with Goose Bay-bound passengers to be helped up to the car deck.

The next morning before daylight we began our sail up Hamilton Inlet and Lake Melville to Goose Bay. By 11 AM, the *Sir Robert Bond* was at her dock disgorging cars and freight and passengers. Goose (as residents affectionately call it) is a community of small bungalows strung out along wide streets and roads. Vegetation is sparse and the ground flat and sandy. It and the adjoining residential community of Happy Valley are pioneer towns in spirit, with many structures jerrybuilt in World War II. The up-to-date Labrador Inn has a fine dining room; the older, frontier-style Hotel Goose is rich in atmosphere.

For the visitor, though, Goose makes a good base for exploring. A car may be left at Goose Bay and a cabin booked on the CN Marine vessel *Bonavista* that in summer heads north once a week on five-day trips. The prime mission of this 113-passenger vessel is to transport villagers. Nights at sea can be rowdy. *Bonavista* steams to such ports as the Moravian settlement of Makkovik, to Pentecostal Postville, to the Indian village of Davis Inlet, and finally on to the Eskimo settlement at Nain "at the end of civilization." Though there is 400 miles of coast beyond this point, there is no means of public access.

Sailing aboard *Bonavista*, intrepid journeyers may stop at shoreline communities and be picked up again on the vessel's return. Except in Nain, where there is a hotel with nine rooms, accommodations will be in simple private homes, not always with running water or plumbing. Those who do not stay overnight will have two or three hours in the Eskimo and Indian villages to shop for handicrafts.

For the city dweller, it is an adventure here simply to walk the endless beaches of golden sand along Lake Melville, the Mealy Mountains rising lavender above it. Fishermen's outboards, green and blue and white, bob at their moorings. The cry of the geese, the twittering calls of the songbirds, the lapping of waves on shore are lost only when an occasional jet roars by.

Labrador is most accessible to the outsider, tourist or fisherman, in July and August when the boats run. Salmon river fishing is renowned, and only the black flies are a deterrent. But the 33,000 to 40,000 genuine Labradorians—Indians and Eskimos included—all will say that a Labrador winter is the time that stirs the blood, moves the spirit—when nature, so clearly, is man's superior.

Phyllis Méras is travel editor of the Providence Journal.

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In the Way-Out Wilderness

by Pat Dickerman

OUTDOORSPERSONS WHO choose to explore the wilderness may have to put up with blistering sun or chilling cold; with drought or drenching rain; with bouncing, jostling, ducking, bruising, and assorted hazards. This species of vacationer is not a masochistic migrant. Wilderness people willingly endure some hardship in exchange for the sight of an isolated canyon, for viewing the world from a high peak, for mastering a difficult climb, for navigating turbulent water—all in all, for the satisfaction of achieving a goal that did not seem within reach.

For those who would forsake the soft down of a Hyatt or a Hilton for the outback here, just for starters, is a selection:

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Koyukuk River rafts— "On to Bettles."

Backpacking and Rafting in Alaska Exploring the trails in Alaska's Central Brooks Range—the Gates of the Arctic area—begins with a flight from Fairbanks to the outpost Eskimo village of Anaktuvuk Pass, at 4,000 feet elevation. From this point it's a 55-mile, six- to seven-day backpack across the Arctic Divide at Ernie Pass, through colorful tundra flowers and unusual miniature vegetation, to the Valley of Precipices and the Koyukuk River.

The choice here is to continue on to Bettles via bush plane or by rafting the Koyukuk for six or seven days, using prearranged heavy-duty Avon rafts. Trips are scheduled from June to September. The rate is $475 for the hike and flight to Bettles, or $650 for the combination backpack and raft trip. The flight to Anaktuvuk Pass is extra.

Two-Wheeling in the Canadian Rockies Cyclists insist the way to really see the Canadian Rockies is by bike. Averaging 40 miles a day through this mountainous terrain is a challenge, and should be tackled only if one is physically prepared for rigorous cycling and overnight camping. The rewards are the sight of mighty waterfalls and deep blue lakes, the glimpse of a bear or moose, a visit to the Columbia Icefield and Radium Hot Springs, a day of river

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CYCLE TOURS

Canadian Rockies by bike— "Rigorous."

rafting, and hearty campfire meals. The rate (bring your own bike and sleeping bag) is $270 for either a six- or 14-day camping trek. On the shorter trip, a support vehicle carries the gear through Banff, Jasper, Kootenay and Yoho National Parks; cyclists lug it on the longer and more isolated route.

Horse-Drive in the North Cascades The high peaks and scenic valleys of these mountains in northern Washington are glorious no matter how you see them. One purposeful journey is to ride along with a ranger when he moves his riding and pack horses from the high country to winter pasture at the end of September and early October. In nine days you travel southeast along the Methow Valley-Lake Chelan Divide, then follow the Summit and Cooper Mountain Trails into sagebrush country near Chelan. This is rough riding, and the amenities are simple: round-up meals and heated tents. Including the boat trip from Chelan to Stehekin, the outpost at the north end of the lake, the nine-day horse drive costs $325.

PICTORIAL PARADE

Popocatepetl— "Late October ascents."

Climbing in Mexico With the desire and the stamina for scaling Mexico's high peaks—climbs that involve the use of crampons and ice axes—one can join a group of mountaineers who will make four ascents beginning late October. The elevations of the mountains—Pico de Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl and Nevado de Toluca—range from 15,016 to 18,851 feet.

The 19-day trek starts in Mexico City, with mini-bus travel through villages and countryside to the trailheads of these giant volcanoes. Limited to 15 climbers, the trip costs $1,275.

Gentle Adventure in the Yukon For a contemplative sojourn—not a thrill trip—on rivers in the Yukon Territory, two lifelong naturalists, John and Polly Lammers, specialize in these "gentle adventures." In 10 days they average about 220 miles in motorless rubber boats gliding through uninhabited country. It's an opportunity to acquire useful wilderness-living skills and to learn about the region—animals and birds, soils and rocks, trees, wildflowers, mosses, and lichens. Limited to six people, a 10-day trip is about $775, including transport to and from the river and two nights' lodging in Whitehorse. From May to October.

Mountaineering in British Columbia The rock ridges of the Purcell Range and the southern Canadian Rockies provide the awesome setting for strenuous treks with Arnor Larson, a guide who has made 46 ascents and reached 290 summits. With no more than four in a party, sessions up to two weeks long provide in-depth experience in alpine hiking, basic mountaineering, technical mountaineering, and exploring places few people have seen.

Personally arranged trips run from $185 to $300 for eight days per climber, or $500 for two-week explorations, including guide and instruction. Food, equipment rentals, and transportation to and from trailheads are extra. From May to October.

Wilderness Ride in Wyoming Most horseback trips proceed full circle, ending at the same point from which they started. But outfitters now guide riders across a 100-mile wilderness trail from Cody to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, into the high country of the Shoshone National Forest and Washakie Wilderness to the Teton Wilderness, with no one but your own party in sight the entire way. Layover days make the riding not all that strenuous and allow time for pulling trout out of glacial streams.

An eight-day ride scheduled in July or August is about $600, with luggage and car shuttle (if needed) and overnights in Cody and Jackson extra.

Pat Dickerman is the author of Adventure Travel, *the sourcebook of outdoor vacations in North America, and of* Farm, Ranch, and Country Vacations.

For information on the outfitters who guide and provision these wilderness treks, write Adventure Guides, Inc., 36 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022, or call (212) 355-6334.

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Literary Reruns

by Donald Hall

The Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald
Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli with Margaret M. Duggan and Susan Walker
Random House, 640 pp., $25

IN 1980 HE would have turned 84. Try to imagine F. Scott Fitzgerald as a grand old man, wintering at Cannes or Santa Barbara, an ascot hiding the droop of neck-flesh, spry with a blackthorn—the frail octogenarian Zelda still handsome beside him. Of course it is unthinkable that the young novelist with his clean-cut good looks might have survived to a great age—much less matured, say, into André Gide or Thomas Hardy—or that Judge Sayre's flapper daughter might have entered a ninth decade. We have memorized instead the final scenes of Hollywood despair and fiery madhouse death.

We play these scenes over and over again like films of an assassination: *It always happens again.* There are certain people whose histories we rerun each publishing season, whose rise and fall we chronicle in memoirs, biographies, letters, reports from the periphery—documents by which we rehearse inevitable dread: Keats coughs blood, the limousine carries the young President toward the book depository, Zelda becomes obsessed with ballet....

The Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald repeats the curve of the old arc, and repeats it with material previously uncollected; it is (so far) the fourth collection of Fitzgerald's letters, supplemented in this volume by letters others wrote to him. Here are letters to Fitzgerald from Monsignor Sigourney Fay, who was the model for Father Darcy in *This Side of Paradise*, but sounds more like Evelyn Waugh's Father Rothschild; Fay appears to have been involved in schemes and conspiracies, about which the footnotes are not enlightening. Here are more letters between Zelda and Scott during her breakdowns. Here are letters to Hemingway proposing revisions in *The Sun Also Rises*, and exchanges between Fitzgerald and John Peale Bishop—that neglected writer—illuminating once again a literary friendship that lived on mutual criticism. Here are letters to and from Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, and Maxwell Perkins.

Most of these letters, however, are tiresome, and they add nothing new to our knowledge of Fitzgerald. The editors have not weeded out meaningless exchanges with old college chums, notes of flirtation, nacreous flattery and nacreous responses to flattery. In addition, the book includes many facsimiles of Fitzgerald's inscriptions in gift copies of his books. (It does not, however, include a single laundry list.)

And yet, if this book scrapes the bottom of the barrel, if its contents merely tell an old tale again, we will read it from cover to cover—to hear the tale again, no matter how many times we have been told, by no matter how many academic barrel scrapers.

If we ask where the myth began, we must go back past the letter collections,

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past the published Ph.D. theses, past Andrew Turnbull's biography, past Robert Sklar's, past Arthur Mizener's early rendering in *The Far Side of Paradise* (1951). We come closer to the origin when we read *The Crack-Up*, that posthumous collection of Fitzgerald's bits and pieces edited by Edmund Wilson in 1945. But Wilson is not the myth's creator. At the center of *The Crack-Up* are Fitzgerald's observations about his disintegration: The title is his own, and so is the fable. It was Amory Blaine himself—that naive, energetic, ambitious, foolish, charming hero of *This Side of Paradise*—grown middle-aged, alcoholic, and debt-ridden, who wrote the final act and all but pulled the curtain on himself.

Fitzgerald lived a shapely dreadful fiction that began in romance and ended in something like realism. The public journey is well-mapped—from Princeton to Sunset Boulevard, by way of the pool at the Plaza. Details of the writing career are less distinct. Reading these letters we understand again how hard Fitzgerald worked. When he was young he could party all night, sleep a few hours, drink coffee, shake his head from side to side, and sit down to write a story for George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The story would be brilliant, popular, well paid for, and worthless; it would, however, pay for the previous evening's festivities.

How wild his life was, zany, uncontrollable, with taxi rides into the middle of tomorrow morning, fights and pranks and insults—and some hotels would never let him back again. Everywhere the talented drunks boozed at bars and parties—Zelda and Scott with Ernest in Paris, with Ring on Long Island....Everywhere the talent spent itself as if it would live forever. Of all the gang, Scott and Zelda were the most beautiful; we perhaps rehearse their story so often because they were also the most damned.

The failure was real enough; Fitzgerald had the kind of talent that it is death to hide, and he hid it almost successfully. He wrote in *The Great Gatsby* one great, brief novel; he wrote in *Tender Is the Night* a long, fascinating failure of a novel; he left behind in *The Last Tycoon* a strong fragment of a novel—little enough, when one considers what he started with.

He was corrupt from the start; we love him for it. We delight in his degeneracy, his humiliation. He was corrupt in a wonderful, bright-eyed, handsome, all-American way. In this book, an appalling example is a letter to his younger sister— "by me at 19 or so," he later wrote on a copy. For page after page, Fitzgerald tutors the 14-year-old Annabel in social hypocrisy, in appearances that disguise realities, in behavior that will attract boys. Without a touch of irony he tells her, "Get before a mirror and practice a smile and get a good one, a radiant smile ought to be in the facial vocabulary of every girl." Another Fitzgerald annotation, on the letter, reveals that it was the basis of a *Post* story called "Bernice Bobs Her Hair."

Fitzgerald was corrupt about Princeton and the club system, about race, about the army, about Europe and his servants, about the Riviera. At the same time he was innocent, as only the truly corrupt can be. In his egotism he thought that everyone else was like him.

Of course there were moments of virtue. It is glorious to watch his disinterested advocacy of Hemingway, before Hemingway was a household word. Of course his nobility received the reward of Hemingway's contempt when Fitzgerald cracked up. Such are the dues with which gratitude repays generosity.

For the most part, in these letters, we see Fitzgerald determined to sell out. He would not consider working as a night watchman and writing serious fiction longhand at three in the morning. It did not occur to him to live on applesauce and peanut butter while he wrote great short stories. He associated the form of the short story only with a dollar sign. He wrote every day to buy champagne, to rent villas, to pay servants, and told himself that in time he would settle down to serving his art. He was like the miler who thinks he can trot for three-quarters of a mile and kick past the field at the end; some can, most can't. He is like all people everywhere who do not perform up to the ability and intelligence that they were born with.

And for the most part, in these letters, when he is not selling out his literary life he is lying about his private life. We hear him praise when he does not mean it, make jokes when he does not feel funny, whip up enthusiasm when he is bored. Self-pity, self-aggrandizement, the little drunkard's lies by which he explains himself to himself, by which he organizes the frail props of his moral theater. In all of these matters we censure him vigorously, and we recognize him as resembling no one in the world so much as ourselves.

His wastage is, naturally, greater than ours—he had more to waste—and it required help. As collaborator he had Zelda from Montgomery, an insatiable world-consumer and world-spender.

I AM FROM THE CENSUS, MADAM. WE ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT HOW MANY PEOPLE LIVE IN THE UNITED STATES
OH, HAVE YOU COME TO THE WRONG PLACE! I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA
Clarence Brown

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Surely she is one of the great bad heroines of literature, imagined first by herself and second by Scott; like writer-friends, each helped the other revise the drafts of personal invention. Reading of Zelda's self-creation for the nth time, again I feel love and fear: Who else is so powerful, compelling, intelligent, imaginative, talented, beautiful, tender, and lethal? She is an angel of destruction, to herself and to her husband.

In Nancy Milford's *Zelda*, which is a good and honest book, the best writing is Zelda's. In *The Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, the best writing is Zelda's—and it is good enough to make the volume worth reading for its literary value, and not only its rehearsal of the myth. If we learn nothing new about F. Scott Fitzgerald or his art, we find in this book some letters of Zelda's that by themselves save this collection from triviality. She has a genius for metaphor and for scenic description; she invents without pausing to try to invent; she shows no fear of feeling. She loves to remember, usually the good times:

I keep thinking of Provence and thin brown people slowly absorbing the deep shade of Aix—the white glare on the baking dust of a country pounded into colorless oblivion by an incessantly rotating summer—I'd like awfully to be there—Avignon must be perfect now, to feel the wide quiet of the Rhone, and Arles obliterating its traces with the hum of cafés under the great trees—I'd like to be eating the lunch we had at Chateau Neuf du Pap, where the air was not vibrant and full of the whole spectrum—looking over a deep valley full of grape-vines and heat and far away the palace of the Popes like a mirage—

and sometimes the bad:

I think the most humiliating and bestial thing that ever happened to me in my life is a scene that you probably don't remember even in Genoa. We lived in the rue Vaugirard. You were constantly drunk. You didn't work and were dragged home at night by taxi-drivers when you came home at all. You said it was my fault for dancing all day. What was I to do? You got up for lunch.

Alternations of feeling for Scott show up in one of her pet names for him: At least, our editors call it the same name, which Zelda spells variously as "Deo," "D.O.", and "Do Do."

The world is full of stories about artists who derive satisfaction, inspiration, and punishment from a loved one who is disturbed, crazy, vengeful, tender—the source of all bliss and all terror, father or mother wholly adored and wholly forbidden. Zelda was this for Scott. Because Zelda as well as Scott had genius—no one who reads her letters can doubt it—I suspect that Scott must have been this for Zelda too.

This collection, which runs to 600 pages, including over 80 facsimiles, has been edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli with the assistance of Margaret M. Duggan and Susan Walker. The book credits Professor Bruccoli with almost 30 books, as author, editor, or coeditor; 12 are connected with Fitzgerald, three with Hemingway, four with O'Hara, and there is an inevitable volume called *Scott and Ernest*. Perhaps we could be justified in calling the volume a factory product; and we can certainly complain that the editing, like most assembly-line work, suffers from poor quality control. The problem is mainly the footnoting. Items we do not need to know about are footnoted. Other footnotes raise questions without answering them. Other letters contain unfootnoted references to people, places, events, and pieces of writing, not defined by context, that remain mysterious.

Nonetheless, I am grateful for the book, grateful for the holes filled in the endless story, grateful for moments of endurance, of hypocrisy, failure, and generosity. I am grateful above all for the many letters by Zelda Fitzgerald. It is clear what book we need next from the plant down at Bruccoli Village. When Bruccoli or someone else publishes *The Complete Collected Letters of Zelda Fitzgerald*, I will rerun the fable again.

Donald Hall's recent books are Remembering Poets *and* The Ox-Cart Man.

Heavy Breathing

Thy Neighbor's Wife
by Gay Talese
Doubleday, 567 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Rhoda Koenig

MOST JOURNALISTS are restless voyeurs who see the warts on the world, the imperfections in people and places." With this sentence, Gay Talese began *The Kingdom and the Power*, his celebrated history of the *New York Times*. In *Thy Neighbor's Wife* he sets out to chronicle the changing sexual practices and attitudes of Americans, and, not incidentally, his own progress from voyeur to exhibitionist.

Thy Neighbor's Wife, despite its title, is not entirely about adultery or even the sexual practices of most Americans. Much of it is a profile of Hugh Hefner; another long section relates the story of two California couples who swapped partners and later founded Sandstone, the commune dedicated to nudism and public sex. Other chapters deal with Al Goldstein, the editor of *Screw* magazine; Diane Webber, a model who posed nude for "art photography" magazines of the Fifties; and Harold Rubin, the owner of a massage parlor in Chicago. There are passages on landmark obscenity cases,

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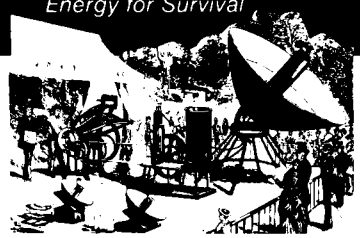

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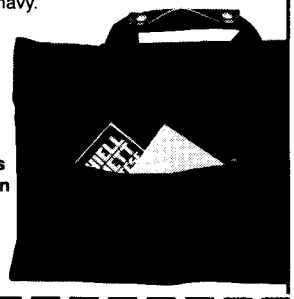

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the utopian community of Oneida, and Anthony Comstock's war on sin. There is nothing—in a book surveying sex over the past 10 years—about teen-age sex, homosexuality, or women's liberation.

Much of Talese's eight years of work on this book has been spent on research, some of it in novel ways. For several months he patronized massage parlors, and even served as the manager of two of them. He lived at Sandstone, and slept with the wife of the founder. More conventionally, he has traveled across America, spending his days with lawyers, marriage couselors, and theologians, with "admittedly monogamous couples and acknowledged swingers," with pornographic-film actresses, and "members of the Pepsi generation." By night, Talese, a "lean," "driven" man (his adjectives), "lingered in the lobbies of the Holiday Inns, the Ramadas, and other motels watching as the gray-suited men with attaché cases purchased at the newsstand a copy of *Playboy* or *Penthouse* before heading up to their rooms."

Although Talese makes an obeisance to the admittedly monogamous, he is clearly not much interested in them. The reason can be found in the second sentence of his earlier book, which tells us more about journalist-voyeurs: "The sane scene that is much of life, the great portion of the planet marked by madness, does not lure them .... gloom is their game, the spectacle their passion, normality their nemesis." Propped up in a doorway, a trench coat wrapped around his lean frame, muttering "Danger is my business"—no, no, sorry, "Normality is my nemesis"—Talese has trained his basilisk eye on people who make love before an audience, but he never shows us an erotic scene. He writes about the most laughable subject in the world, but never intentionally says anything funny. He preaches to us with the earnestness of a schoolboy who has figured out that marriage is a legal form of prostitution. He lusts after significance, and he exposes the poverty and lunacy of his ideas. If obscenity is determined not by the number and choice of certain words a writer uses, but by his vision, then the conclusion is inescapable that Talese has written a dirty book. There is not a trace of humanity or warmth in it. Talese's subject is fire, but his style is ice.

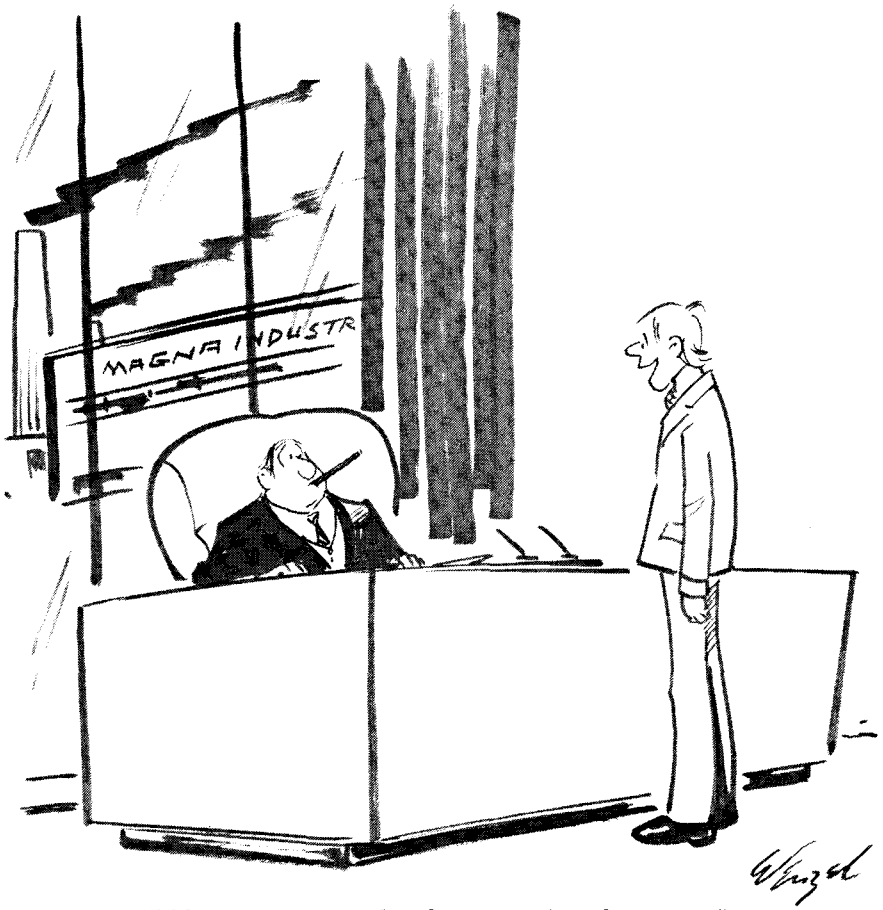
Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of Talese's book is the extraordinary amount of space he devotes to masturbation (almost entirely male). He describes, with a seriousness that would befit a religious ceremony or a deodorant commercial, one teenager's step-by-step method of satisfying himself alone in his room. Talese finds a political meaning in his claim that Jacqueline Kennedy was "the masturbatory object of numerous male magazine readers. Never before in American history have so many men privately craved a President's wife." Talese does not say how he knows this (the men I asked said, "Jackie *Kennedy*?"), but he does tell us about Al Goldstein going to the toilet with a picture of the First Lady for inspiration.

Talese has also concluded that, under the pretense of masturbating strangers for pay, massage-parlor girls were actually conducting courses in sociology. It seems that some masseuses "were still attending college," and they may have been giving the middle-aged customers "their first intimate contact with the sexually emancipated youth movement that they had heard so much about, the world of Woodstock and the Pill; and as they became better acquainted with certain masseuses through frequent visits to a parlor, they often gained insight into the alienated generation that they had helped to sire." Talese treats the details of day-to-day life in the massage parlor with equal solemnity: He doesn't find anything funny, for instance, in the fact that the student masseuses often read their textbooks in the waiting room, that these delicate little flowers did not answer the phone because they "would sometimes be greeted by the sound of heavy breathing," or that the cubicles were constructed of (what else?) beaver board.

Along with their help in closing the generation gap, the sexual activities Talese describes have other pragmatic uses. After a visit to the set of a pornographic film, he reflects that "many men found the close-up view of squatting women sexually educational, for Talese had long theorized that most men of his generation had no idea that a woman urinated from a different opening than the one she used for making love." And this is how a member of a feminist therapy group discovered that self-love is money: "One woman, who ... believed that her genitals were deformed and ugly, was persuaded by ... color slides of female genitalia that she was as attractive as most other women; and the next day in her office, reassured and confident, she demanded a raise—and got it."

But Talese has also picked up some emotional truths in his wanderings. After much investigation, he learned from an unnamed source that "the average heterosexual woman did not enjoy intercourse without a feeling of familiarity or personal interest in her partner." This may be the most belated sexual discovery since Frank Harris reflected, at the end of his erotic autobiography, that women of his own age and class made better bed partners than 12-year-old Oriental girls.

Talese does not seem to realize that, since he began his research, a lot of his material has become terribly dated. Doesn't everyone by now have trouble



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suppressing a groan at the mention of such words as "ashram," "commune," "nude encounter group"? Most of his subjects do not seem overly bright, but this may be because most of us have learned to recognize their Dr. Feelgood clichés for the nonsense they are. When asked what the participants of the nude encounter group did, its leader answered, "We do people things." The feminist therapist explains that "when you get into varietal sex, you have to confront your orgastic potential on a social basis." The deadly earnestness of these people matches Talese's own, and when he himself departs from psychobabble, it is only to go in for other and more horrible forms of seriousness. There is the gothic, or *True Confessions* style: "They had met Williamson and become lured into his love net." There is the lower-middle-class, pseudo-genteel style: "Barbara worked in the billing department of a cardboard manufacturer, a position she soon came to deplore." And he shows his debt to hardware advertising with a two-page prose poem in honor of the penis: "Sensitive but resilient, equally available during the day or night with a minimum of coaxing...." But Talese, scrupulous as ever, ends his recommendations with a bit of truth-in-advertising: "The penis, often regarded as a weapon, is also a burden, the male curse. It has made some men restless roués, voyeurs, flashers, rapists. It is what conscripts them into military warfare and often sends them to a premature death." He wasn't kidding when he said his game was gloom.

How can Talese's editors have allowed him to fall into such idiocies? When Talese sticks to just the fact ., ma'am, he is very good. He gives us a painstakingly detailed picture, for instance, of the *Playboy* mansion, where the bunnies swim nude in a glass-enclosed pool and often join Hugh Hefner on his round, motorized bed, before a TV camera that records the whole show. But he cannot resist comparing Hefner with a very different sort of entrepreneur from the Midwest, Jay Gatsby (yes, I know, the green light, the orgiastic future, but it's *not* the same thing at all). Talese is like that camera by the bed—a perfect recording device. But on this subject, at least, he is not a thinking machine. This ridiculous book, conceived by a writer's arrogance and an editor's incompetence or timidity, does for sex what David Halberstam's book of a year ago did for the media. It takes a large and serious subject and reduces it to banality with pompous writing, distorted opinions, and twice-told tales.

In the final pages of the book, Talese tells us about someone called "Talese." (When a journalist goes on to Higher Things, he enters the third person.) He returns to his hometown and visits a nudist colony there, walking to the beach and staring at the boats whose passengers have stopped to gawk at people like him. In the last sentence of the book— "They were unabashed voyeurs looking at him; and Talese looked back"—he proclaims his identity with the naked iconoclasts. But the moment falls flat. The look he gives those spectators is not a bold, defiant one. (Could there be anything sillier than a defiant nudist?) It is the same glassy stare he has turned on everything in this book—the all-seeing, yet unseeing eye.

If Talese's book has any value for the rest of us, it is not as a manifesto or a history or a travelogue, but as an object lesson. *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is a horrifying example of so much that is wrong in the often fragile and hostile relations between men and women today, an epic of sex without love, sex without laughter, sex without passion. Its author has worked hard and long, but has not been able to make us feel any excitement about the greatest thing in life; there is not a shred here of the romance, of the shining robes of power and glory in which he draped an institution, the *New York Times*.

Rhoda Koenig is the book-review editor of New York.

Policing the Cop

The Trial of Patrolman Thomas Shea
by Thomas Hauser
Viking, 271 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Jerrold Footlick

ABOUT 5:00 IN THE morning on April 28, 1973, two slight figures trudged along a deserted sidewalk in a black ghetto of New York City called South Jamaica. As they passed a vacant lot, an unmarked police car pulled up. Two officers jumped out. The figures ran. The policemen chased. From a range of about 10 feet, one officer fired. He hit the smaller of the two fleeing figures in the back. The victim, Clifford Glover, died a few hours later. He was black and he was 10 years old.

The policeman, Thomas Shea, was white and almost a prototypical cop, proud of his thick arrest record, eager to take on special assignments in high-crime areas, an aspirant to no rank higher than patrolman, and a family man with a wife he had first met in church and two small daughters. But not long after this moment, Shea ceased to be typical. He became the first policeman in the history of New York City to be indicted for murder because of action taken while on duty.

From these facts, Thomas Hauser has

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constructed a nonfiction mystery story. He has interviewed countless people, pored over the records of the police investigation, studiously recorded the trial of Thomas Shea. At its best, the book flows with high drama, as Hauser recounts the feelings and judgments of actors who did not know how events would play out. Unfortunately, in his quest for verisimilitude, he thinks it appropriate to repeat details as each new actor in the plot learns them.

The central issue, of course, is whether Patrolman Shea acted reasonably in shooting Glover. We learn that just before Shea and his partner came upon the two in the predawn darkness, they had received a radio report that two men had robbed a taxicab in the neighborhood. It is not surprising that the cops were suspicious. And when the plainclothesmen leaped out of their car shouting, it is not surprising that Add Armstead, Glover's stepfather, who was taking the boy with him to work, and young Clifford ran for their lives.

What happened then? Did Armstead shout, "F--- you, you're not taking me," as Shea swore he did? Did Shea shout, "You black son of a bitch," and instantly give chase, as Armstead swore he did? Did the smaller figure, the boy, fire a gun at the officers, as Shea said? The police searched painstakingly for exculpatory evidence for their comrade; day after day, elbow to elbow, with rakes and shovels, they combed the lot for an abandoned gun. None was found. The police hierarchy did not believe Shea's story or his partner's. Would a jury believe him?

The trouble with the book, ironically, is that it is too nearly a perfect paradigm of its time. A black boy killed by a white cop. The cop's peers believing him, and his union loudly proclaiming that if a policeman did not have the right to defend himself, the city was finished. A black precinct commander trying to control both the community and his largely white force. Black community-relations officers, disbelieving the cop, but trying to calm the citizens. The blacks of South Jamaica roused to bitterness and riot at what they perceived as just another senseless killing of an innocent black by an unfeeling white.

It is an oft-told tale. If written a month or so after the events, it would have been brilliant journalism. If written a generation or two from now, it would have been interesting history for people who might not remember the way we were. If the incident had taken place in 1964 and the book had been written in 1965, it would have alerted us to potential problems we did not then understand. But in this middle range, the book is none of the above. To those of us who lived through those long, hot summers, it offers nothing new. Things may

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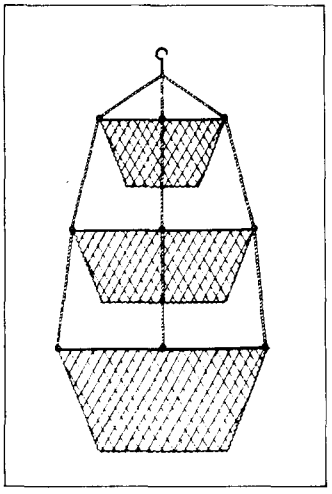
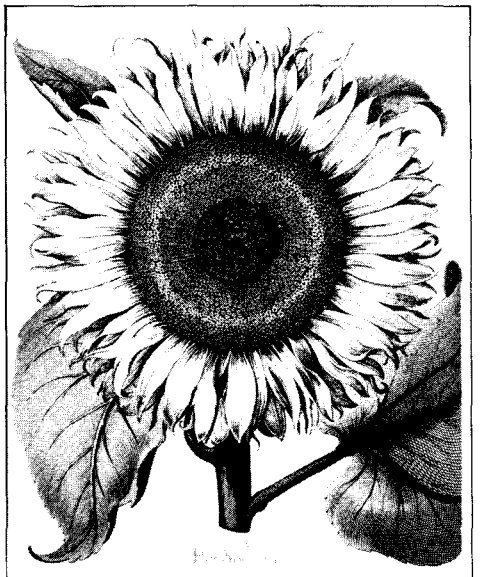
Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful.

A HANG-UP WORTH HAVING



In the kitchen, hanging baskets can support colorful ever changing displays of fruits and vegetables. In closets, they gather up the loose odds-and-ends that get lost on the shelves. Near windows, they are super for holding plants. In kids' rooms, they collect everything from school papers to unmatched socks. These hanging baskets are made of sturdy wire mesh that collapses to nearly nothing when the baskets are not in use. You may have seen similar looking baskets in stores and catalogs for about $8.50. The diameter of these 3-tier baskets is only 7-9 inches. The 3-tier version we've located is a full 10 through 13 inches in diameter and sells for $10.00 postpaid (SRA148). No sense having small hangups.

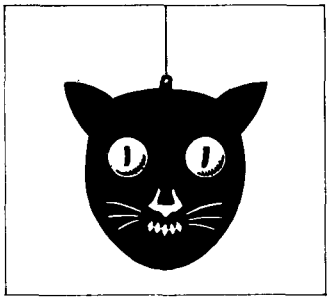


Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

POSTER GARDEN

The New York Botanical Garden, one of the world's foremost horticultural institutions, has faithfully reproduced the giant sunflower from an illustration found in their rare book collection. We have seen this 24" by 36" color poster in framed version at prices above $50 at art galleries, frame shops, and in department stores. We can have the New York Botanical Garden people send you the very same poster in vivid yellow, brown, and green shades for $8.00 postpaid (SRA250). You can have it mounted and framed as you see fit.

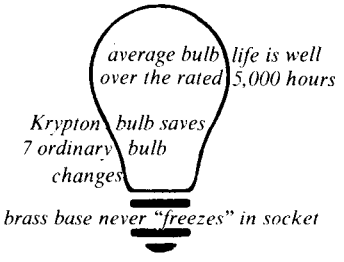
A WORKING CAT



There are 20 million black cats in France. Not the ordinary kind of cats with fur and purr, but *Le Chat Noir*, clever cat impersonations pressed from metal plate. These silhouette cat faces, just under 6" square, have clear glass eyes that glint at the slightest bit of light and create an uncanny impression of a real cat. *Le Chat Noir* is made to work. Hung in the garden, in fruit trees, by the grape arbor, they keep birds, mice, rabbits and other pests away from your delicacies. It is a simple, silent, humane way to protect fruits and vegetables from your animal neighbors. (City dwellers can just as effectively keep their windowsills free from the annoyance of pigeons.) But the cats don't have to work to be enjoyed. They can decorate window panes or whathaveyou. Imported from France, *Le Chat Noir* is $6.00 postpaid. If you are a cat person, you're sure to enjoy their company. (SRA143)

LONG-LIVED LIGHT

You are probably used to paying 75¢ apiece for standard 100-watt lightbulbs. The surprising news we have is that you can save a substantial amount of money by spending $2.50 per lightbulb. Here's the arithmetic and some background information behind that claim. Standard lightbulbs have a rated lifetime of 750 hours. The comparable long-life Krypton bulbs we have located from an industrial supplier are rated at 5,000 hours, but continually last over 8,000 hours. The Krypton bulbs last longer because the filaments are sturdier, the lamps burn cooler, and the filaments are far better supported than in ordinary bulbs. These features also mean greater light output per watt, so a 90-watt Krypton bulb gives essentially the same illumination as a standard 100-


average bulb life is well over the rated 5,000 hours
Krypton bulb saves 7 ordinary bulb changes
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watt bulb. So here is how the savings add up. First you save at least the cost of 7 regular bulbs over this bulb's 5,000-hour-plus lifetime: $5.25. Then you save 50 kilowatt hours of electricity (the 10-watt usage difference over the life of the bulb). Figuring electricity costs as a modest 5¢ per kilowatt-hour, that's an additional $2.50 saved. Now from the total $7.75 saving, subtract the $2.50 cost of the Krypton bulb. The *total net saving* is $5.25! We think these figures speak for themselves. You can also order the Krypton bulb in a 68 watt version that gives the same illumination as a standard 75 watt bulb. Here's how to order: six 90 watt—$15.00 (SRA145), six 68 watt—$15.00 (SRA146), or three each of 90 watt and 68 watt—$15.00 (SRA147). All prices are postpaid.

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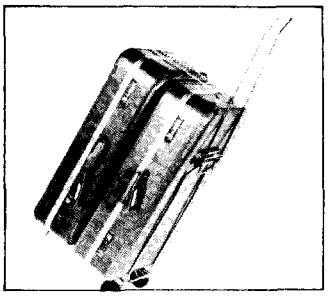
A BASKET CASE

Handmade baskets have a very special appeal. They are one of the few objects in everyday use that connect back to the dawn of human history—for as long as people have collected possessions, they have made baskets in which to carry and store them. After looking for some time, *Tools for Living* has found a selection of baskets that is perfect for around-the-home uses. Made in Haiti, these banana-leaf baskets have a pleasingly rough texture and a nice blend of earthy browntones. There are 5 circular baskets in the set, arranged to nest inside one another and graduating by increments from the smallest 7″ high by 7″ across to the largest 14″ high by 16″ across. The dimensions of the baskets, especially the height, suit them for all sorts of temporary and long-term storage uses. The large sizes are perfect as waste baskets and for magazines, fireplace kindling, toys, and plants. The smaller sizes travel easily around the house holding knitting, plants, and the odds and ends that collect on tabletops and dressers. The baskets practically fill themselves—when they are around, objects without definite homes will gravitate toward them. The joy of baskets is that they make a virtue of open storage, putting an attractive—even artistic—boundary around what would otherwise be clutter. The set of 5 handwoven Haitian baskets is $19.50 postpaid. (SRA141)

COMBINATION CARRIER

In selecting tools for living we are always careful to see whether a product has multiple uses. The more things a tool does well, we believe, then the more value it delivers for the money. This luggage carrier is a case in point. When you are traipsing through an airport with four bags to carry and only two arms, a luggage carrier is a great convenience. But unless you spend a lot of time in airports, the carrier's use is actually rather limited. So we've found a carrier that is sturdy enough and well-designed enough to haul many more things than just luggage. Our combination carrier is made of solid steel, welded and chromed. While it weighs only 5½ lbs., it will carry 125 lbs. on tough 3″ composition wheels that aren't slowed down by carpeting or even stairs. The carrying platform extends out a full 12″, enough to take two suitcases side-by-side or to support a garbage can or heavy carton. The handle is a full 44″ high, so no more leaning over nearly double to tug along a short-handled cart. The carrier comes with a heavy-duty 65″ elastic cord for securing loads. We've found this carrier rugged enough and flexible enough for all sorts of household—and even office—tasks. It will make it easier to deliver two boxes of forms down the hall. When not in use the carrier folds to a compact 24″ x 11″ x 4″. At $17.50 each postpaid, we think these carts (SRA136) are an excellent value. For additional flexibility, a wire basket accessory (SRA137) can be fitted to the carrying platform of the cart: 10″ high x 13″ deep x 19″ wide with a denim liner. The basket adapts the carrier for an even greater number of everyday uses from transporting laundry and shopping bags to service as a tool caddy while you're working in the garden. The basket attachment is an additional $11.25 postpaid. Both carrier and basket are guaranteed by the manufacturer for one year. If you want help with your luggage—plus a dozen or so other carrying tasks—this is the tool for you.



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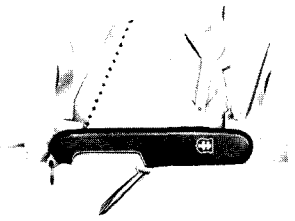
Ask any 12-year-old about the allure of the classic Swiss Army Knife, and he (or she) will tell you he'd instantly swap his favorite sneakers for one. The trouble is, that's not nearly enough at today's prices. If you can believe it, the top-of-the-line Swiss Army Knife currently sells for a hefty $40. But here's where American ingenuity and craftsmanship steps in. A Rhode Island knife manufacturer has now developed a multi-purpose utility knife that is nearly indistinguishable from its classic counterpart—except in price. It costs only half as much. Known as the Mountain Ranger Packmaster, this knife will help you survive inside or outside the bounds of civilization. Its overall ruggedness, and features such as a saw and can openers, make it a favorite of outdoorspersons. Its convenience, and features such as screwdrivers and scissors, make it a friend to mechanics, homeowners and housewives. The 10 Mountain Ranger tools are made of quality stainless steel, and the knife is backed by a lifetime guarantee. $19.50 each postpaid. (SRA144)



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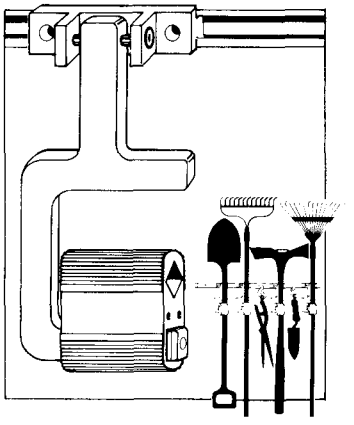

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have changed somewhat since the late Sixties and early Seventies: Police are more sensitive to minority feelings, for instance, and blacks might not take to the streets now as they did then. Yet one cannot escape the sense that if the shooting were to take place tomorrow, the scenario would be almost the same.

We are left then with a book that cannot be called important, that tells us more than we want to know, in an intentionally low-keyed style that is never grabbing. But the book has the elements of a good mystery. It is for the reader to decide whether justice was done.

Jerrold Footlick is a senior editor, and former justice editor, of Newsweek.

How to Make An Englishman

The English Gentleman's Child
by Douglas Sutherland
Viking, 78 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Philip Ross

SEVERAL WINTER vacations ago, on a lesser known island in the Lesser Antilles, I happened to find myself late one afternoon chest deep in turquoise water next to a portly gentleman whose pale complexion suggested his recent arrival to that remote paradise.

Looks, as they say, can be deceiving. In the King's most earnest English, he informed me that he was one of several members of Parliament who were on a fact-finding mission to the British Windwards, and that he actually had been on the island for nearly a week. When I ventured to ask what pressing business could have shielded him so effectively from a tropical glow, he shook his head gravely and confided that all his time had been given over to chickens. Chickens? Yes, he explained, the island's chickens had been laying fewer eggs of late, and he and his fellow MPs were trying to get to the bottom of the matter. As we stood there in the water, contemplating what might have gone afoul with all those chickens, I could not help but appreciate the sun which had begun to set on that lingering British isle.

The sentiment comes to mind again after reading Douglas Sutherland's *The English Gentleman's Child*, the third in a series (*The English Gentleman* and *The English Gentleman's Wife* were the forebears) that together go a long way toward giving the mores of the English elite their proper place beside such fading romantic notions as the ocean liner and the one-room schoolhouse.

In his latest venture, Sutherland informs us that for the child of an English gentleman, the center of the universe is his nanny, a not always benevolent dictator whose primary goal is to produce "house-training" at the earliest possible moment. From this jolly good beginning, we follow him to preparatory school, where "boys and girls are usually allowed to bring with them their favorite cuddly toy. This is supposed to make separation from their families more bearable as they can hug it tightly as they cry themselves to sleep each night." Then it's off to public (private) school and a life of often sadistic masters, peers bullying their peered peers, and the fine caned tuning of the competitive spirit.

There are, of course, gentle breaks for the gentleman's child, and the most dramatic of these is the school holiday, where he is received home with a big hug from Mummie and a warm handshake from Daddie. The author recalls one special vacation in his own youth when he was permitted for the first time to join his father on a hare hunt. Trying to leap across a stream, he slipped and fell into icy water. His father's response? "Get out of that water, boy. You are wetting my game!"

Sutherland tells us that the object of the whole "system" that nurtures the well-bred from the cradle to the Cabinet is to cultivate the ambition to succeed. In the case of *The English Gentleman's Child*, however, ambition alone has not been enough.

Unfortunately, the ground the author covers is well traveled, and he gives us little new by way of insight or humor. Perhaps Sutherland, who describes his home as the coldest mini-castle in Scotland, has already drawn, in his first two endeavors, most of the warmth from a once cute idea. In any event, the current effort is a rare case in which it is no asset for British wit to turn up dry.

I suspect there is an even darker cause for the lack of cheerfulness in these pages, an explanation that begins to surface with Sutherland's conclusion that gentlemen's children "may seem to be complex personalities, but in reality they are simple folk almost to the point of naivety."

Now, one might gladly lay reality temporarily to rest and accept the view of the British uppercrust as a dwindling tribe of droll trolls who inhabit the tweeded heath if Sutherland himself did not frequently burst our bubble with such pointed observations as this: "The existence of public schools seems to bother quite a few people. On one hand, they deride them for being hotbeds of all manner of nameless vice, with sodomy and sadism as the main items in the curriculum. On the other hand, the same critics lobby vigorously for their abolition on the grounds that they give their victims an unfair start in life."

And Sutherland tells the reader something else here as well. In *The English*

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Gentleman's Child, as with any intended joke examined too closely, we are reminded that beneath the verbal play is a serious bedrock, the slow erosion of which, in this case, may be best for all those involved.

Philip Ross writes for magazines and for television.

Winged Victory

An American Saga: Juan Trippe and His Pan Am Empire
by Robert Daley
Random House, 529 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Anne Chamberlin

As ICARUS found out the hard way, an obsession with flying can do strange things to a man. Juan Trippe, for one, the founder of Pan American Airways and leading perpetrator of the idea that the paying public would consent to be lofted about the earth in cramped metal containers, has been as enigmatic and reclusive in his way as Howard Hughes. Until his seventy-sixth year, when he agreed to be interviewed for *An American Saga*, he had not even sat still for a full-length magazine article.

From a reader's standpoint, Trippe opened the files to the right man. Robert Daley could make good copy out of the Omaha, Nebraska, telephone book. And he's not afraid to work. In the three years he took to write *An American Saga* he traveled 40,000 miles, clawed his way through annual reports, transcripts of congressional hearings, office memos, flight logs, diaries, texts of radio transmissions, and summaries of telephone conversations. He conducted 300 interviews—some 50 of them with Trippe himself.

The result is a mesmerizing account of the early buccaneering days of American commercial aviation that will keep you gasping for breath, clutching for your seatbelt, and once in a while (when, for instance, famed Pan Am pilot Edwin Musick perishes at the controls of a plane on a 1938 survey flight that blew up en route to New Zealand) wiping away a tear. By the time the story winds down—with Najeeb Halaby test-flying a prototype 747, its "huge wings flapping twelve feet up and down," and Trippe's once golden empire fighting $319.4 million in losses—you find you've rolled through five pages of financial tables and all the chapter source notes without thinking to put on the brakes.

Perhaps a few sentences backward run until reels the mind ("Against the encircling reef on all but the calmest days pounds a constant surf"). And perhaps Daley repeats himself, making the same point about Trippe on page 107 that he made on page 32 (that he "seemed innocent, kindly, bumbling," but that "he wore people down"). Nonetheless, all can be forgiven in the sweeping exuberance of the whole.

And don't think, for all the mass of material, and the unprecedented audiences with Trippe, that you will learn many intimate details about the man—aside from his liking for clean sheets and cheap cigars. Instead, Daley has mounted a sort of geological expedition into his thought process. In the end, we have a cumulative portrait of the peculiar qualities that enabled Trippe to cut through seemingly impenetrable obstacles in his path—from the jungles of the Amazon to the U.S. Congress—and even, when necessary, to suspend the laws of physics. (The "rule of square and cubes" held that if you square the size of any structure, including an airplane, you cube its weight. It got in the way of the big planes Trippe knew he needed to make mass air travel turn a profit. So he ignored it.)

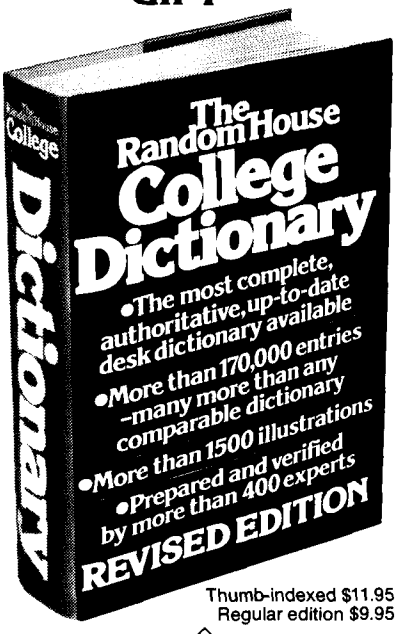
Trippe got hooked on flying when his father took him to an air show at the age of 10. Although he had learned to fly by the time he entered Yale, flying wasn't enough. He had "an intuitive dreamlike sense of where aviation could go—a vision based on very little," a contemporary later remarked.

So, instead of buying one plane when he got out of Yale, he bought seven of them (World War I surplus single-engined pontoon biplanes at $500 each) so he could "found an airline." He uncrated them in an abandoned hangar he'd rented, and Long Island Airways was in business. The planes could make more money if they carried two passengers instead of one, so he installed bigger engines. That moved him into the charter business, which led to a contract with United Fruit to carry documents from the port in Honduras, where its ships docked, to the capital in the mountains. Then came bids for airmail routes and mergers with other airlines, with Trippe always beating back the competition before it could get off the ground. And always, as each new route was inaugurated Trippe's mind would be focusing on the next.

By the time he was 31, he was dividing up the air routes across the Atlantic with the British and the French—before planes were even crossing the ocean. As Daley points out, "The other two signees were speaking for their governments. Trippe was speaking for Trippe." He "gave the French and the English a quarter of future transatlantic traffic each, and kept one half for himself."

To expand Pan Am's operations into the Pacific he had to "invent" Wake Island. It wasn't on any map. He found it in the log of an old clipper ship captain

THE Smart GIFT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in the New York Public Library. It was located right where he needed it as a refueling stop. He had to rearrange its topography so that planes could land, and later he had two complete hotels shipped to Wake and Midway so Pan Am passengers could rest for the next day's flight. Nothing stopped him.

To explore the new routes airlines would strip out a plane's furnishings, fill the cabin with fuel tanks and spare parts, and pump gas into the wings as it went along. "I wonder how we ever did this sort of thing," one navigator later said. "You wouldn't even begin to do it now—to take this sort of chance."

Those were heady times, out there in the clouds. Pan Am's first commercial flight from Miami to Panama had Charles Lindbergh at the controls, Igor Sikorsky in one of the passenger seats, and the first hot meal ever served aloft. When the first China Clipper took off from San Francisco, it was so loaded with fuel and mail that it couldn't clear the Bay Bridge, so the pilot just flew under it. Even the passengers had their innings on a grand scale. When China Airways (another Trippe/Pan Am spinoff) failed to delay its morning flight to Nanking to accommodate Chiang Kai-shek, he had the local agent, the field manager, and the pilot put in jail and proceeded to Nanking on a boat.

Think about that the next time you're "overbooked" from a flight and your bags land in Moose Jaw.

Anne Chamberlin writes frequently on business topics.

Books in Brief

Artful Scribbles
by Howard Gardner
Basic Books, 280 pp., $15

"ONCE I DREW like Raphael, but it has taken me a whole lifetime to learn to draw like children." This comment by Pablo Picasso poses a paradox that has intrigued art critics and child psychologists alike. We admire the freshness of children's art, but is the child "really" an artist? Howard Gardner answers this question with a qualified yes. The two-year-old scribbler and Picasso planning *Guernica* (a process first explicated by Gardner's mentor Rudolf Arnheim) are both approaching art as a problem-solving activity, exploring solutions without regard to how our culture says things are supposed to look.

Those of us brought up under the dictum that the child's spontaneity must be preserved at all costs may be surprised to learn that Gardner and others now regard the nine-year-old's retreat into literal-mindedness as a natural developmental stage. Even copying from masterpieces, an activity once condemned as a rape of the child's imagination, has advocates today.

When it comes to evaluating the impact of culture on the way older children draw (or on why so many adults do not draw at all) and to describing the path that leads some of our youngsters to emerge from the mimicking stage to mature artists, Gardner has fewer answers. He has purposely avoided espousing interpretations that would be "needlessly provocative"; on the subject of creativity and how to foster it there exists already a plethora of rigid, programmatic ideas. Gardner offers instead a balanced, thoughtful approach to children's art, of interest to specialists, parents, and anyone curious about the difference between the youngster who has not yet learned the rules of seeing and the master artist who has learned how to break them. —JOYCE MILTON

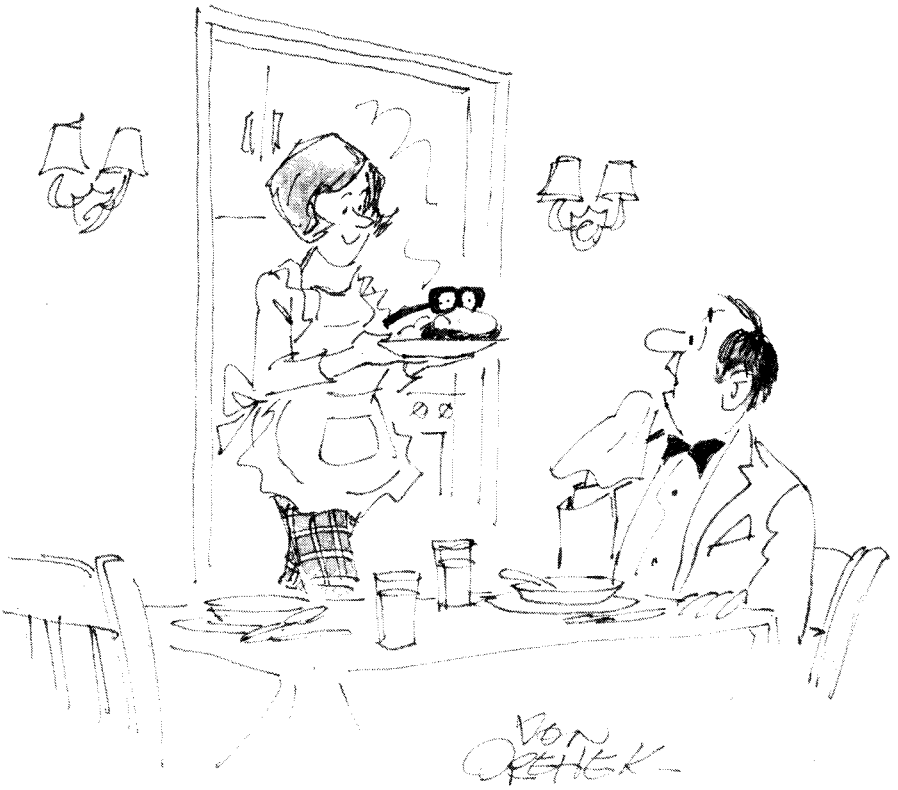
The Book of Jamaica
by Russell Banks
Houghton Mifflin, 326 pp., $10.95

RUSSELL BANKS is a young New England writer whose *Hamilton Stark* (1978) was an intense and innovative fictional study of New England character. In his latest novel, *The Book of Jamaica*, he ships New England off to the Caribbean in a botched attempt to present a dramatic confrontation between two very different cultures.

His narrator, a young novelist from New Hampshire, arrives with wife and child in Anchovy, Jamaica, during the mid-1970s, prepared to study the remnants of the demi-mythical Maroons—"the direct descendants of slaves who had escaped from their Spanish and then British masters in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and who afterward from their inaccessible mountain enclaves had successfully conducted a hundred-year guerrilla war against the British." The writer gains access to some of the remote Maroon villages. But it turns out that he himself, as much as Jamaican life, becomes the subject of his unsystematic research.

The mores and fortunes of the isolated Maroons, many of whom are marijuana-puffing Rastafarians, lead him further and further away from his old sense of self. The Yankee novelist turns into "Johnny" (the eponymous Jamaican term for friendly white man) and gives over family life for the nightly routine of Rastafarian bars, a diet of jerked pork and vegetables, and the intricacies of Maroon politics and magic.

The starkness of language and a tone as barren as the pitted highland region where the Maroons reside seem compatible with the murderous mood that builds within the character of "Johnny." But while Banks tries to make us feel excitement and pleasure as well as dread, the result usually comes off as merely dreary. His *Book of Jamaica* stands as a powerful antidote to four-color travel brochures about the despairing island nation, but as an account of an initiation into Otherness, it remains highly idiosyncratic and only intermittently compelling. —ALAN CHEUSE



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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

UNSPOILED ANGUILLA (snorkeling, tennis). RENDEZVOUS BAY HOTEL (reasonable). Brochure. SR Box 1053.

200-YEAR OLD SPANISH RANCH. Unexcelled riding, great birding, delightful dining, sunshine, quiet. Open year-round. Rancho de la Osa, Sasabe, Ariz. 85633.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $325.00—no extras. Brochure: (207) 437-2851 or (207) 763-3137. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

WANTALFEGO LODGE and CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Good fishing, library, home-cooked meals, informal atmosphere. RD 1R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

TRANQUIL GREEK VILLAGE, sunny Florida! Brochure. Box 802, Tarpon Springs 33589.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES! Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: $295.00 - $325.00 complete! Box 617B, Camden, Maine 04843.

JAMAICA. Luxury cottages, with private swimming pools; air conditioned suites, rooms, apartments. 3000 ft. beach. 18-hole championship golf course. 11 tennis courts, 4 squash courts. Montego Bay's most exclusive complete resort. All inclusive vacation plans. 7 days/6 nights from $344.50 - $524.50 per person double Apr. 16 - Dec. 14. HALF MOON CLUB. Call (800) 423-2922 or your travel agent.

WYOMING RANCH - unlimited riding, fishing, pack trips. Lazy L & B Ranch, Dubois, Wyo. 82513.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - Tortola. Summer vacation superior to USA. Rent private villa, furnished, 3 bedroom, overlooks beaches. $300/wk. Box 177, Short Hills, N.J. 07078.

CARIBBEAN BEACH EFFICIENCIES: $36-40 minimum, exotic private coconut farm; safe swimming, snorkeling, relaxing mountain/sea environment, beautiful people. CARIBEPLAYA, Guardarraya, Patillas, Puerto Rico 00723.

BAHAMIAN OUTISLAND RESORT - "Summer is better in the Bahamas" and so are the rates. Magnificent fishing, swimming, snorkeling and scuba diving. Brochure: Box 5474, Madison, Wis. 53705. Rock Sound Club, Eleuthera, Bahamas. (809) 334-2243.

"A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY INN", *New York Times*. Saxtons River Inn, Saxtons River, Vt. 05154.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pa. 18370. (717) 839-7206.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33548.

WYOMING RANCH VACATION. The West's finest family ranch, famous for 65 years. Spectacular scenery! Great food, fishing, riding, relaxing. VALLEY RANCH, Southfork R, Cody, Wyo. 82414. (307) 587-4661.

SOUTHERN FRANCE - Three houses beautifully restored in small medieval village, every comfort, breathtaking views. Color brochure, monthly and year-round rates. VANRIJN, 10019 Leisure Lane, Jacksonville, Fla. 32216.

SABA, DUTCH CARIBBEAN, 2 bedroom cottage, seaview, $150 week. 11408 N. 58th Ave., Glendale, Ariz. 85306. (602) 979-2544.

VACATION FIVE DAYS with an English family: Bed, breakfast, $83; bed, breakfast, dinner, $115. London Connexion, 2202 NE 25, Portland, Oreg. 97212.

ON THE BEST BEACH IN BARBADOS ... Cool summer magic on St. James Beach at the Coral Reef Club, Sandpiper Inn and Settler's Beach. Air-conditioned rooms, suites and apartments for singles, doubles and families. Swimming pools, all water sports, exchange dining. Brochure: R. LOCKE, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Mrs. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Mont. 59047. (406) 222-0570.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, PUERTO RICO waterfront, sleeps six. Snorkeling, scuba. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708. (914) 961-6591.

WILD HORIZONS EXPEDITIONS, Box 2348-R, Jackson, Wyo. 83001. Guided wilderness expeditions: backpacking, mountaineering, cross country skiing, conservation education. Small groups. Custom and family trips. High quality guiding and instruction, free brochure.

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS, cabins on sparkling mountain lake, informal, 4 clay tennis courts, sailing, horses. Rates include 3 hearty meals. Timberlock, Indian Lake, Box SR, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

A LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY, A LOT OUT OF THE ORDINARY! Chiricahua Mountain retreat near Mexican border; seven furnished housekeeping casas for complete relaxation. Riding, fishing, birding, chapel and library. Brochure - SUNGLOW MISSION RANCH, Pearce, Ariz. 85625. (602) 824-3364.

EAT CHEAP—FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, 300 + Addresses. $4.00, D. Friberg, Box 6110, West St. Paul, Minn. 55118.

POINT PLEASANT RESORT, ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS. Serene, secluded. Spectacular views. Private beach. Freshwater pool. Many unusual complimentary features. Truly unique! Call for details: Nationwide 800-645-5306; N.Y. State: (212) 895-5116.

MAINE OCEANFRONT. Charming seacoast inn, motel. Swimming Pool. Restaurant features "Down East" cooking. Cocktails. Rooms May-late October. Restaurant late June-September. VISA, M.C. Ocean Point Inn, Box A-10, East Boothbay, Maine 04544.

PUERTO RICO: 3-Bedroom House in beach front community at Luquillo, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028. (212) 233-5314.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, LIMESTONE REEF TERRACES. Excellent view, service. Efficiencies $28.00 for 2. Island Vacations, RD 4, Princeton, N.J. 08540. (201) 329-6309.

CAMP CAREFREE: Co-ed Sleepaway Kiddie Camp For Grownups in Mass. Weekly sessions. 1980 information. Camp Carefree, 2029 Upton St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008. (202) 362-6525.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instructions, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder.

PERFECT SOLITUDE. PIONEER RANCH COTTAGE; modernized, fully equipped. Housekeeping, week, month. Fireplace, fishing. Dorothy Meade, Harrison, Nebr. 69346.

GOOSE COVE LODGE AND COTTAGES. Maine Coastal Resort offering sandy ocean beaches, rocky shores, towering pines. Brochure: P.O. Sunset, Deer Isle, Maine 04683. (207) 348-2508.

PUERTO RICO - Luquillo Beach. Beautiful, beachfront apartment. 2-3 persons; totally equipped; pool; spectacular view. Available September on. Call (212) 662-2215.

BARBADOS, ROCKLEY RESORT, air-conditioned one bedroom Villa condominium, equipped kitchen, maid service, pools, tennis (lighted), squash, sauna. Also another condominium in French St. Martin. Reply P.O. Box 12271, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

MAINE'S FINEST RIVER GUIDES—Sunrise County Canoe Expeditions, Inc. 3-10 day trips on wild and remote river of northern and eastern Maine. Professional Maine Guides instruct in all aspects of canoe handling and northwoods living. Whitewater technique our specialty. Superb flyfishing. Good food and company. Major Labrador expedition (9/80). Complete outfitting services. Brochure. Cathance Lake Post, Grove, Maine 04638 (207) 454-7708.

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Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
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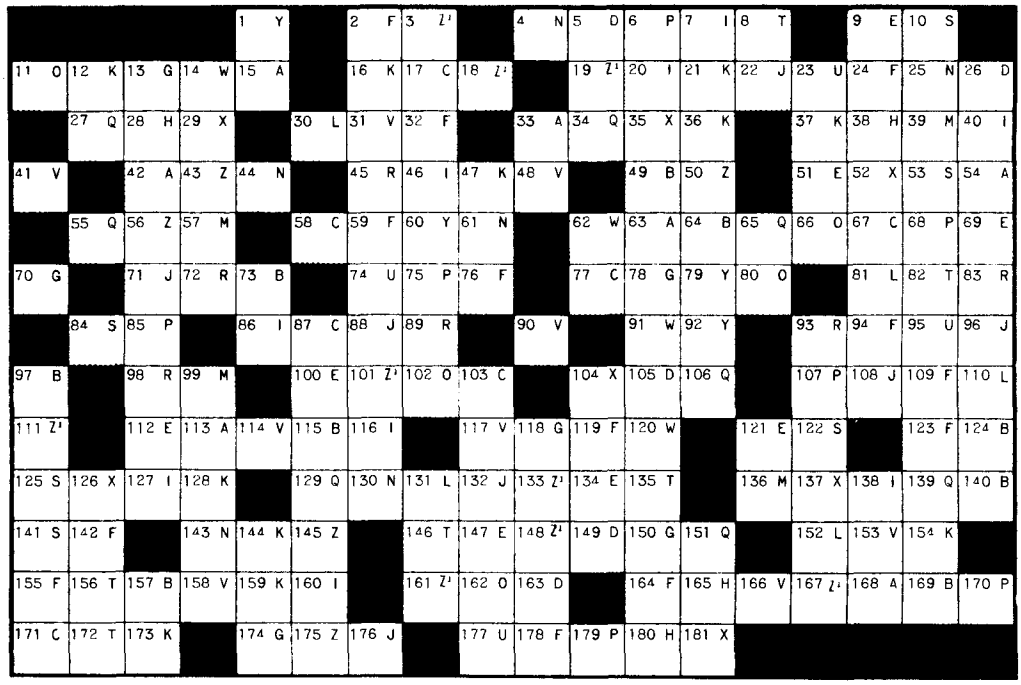

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 193 appears on page 90.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Majestic	15 33 42 54 63 113 168
B. Pessimist; fussbudget	157 49 64 73 97 115 124 140 169
C. Taints, contaminates; corrupts	171 17 67 87 58 77 103
D. Lowest point	105 149 163 5 26
E. "I mind that I ___ my neighbour's wife" (Kipling, "Tomlinson")	112 121 134 147 9 51 69 100
F. Thoroughwort, *Eupatorium sessilifolium* (2 wds.)	109 155 178 2 32 119 123 59 76 94 / 142 164 24
G. Cuban dance	70 78 118 150 174 13
H. Hub	28 38 165 180
I. Fervor	7 20 40 46 86 116 127 138 160
J. "I am resolved to ___ and look young till forty" (2 wds.; Dryden, "The Maiden Queen")	22 96 108 132 71 88 176
K. Good friend of Lincoln, celebrated in Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* (full name)	16 128 144 159 21 36 37 47 154 173 12
L. Strays, ranges	110 131 152 30 81
M. French painter (1877–1953), one of the Fauves	136 39 99 57
N. Jubilant, joyous	61 130 143 4 25 44
O. Spruce, trim; first name, Cooper hero	162 66 80 11 102
P. Norse explorer, fl. 880	85 107 68 170 179 6 75
Q. Very hungry, starving	129 27 55 139 151 34 65 106
R. Confab, huddle, parley	89 98 45 83 72 93
S. French lithographer and illustrator (1804–60)	125 53 10 122 141 84
T. Being the one most likely to win (comp.)	156 146 8 135 82 172
U. Pretend	177 23 95 74
V. Place for gymnastic exercises (ancient Greek and Roman architecture)	31 48 41 158 117 166 90 114 153
W. Impetuous	14 91 120 62
X. Daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë who fell in love with Hippolytus	181 52 35 137 29 126 104
Y. Officiating priest of a mosque	1 92 79 60
Z. Desert in north Saudi Arabia	43 56 50 175 145
Z¹. Gypsy girl in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*	148 111 3 133 167 101 19 18 161

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NO. 8

"Word Golf," if not actually invented by the late Vladimir Nabokov, author of *Lolita*, etc., was certainly popularized by him. The game is played as follows: By the change of one letter at a time, without changing the order of the other letters, a player transforms the initial word, say LASS, into a final word, say, MALE, by the least possible intervening steps. *Lass* to *male* in four moves might be:

LASS
MASS
MARS
MARE
MALE

Needless to say, the words must all be real words and, even more needless to say, it is not mechanical permutation that wins the prize, but the peculiar chemistry uniting the beginning and the ending of what is, in fact, a sort of incipient poem. The three winners will receive $25 plus a copy of the master's novel *Pale Fire*, the index of which might be consulted with profit

Entries for Competition No. 8 must be received by June 15, and the winners will be announced in the August issue. Please send submissions to Saturday Review Competition No. 8, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. All entries become the property of Saturday Review.

WINNERS OF NO. 5

We asked you to invent and describe the sort of book destined to clutter the remainder tables a decade hence. Most of the titles, as might have been foreseen, are urgently topical from today's perspective: the general mess in the Middle East, in Washington, and (as many seem fervently to hope) on the playing fields of Moscow. The politicians who are eagerly seeking to preside over the shambles were also lampooned with a fine impartiality, and there was much unseemly dancing on the grave of disco.

Before we come to the imaginary books, here's a *real* one submitted by the Jerry Priostes of Scottsdale, Arizona. *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*, by Charles Nordhoff (1882). Copies of this work—left behind by seekers after health, pleasure, and residence—used to abound on the Coast, but half the stock vanished under a mudslide and the rest fell into a crevice that was not there the night before. Not far behind reality (what's 98 years?), Marilyn Mahan of La Canada, California, dreamed up *Pleasure Driving Along the Southern California Coast*, a book that will "lead you to discover hidden tidal pools, isolated shell-stocked beaches ...."

It was not an easy contest to judge (we kept drifting into clinical depression), but the first prize went without hesitation to Lee Ann Evans of San Antonio, Texas, who imagined a book of such tedium that you should probably not read the description more than once without the advice of your physician:

The New 1980 Guide to Vacant Lots. Every vacant lot in the U.S.A. has been documented, including location, square footage, terrain characteristics, present and former owners, price, and number of empty beer cans on the site. For vacant-lot enthusiasts, trash throwers, and persons in need of a nontraceable address.

Torn between our dread of angry letters and our desire to appease California, we nevertheless gave second prize to Virginia D'Alfonso, of Santa Barbara, for the following grim bit of whimsy: *My Three Years With the Tank Corps (How We Won the ERA Battle but Lost World War III)*, by Debbie Conscripto. The author was a bossip tamper in a small electronics plant before being drafted in 1981. After six months of intensive training, she commanded a computerized tank in the Persian Gulf campaign. Now confined to the permanent-care ward of a VA hospital, she tells how it feels to be blown out of the sand and onto the best-seller charts.

Finally, third prize goes to Benjamin Best of New York City, whose gruesome vision of the future ignores current politicians in favor of San Clemente's gift to the East Sixties: *The First Forty Crises Are the Hardest*, by Richard Milhous Nixon. This latest volume in President-for-Life Nixon's monumental autobiography relates how, in 1984, he reluctantly accepted permanent incumbency in the White House, how he reached his agonizing decision *not* to pardon the deposed President Ford (while still telephoning him daily at the minimum security resort at Vail), and how he determined to divide the statehood of his now submerged native California among Puerto Rico, Key Biscayne, and Hilton Head, South Carolina. Henry Kissinger writes (in the *Lewisburg Penitentiary News*): "Do me a favor—buy this book." (Also available on tape.)

A copy of John Gunther's *Inside Africa* (1955) plus a slightly more up-to-date check for $25 to all three.

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 153

TV HIT WIT FUNNVNYQU I OXVSU TIFYVT ZTSUGG OU INU ISS XYG IWWVHDSYWUG.

—ULOINL N. HZNNVO

Wit Twister No. 165

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

They led an ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
heifer to the stone
And slew her there.
They ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ her to
atone
For heavy sins, whose
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ would grow
light
And fade with smoke from this
redeeming rite.

A.S.

Answers next issue

APRIL 12 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 152

The two most engaging powers of an author are to make new things familiar, familiar things new.

Thackeray

Wit Twister No. 164

retinas, retains, nastier, stainer

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 193

RICHARD R. LINGEMAN: (DON'T YOU KNOW) THERE'S A WAR ON?

The war ... brought a wave of spy pictures ... such screen detectives as the Falcon, Ellery Queen, and even Sherlock Holmes, who made a sudden time-machine jump into the twentieth century to match ratiocinations with the Axis, were immediately enmeshed in enemy intrigue, at home and abroad.

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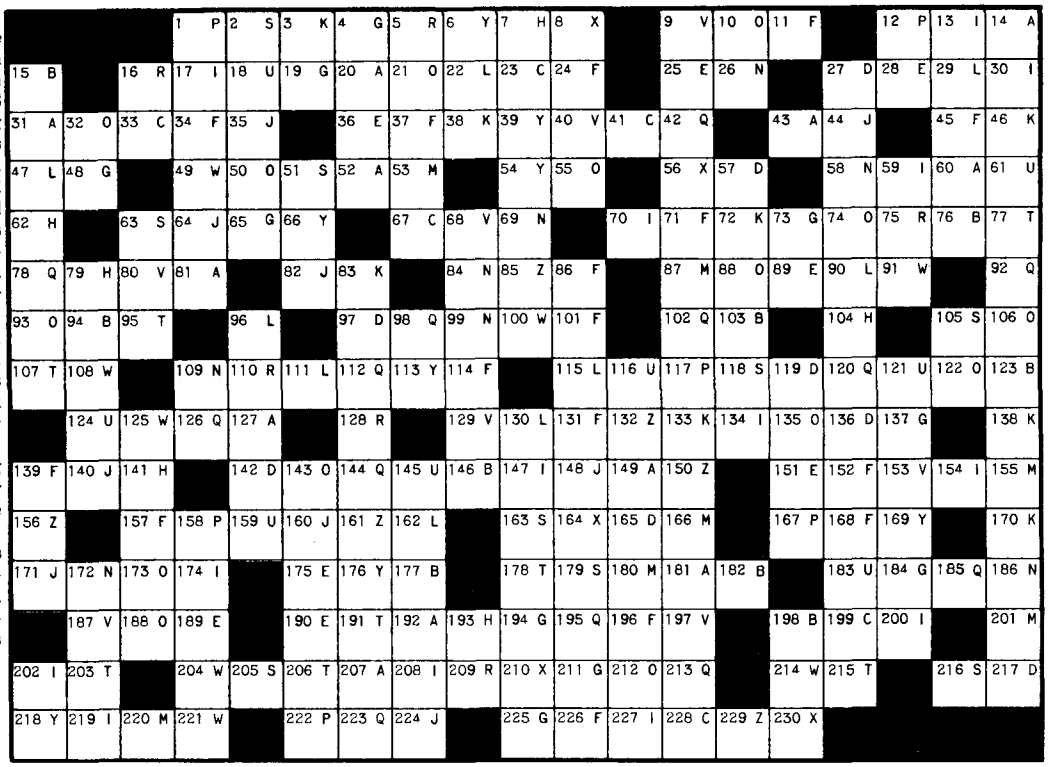

CLUES	WORDS
A. Sidewinders, e.g.	14 20 31 43 52 60 81 127 149 181 / 207 192
B. Filled turnovers or pastries in Latin American cooking	182 15 76 94 123 146 177 198 103
C. A.F.L. player of the year, 1968	199 228 33 23 67 41
D. Small, long-winged passerine birds, family *Hirundinidae*	57 97 119 136 142 165 217 27
E. Fortified places	89 175 189 36 25 28 190 151
F. Ibsen play, (4 wds. after *An*)	11 24 34 45 114 131 157 168 37 71 / 226 86 139 152 196 101
G. 1959 Ionesco play	184 4 19 48 65 73 137 194 211 225
H. Hulled grain, broken into fragments	7 62 79 104 193 141
I. King of Wessex, 899–924, son and successor of Alfred (3 wds.)	227 70 154 202 219 134 147 174 13 30 / 59 200 17 208
J. Parallelograms with oblique angles and only the opposite sides equal	64 148 171 160 140 44 82 224 35
K. 1963 film role for Albert Finney (2 wds.)	3 133 170 138 38 83 46 72
L. Symbols of genuineness	22 47 90 115 29 96 130 111 162
M. Bent, vaulted	53 166 87 180 201 155 220
N. Peace pipes	58 99 109 172 186 69 84 26
O. Bathsheba's husband (3 wds., II Sam. 11)	212 74 88 122 10 21 50 106 93 135 / 173 188 32 55 143
P. Constituent republic of the Soviet Union, on the Baltic	158 222 12 117 167 1
Q. "In ___ of the winds, / Who took the ruffian billows by the top" (2 wds., *Henry IV, Part II*)	42 98 112 144 195 213 78 92 126 120 / 102 185 223
R. She marries Sebastian (*Twelfth Night*)	5 16 110 209 75 128
S. Bilks, diddles, swindles	63 105 118 179 163 2 51 205 216
T. Drunkards	77 191 107 203 206 215 95 178
U. Kick up a row, carry on (3 wds.)	121 61 18 116 159 183 145 124
V. Works by Callot, e.g.	153 9 129 68 187 80 40 197
W. "'I've won! I've won!' / Quoth she, and ___ thrice" Coleridge, ("The Ancient Mariner")	49 125 204 221 214 100 91 108
X. Dander, wind	210 164 56 230 8
Y. Shining, bright	113 39 66 54 176 218 6 169
Z. Wet thoroughly	156 229 161 150 132 85

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THE BACK DOOR

An Era of Cold Comforts

FOR MANY months now, the economy has been behaving weirdly. At this writing, inflation is very high and the prime rate of interest is 17 percent. The Dow Jones industrial average and the prices of gold and the dollar are so frantically veering day to day that the graphs on the financial pages resemble dragons' teeth. The President is recommending a gasoline tax that will automatically add 10 cents a gallon to what is already our most rapidly escalating expense. Everybody is worried. Experts in the financial community crack nervous jokes when asked what's going on. Is a crash coming? With credit suddenly unavailable, will new construction stop? Will unemployment surge? Will a wave of bankruptcies jeopardize the future of all but the mightiest U.S. corporations? No one knows. Few people even pretend to know. The horse is galloping out of control; we must hold on for dear life, yank the reins, and pray that the runaway exhausts its fury before we get thrown. Our future is vanishing: Long-term planning becomes impossible when one is uncertain about surviving the present crisis.

It is a fascinating moment in American history. For 15 years, from 1945 to 1960, the United States reigned over the world like an arrogant emperor. All the other great powers on the globe had been crippled by World War II. The United States, blessed with vast resources, technological know-how, and military might, set up and knocked down governments, bossed around other nations, and otherwise organized the world more or less as we saw fit. True, we had one powerful competitor for the world's allegiance, but despite Cold War rhetoric, few Americans really believed that the Soviet Union could ever prove our match. The United States was simply too far ahead, out front and speeding away. It was inconceivable that any foreign corporation could rival a GM or an IBM.

President Kennedy personified the American imperial spirit. He was cocky, bold, dashing, sophisticated, and compassionate—a vital, fresh figure on a world stage otherwise largely populated by ancient, decaying leaders. We believed we could do no wrong. Predictably, that conviction beguiled us into making colossal mistakes. Possessed by the notion that we were somehow responsible for the destiny of the entire globe, we dumped millions of tons of bombs, billions of dollars, and tens of thousands of lives onto a tiny Southeast Asia nation. At home, we squandered resources as if they were infinitely replenishable and instituted ambitious social programs that we couldn't afford. We never thought we might lose a war or run out of money. There was no bottom to America the Bountiful's barrel.

In the Seventies, we learned to accommodate ourselves to some disenchantment. Soured by Vietnam, we abandoned global goals. Soured by Nixon, we came to distrust all our leaders. The near-bankruptcy of New York City persuaded us that there were absolute limits to what programs a society could afford. Despite these blows to our self-confidence, we never doubted the country's ability to provide citizens with an opportunity to lead the good life. Maybe we were no great shakes as a world leader, and maybe our politicians were scoundrels, but we had a genius for acquiring better things for better living: a filet on every platter and a snowmobile in every garage.

Now that certainty, too, is souring. As Americans look to the future, the only assurance we have is that things are going to get worse, at least before they get better. Inflation will continue to outpace earnings. Savings will erode. Many will find themselves suddenly out of work as the economy contracts. Others will hold on to the jobs they've got, like flood victims embracing their precious possessions. The news will become increasingly dominated by tales of economic woe.

History advances in waves. This moment marks the end of four decades of U.S. ascendance, and the sight of pride being brought to its knees is never pretty. But if we can look beyond the wreckage of the next few years, we might come to perceive this period as a fortunate time, however painful.

In success, a person rarely reexamines fundamental values. Only bleak moments inspire people or nations to reexamine what they stand for. During the past four decades, the United States has stood for two principles: growth and freedom. We have been so persuaded on the truth of this religion that we never questioned its rightness for other nations or for ourselves. Our heads were so full of our own slogans that we did not listen to the aspirations of others or to the cries of our own dissident minorities. Those who argued that being fed mattered more than being free, or that the earth's resources could not forever satisfy our wasteful gluttony, were viewed as heretics or kooks. Nothing in the American experience gave us reason to think that what had worked so well for us wouldn't also work for everyone else.

The collapse of confidence in our own solutions will make the United States a better citizen in the world. We will learn to listen more attentively to the thoughts of others. We will learn to use resources frugally, leaving more for others. We will become more accessible and more helpful to other nations. We may even come to realize that the American consumerist dream is a delusion: It is not better things but better people that make better living.

—Carll Tucker

"Hey! Don't spray this stuff in here! It can cause blindness, nausea, and delusions!"

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CHICAGO

The Magnificent Mile begins at Hyatt Regency.
Enter a dazzling hotel of reflecting mirrors, beams of light, cascading water, and a sparkling lagoon. Explore Chicago's finest shopping along Michigan Avenue.

HOUSTON

Our welcome is as wide as Texas at Hyatt.
Walk to business appointments through climate-controlled tunnels. Shop and explore downtown Houston. Take a non-stop bus to Intercontinental Airport.

SAN FRANCISCO

Hyatt on Union Square is the ultimate in European elegance.
Experience gracious European-style hospitality in America's most beautiful city. Enjoy the elegant privacy of the Regency Club with Concierge Service. Walk to theatre, shopping, Chinatown and cable cars.

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Hyatt is in the heart of everything exciting.
Stay downtown, overlooking the harbour and surrounding mountains. Dine elegantly at Truffles. Enjoy 60 shops, and panoramic views from rooftop lounge with dancing.

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Latest Wave Of Smoker Research: Smokers acclaim low tar MERIT as taste alternative to high tar smoking.

96% Acclaim Switch To Merit!

MERIT smokers rate low tar MERIT satisfying taste alternative to high tar brands.

New national smoker study results prove it.

Proof: The overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers polled feel they didn't sacrifice taste in switching from high tar cigarettes.

Proof: 96% of MERIT smokers don't miss former high tar brands.

Proof: 9 out of 10 enjoy smoking *as much* since switching to MERIT, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best tasting low tar they've *ever* tried.

Smokers find the taste of low tar MERIT matches that of high tar cigarettes.

New taste tests with thousands of smokers prove it.

Proof: A significant majority of smokers rate MERIT taste as good as—or better than—leading high tar brands. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!

Proof: Of the 95% stating a preference, 3 out of 4 smokers chose the MERIT low tar/good taste combination over high tar leaders when tar levels were revealed.

You've read the results. The conclusion is clearer than ever: MERIT delivers a winning combination of taste and low tar.

A combination that's attracting more and more smokers every day and—more importantly—satisfying them *long term.*

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

MERIT
Kings & 100's

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